

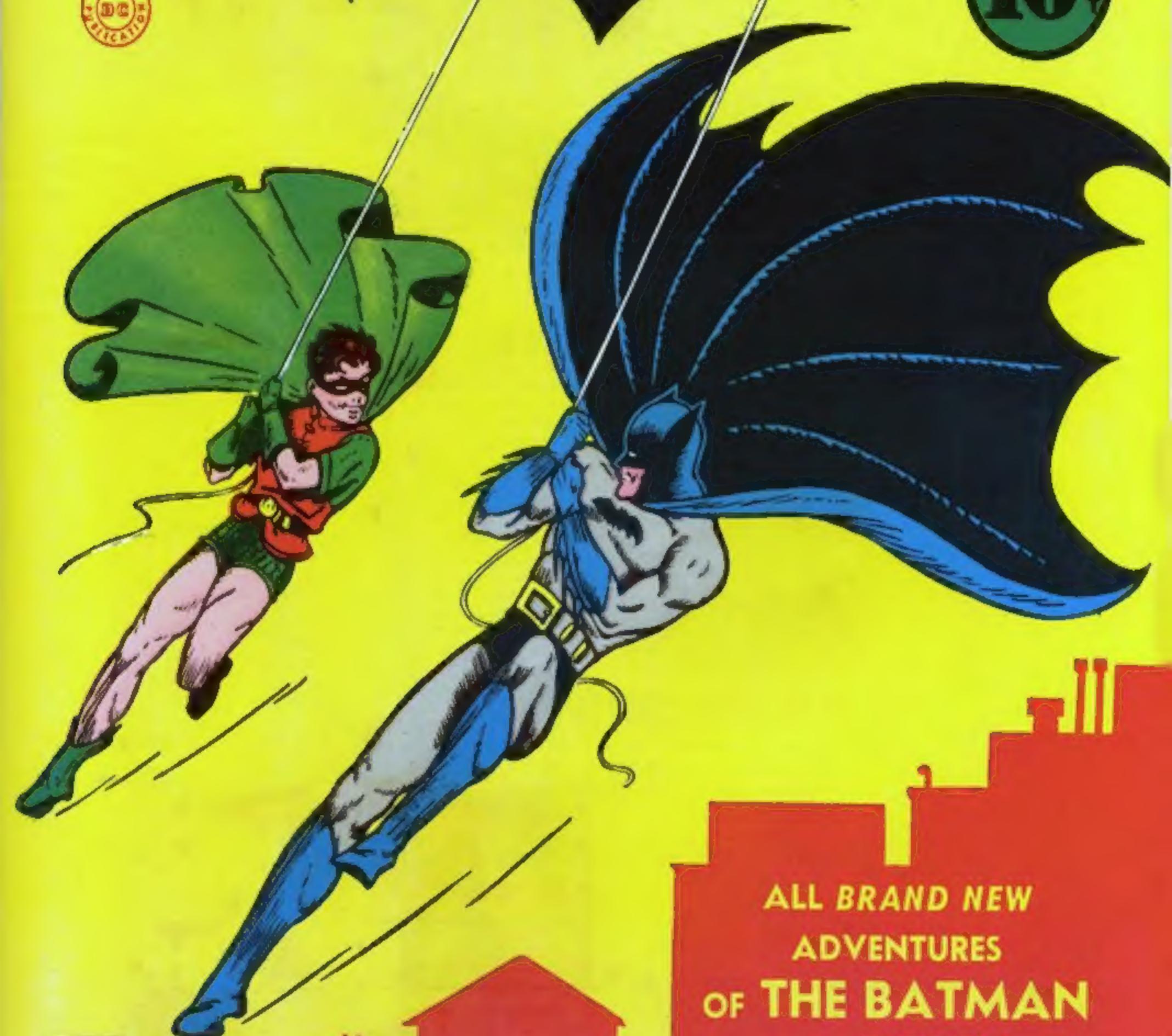
No. 1

SPRING ISSUE

# BATMAN



10¢



BO  
KARE

ALL BRAND NEW  
ADVENTURES  
OF THE BATMAN  
AND ROBIN,  
THE BOY WONDER!

# Boys! G-MAN OUTFIT with LIE DETECTOR

MAIL THE COUPON TO START

Earn This Thrilling Prize or Any of 300 Others and Make Spending Money Every Week, Besides!

**S**H-H-H! Here's the secret. You can become a Junior G-Man with this scientific outfit. Includes 100-power microscope, radial lie detector, chemicals, and mysterious dyes. Pounce upon that strange fingerprint, run down the "suspect," then slap a lie detector on his arm as you begin your questioning. One of the most thrilling games imaginable.

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Name..... Address.....

City..... State.....

Your Age.....



BATMAN No. 1 • SPRING 1940 ISSUE

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Printed in U. S. A.

The LEGEND of the

# BATMAN

by  
Bob Kane

— WHO HE IS  
AND HOW HE  
CAME TO BE!

ONE NIGHT SOME FIFTEEN  
YEARS AGO, THOMAS WAYNE,  
HIS WIFE AND HIS SON WERE  
WALKING HOME FROM A MOVIE...



THE BOY'S EYES ARE WIDE WITH TERROR AND SHOCK AS THE HORRIBLE SCENE IS SPREAD BEFORE HIM.



DAYS LATER, A CURIOUS AND STRANGE SCENE TAKES PLACE.

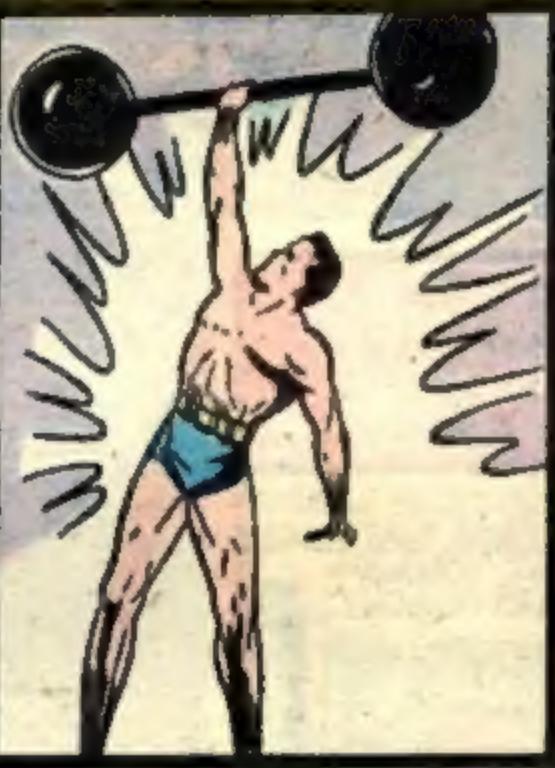
AND I SWEAR BY THE SPIRITS OF MY PARENTS TO AVENGE THEIR DEATHS BY SPENDING THE REST OF MY LIFE WARRING ON ALL CRIMINALS



AS THE YEARS PASS BRUCE WAYNE PREPARES HIMSELF FOR HIS CAREER. HE BECOMES A MASTER SCIENTIST.



TRAIN HIS BODY TO PHYSICAL PERFECTION UNTIL HE IS ABLE TO PERFORM AMAZING ATHLETIC FEATS.



CRIMINALS ARE A SUPERSTITIOUS COWARDLY LOT. SOME DISGUISE MUST BE ABLE TO STRIKE TERROR INTO THEIR HEARTS. I MUST BE A CREATURE OF THE NIGHT, BLACK, TERRIBLE.. A A



AS IF IN ANSWER, A HUGE BAT FLIES IN THE OPEN WINDOW!



AND THIS IS BORN THIS WEIRD FIGURE OF THE DARK.. THIS AVENGER OF EVIL.. THE BATMAN



# BATMAN

WITH  
**Robin**  
-THE BOY WONDER-

by

BO  
KANE

ONCE AGAIN A MASTER CRIMINAL STALKS THE CITY STREETS-A CRIMINAL WEAVING A WEB OF DEATH ABOUT HIM-LEAVING STRICKEN VICTIMS BEHIND WEARING A GHASTLY CLOWN'S GRIN THE SIGN OF DEATH FROM THE JOKER! ONLY TWO DARE TO OPPOSE HIM-BATMAN AND ROBIN THE BOY WONDER! TWO TO BATTLE THE GRIM JESTER CALLED--THE JOKER! A BATTLE OF WITS--WITH SWIFT DEATH, THE ONLY COMPROMISE!!!



IT IS NIGHT-IN MOST HOMES PEOPLE LISTEN TO THEIR RADIOS-

MY, ISN'T IT PEACEFUL SITTING AT HOME LIKE THIS?

NOTHING LIKE IT! HMM Static!

AWWKK!  
CRACKLE!  
AWWKK!



SUDDENLY THE MUSIC IS CUT OFF-A VOICE-A TONELESS VOICE DRONES...

TONIGHT, AT PRECISELY TWELVE O'CLOCK MIDNIGHT I WILL KILL HENRY CLARIDGE AND STEAL THE CLARIDGE DIAMOND! DO NOT TRY TO STOP ME! THE JOKER HAS SPOKEN!



GOHEN ONCE AGAIN MUSIC....

HENRY, DID YOU HEAR<sup>2</sup> HENRY CLARIDGE, THE MILLIONAIRE, TO BE KILLED. THE FAMOUS DIAMOND STOLEN!

HAW! THAT'S JUST A GAG-LIKE THAT FELLOW WHO SCARED EVERYBODY WITH THAT STORY ABOUT MARS THE LAST TIME! HA! HA! PAY NO ATTENTION TO IT, DEAR!



1: RADIO STATIONS ARE SWAMPED WITH CALLS! OFFICIALS DECLARE THE STRANGE MESSAGE IS NOT A PART OF THE PROGRAM THE 'GAG' HAS BECOME A REALITY!



2: HENRY CLARIDGE, FRANTIC WITH FEAR, CALLS THE POLICE

YOU'VE GOT TO PROTECT ME! I'M GOING TO BE KILLED - ROBBED!

DON'T WORRY, MR. CLARIDGE. YOU AND THAT DIAMOND OF YOURS WILL BE SAFE ENOUGH! WELL ALL STAY IN THE SAME ROOM WHERE THE DIAMOND IS KEPT, AND WATCH YOU



ELEVEN O'CLOCK!  
ONE HOUR TO GO!

1: AN INFLEXIBLE CORDON IS FORMED ABOUT THE DOOMED MAN!



2: ONE DRAGON- SECONDS MINUTES THEN THE FATAL HOUR TWELVE O'CLOCK!



I'M STILL ALIVE!  
I'M NOT DEAD!  
I'M SAFE!!!



3: ONLY THE FACIAL MUSCLES PULL THE DEAD MAN'S MOUTH INTO A REPELLANT, GHASTLY GRIN, THE SIGN OF DEATH FROM THE JOKER

4: THE JOKER HAS  
FULFILLED HIS THREAT. CLARIDGE IS DEAD!!

IT'S... IT'S HORRIBLE!



5: WHEN WITHOUT WARNING!

...I'M SAAA-AAGH! AAGH!



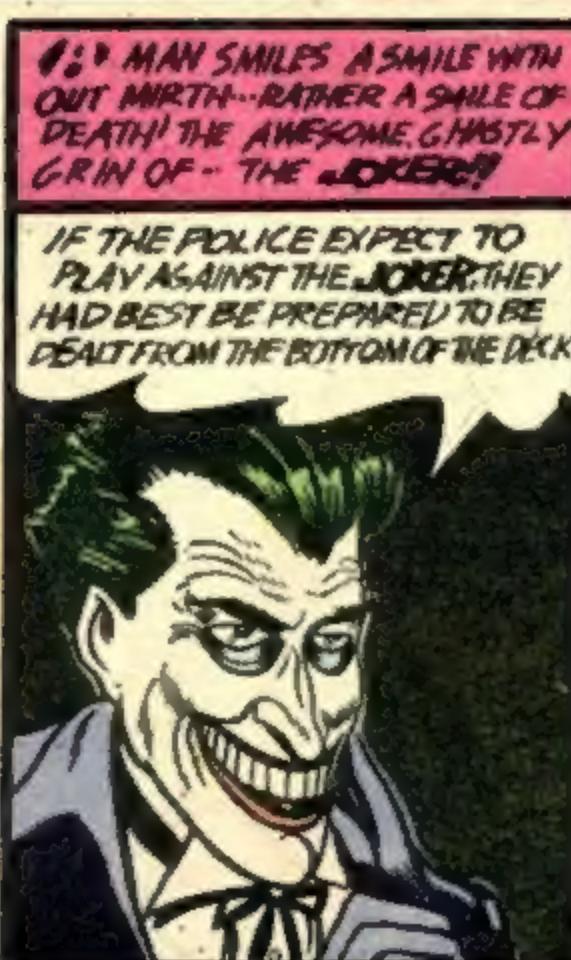
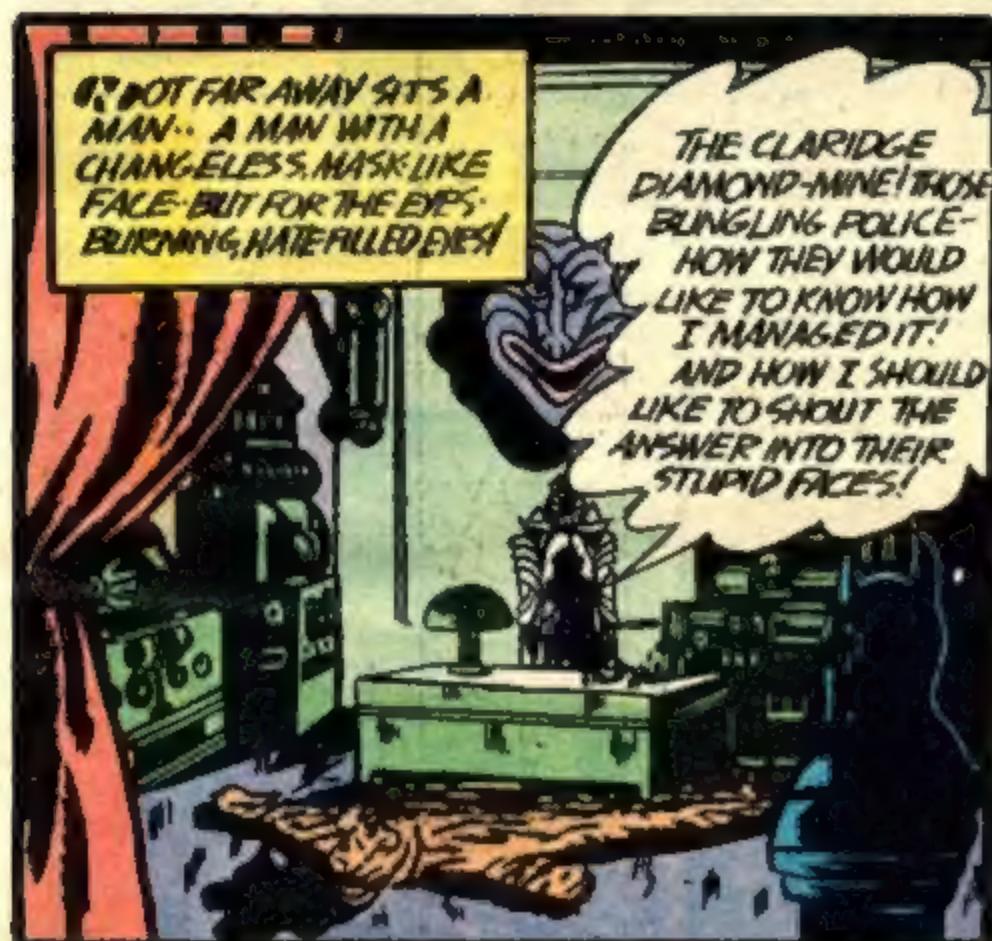
DEAD. IT ISN'T POSSIBLE AND YET...

CHIEF! LOOK HIS MOUTH!



GROTESQUE! THE JOKER BRINGS DEATH TO HIS VICTIMS WITH A SMILE!





"ANOTHER NIGHT ANOTHER BREAK AGAIN THE SAME DEADLY MOCKING VOICE..."

"HMM... TONIGHT IN EXACTLY ONE HOUR I WILL KILL JAY WILDE AND STEAL THE RONKERS RUBY! THE JOKER HAS SPOKEN!"

"IT'S NINE NOW! AT TEN O'CLOCK THAT FIEND WILL KILL JAY WILDE!"

"IT'S HIM AGAIN THE JOKER!"

"AGAIN A WALL OF HUMANS ENCIRCLES A DOOMED MAN!!"

"I'M GOING TO DIE IN FIVE MINUTES I'M GOING TO DIE! DIE! DIE!"

"THE TOLL OF TIME... THE FATAL HOUR!"

"BONG BONG"

"TEN! IT'S GOING TO HAPPEN NOW! THE CLOCK IS TICKING MY LIFE AWAY!"

"A STRANGLED SCREAM DEATH!"

"... FOLLOWED BY A STRANGE GAS..."

"FROM THE ARMOR THE JOKER!!!"

"LUCKY FOR THE POLICE THAT THE VENOM SPRAY ONLY PARALYSSES FOR THE WHILE ELSE THEY WOULD HAVE PERISHED LIKE WILDE! HE HAD NO SPRAY BUT A BLOWN DART!"

"YOU HAD THE CONCENTRATED VENOM ON THE DART, EH WILDE? DIDN'T YOU EH? ARE YOU SO HAPPY THAT YOU SMILE FOR JOY, EH? I'M GLAD I HAVE BROUGHT YOU SOME CHEER,

"THE DIABOLICAL JOKER REMOVES THE ARMOR STEALS THE RONKERS RUBY."

"THANK YOU ALL GENTLEMEN. YOU HAVE ME HAPPY TOO! WE SHALL MEET AGAIN!"

THE POLICE SEARCH EVERYWHERE FOR THE JOKER BUT TO NO AVAIL. BUT ANOTHER GROUP IS ALSO INTERESTED THE CRIMINAL! "A HANGOUT NOTED FOR ITS CRIMINAL ELEMENT..."

I TELL YA BOYS WE GOTTA GET THIS GUY. THE JOKER!

WE GET THE CLARIDGE DIAMOND LINED UP FOR AN EASY JOB AND HE PULLS THE JOB!

YOU'RE RIGHT, BRUTE. HE'S CUTTIN' IN ON OUR RACKET!

AND DON'T FORGET WE WERE GONNA TRY FOR THE RONKER'S RUBY!

WHAT'RE WE GONNA DO, TAKE IT LYIN' DOWN?

I GOT AN IDEA! YOU GUYS GO OUT AND PASS THE WORD AROUND THAT BRUTE NELSON IS GONNA GET THE JOKER - THAT HE THINKS THE JOKER IS A VELLERRAT!

THE SENSATIONAL NEWS THAT BRUTE NELSON IS GLINNING FOR THE JOKER TRAVELS THE CRIMINAL GRAPEVINE. THE BATMAN IS READY TO GO INTO ACTION.

I'M GOING TO THE HOME OF BRUTE NELSON. I HEARD SOME NEWS TODAY OVER THE GRAPEVINE THAT MAKES ME THINK THE TIME IS RIPE... WHERE ARE YOU GOING ALONE?

IT IS NIGHT. BRUTE NELSON SITS IN HIS PRIVATE HOUSE IN THE SUBURBS.

THE JOKER, EH. WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH HIM HE'LL BE A JOKE ALL RIGHT!

SUDDENLY A DROWNING DEADLY VOICE A FUNERAL FACE. WITH EYES RADIATING HATE

TALKING ABOUT ME?

THE JOKER!

SUDDENLY DOORS BURST OPEN - THE JOKER IS TRAPPED!!

VERY NEAT - THAT UGLY HEAD OF YOURS DOES HAVE A BRAIN!

SURE, I KNEW IF YOU GOT SORE ENOUGH YOU'D COME FOR ME!

SUDDENLY THE SCRAPF OF A FOOT IS HEARD UP ON THE STAIR THE MIGHTY BATMAN!

I'M AFRAID I WASN'T AS SILENT AS I HOPED TO BE!

THE BATMAN! HOW DID HE GET IN HERE?

THE JOKER IS MOMENTARILY FORGOTTEN AS THE BATMAN LEAPS DOWN THE STAIRS...

LOOK OUT... SHOOT HIM!

HUMAN  
avalanche  
strikes the  
gunmen!

RATHER UNSTEADY  
ON YOUR FEET,  
AREN'T YOU?

A MASSIVE FIST CRASHES  
AGAINST A GUNMAN'S JAW!

THE JOKER TAKES ADVANTAGE OF  
THE FIGHT TO SETTLE AN OLD SCORE!

HAVE A SEAT BOYS!  
THERE'S ENOUGH ROOM  
ON THIS CHAIR FOR  
TWO!

I WON'T EVEN WASTE  
THE USUAL JOKER VENOM  
ON YOU BRUTE, BUT GIVE YOU  
SOMETHING YOU CAN  
UNDERSTAND!  
LEAD!

LIKE A JUGGERNAUT THE BATMAN LEAPS  
AFTER THE RUTHLESS JOKER!!

THAT GUY ISN'T GETTING  
AWAY IF I CAN HELP  
IT!

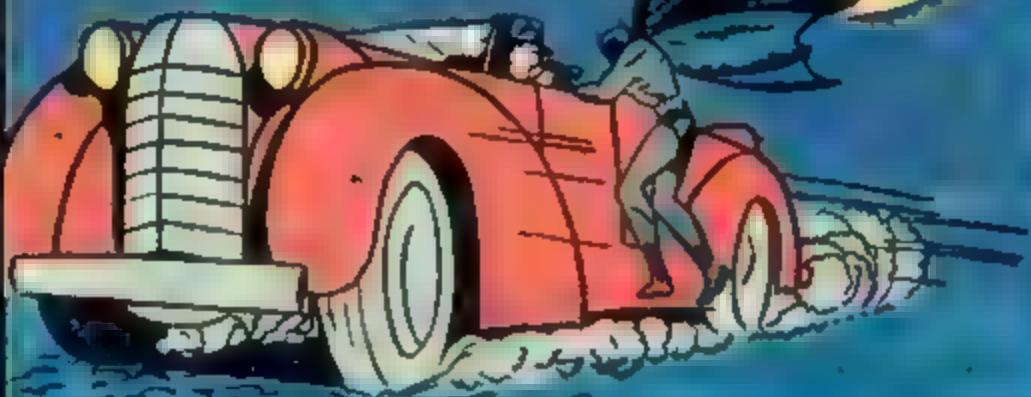
EVEN AS THE CAR STARTS  
THE BATMAN IS UPON IT  
LIKE AN AVENGING BLACK  
CLOUD!

HASN'T THIS BOY  
HEARD IT'S LEAP  
YEAR?

ONLY THE MIGHTY BATMAN  
COULD HAVE MADE THE LEAP  
SUCCESSFULLY!

MADE IT!  
AND NOW...

YOU! PREPARE  
TO DIE!

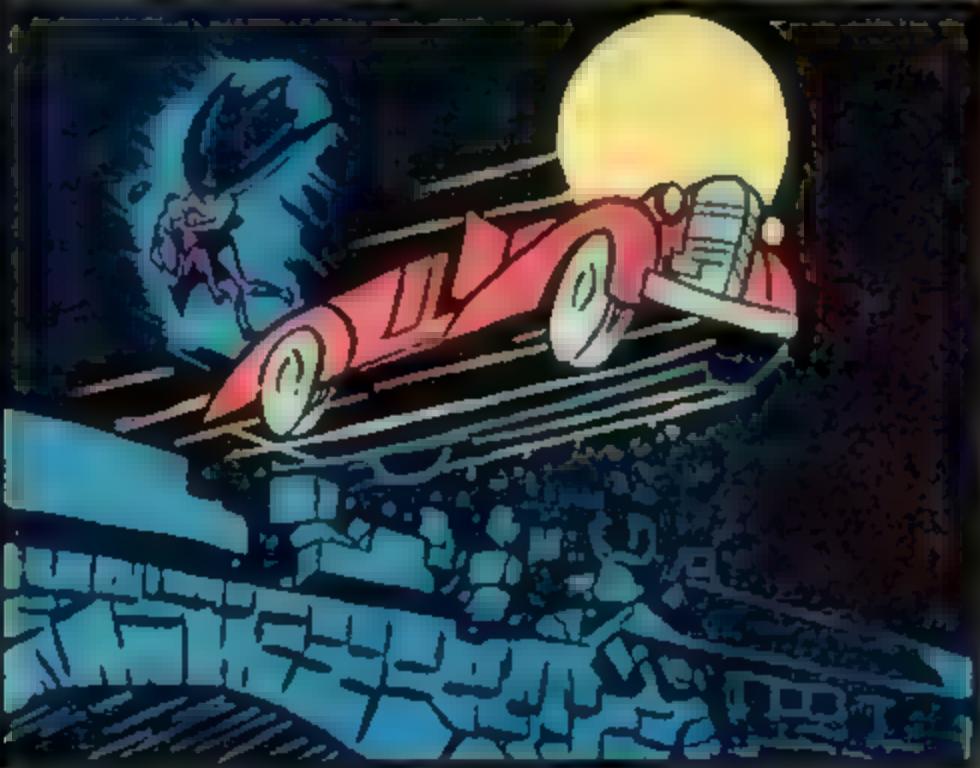


...BUT WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT, THE  
BATMAN GRABS THE JOKER'S HAND...

I'D RATHER LIVE  
IF YOU DON'T  
MIND!



AS THE CAR CAREENS MADLY OFF THE BRIDGE,  
THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN! THE BATMAN'S TUMBLING  
FORM TAKES THE JOKER WITH IT!!



THE STRUGGLING MEN FALL  
TO THE BRIDGE AS THEY RISE THE  
JOKER EXPLODES A HAYMAKER  
OFF THE BATMAN'S JAW!!!

I'M GOING  
TO KILL  
YOU!



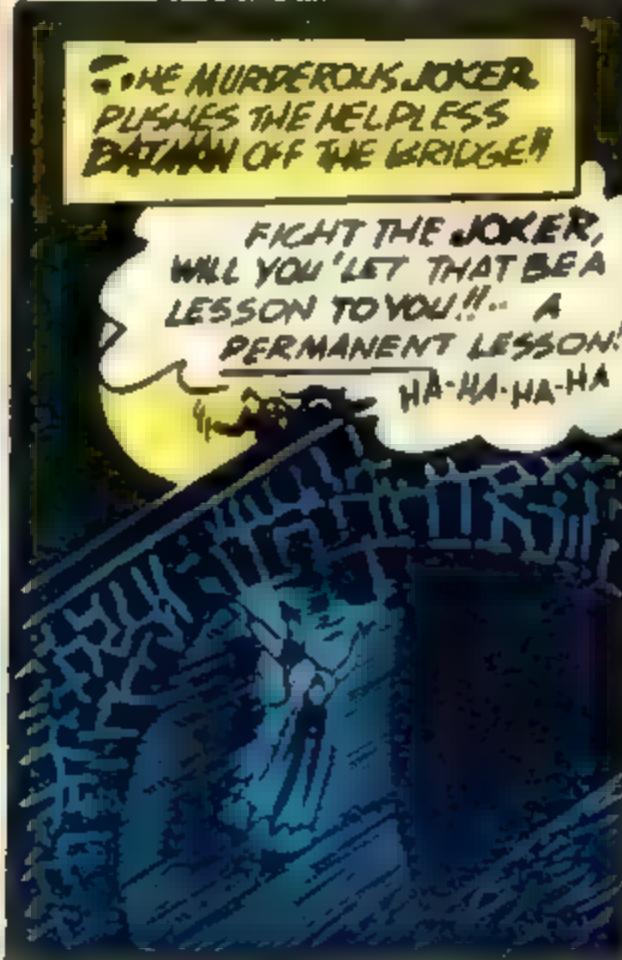
WICKED KICK RALES THE  
BATMAN'S HEAD!

BLAST YOU  
FALL!!



THE MURDEROUS JOKER  
PUSHES THE HELPLESS  
BATMAN OFF THE BRIDGE!!

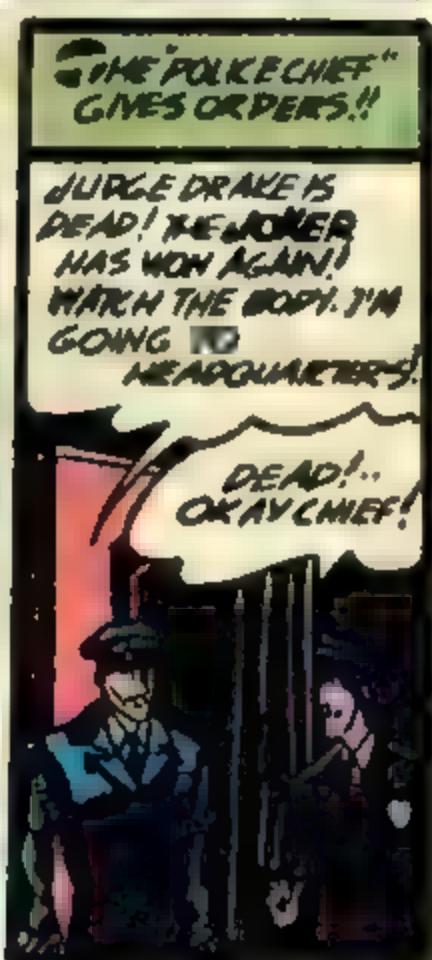
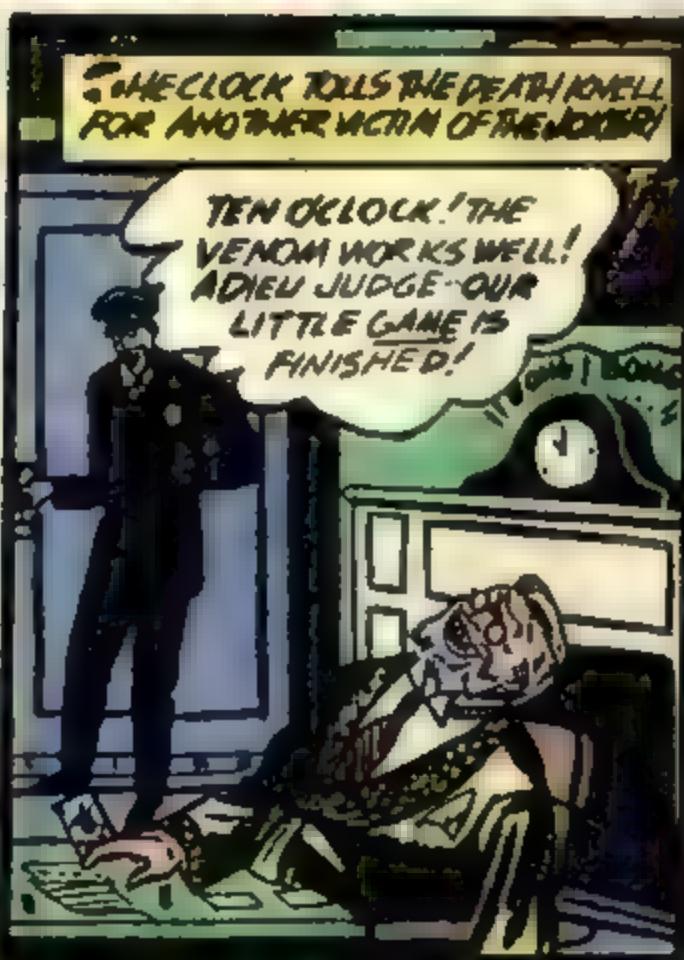
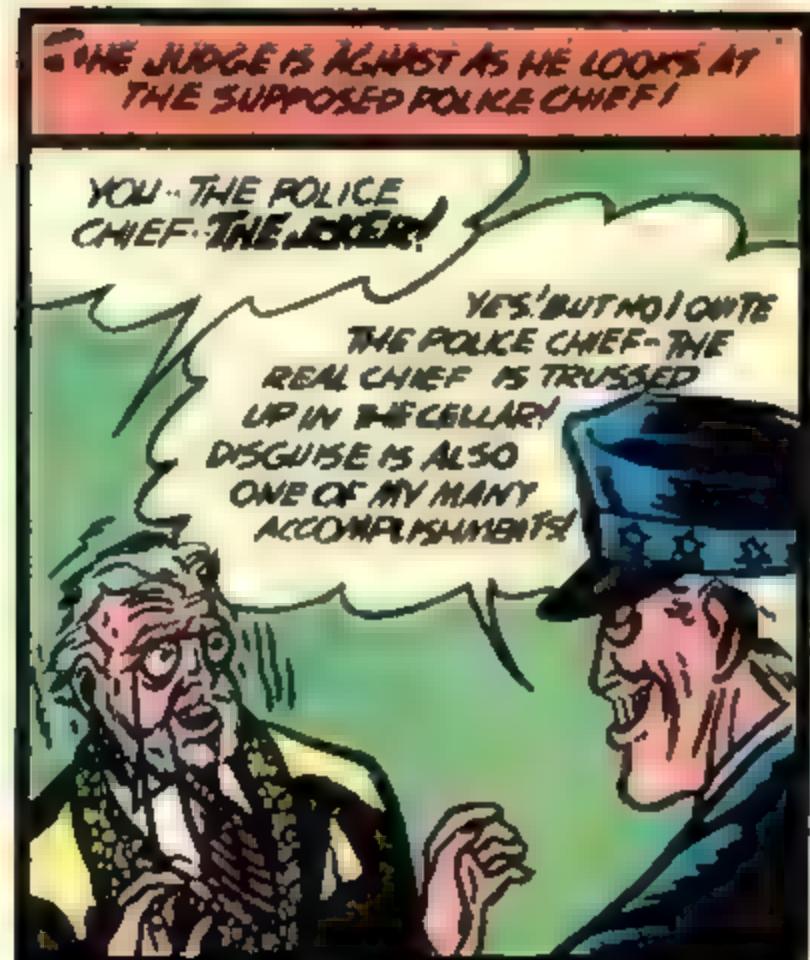
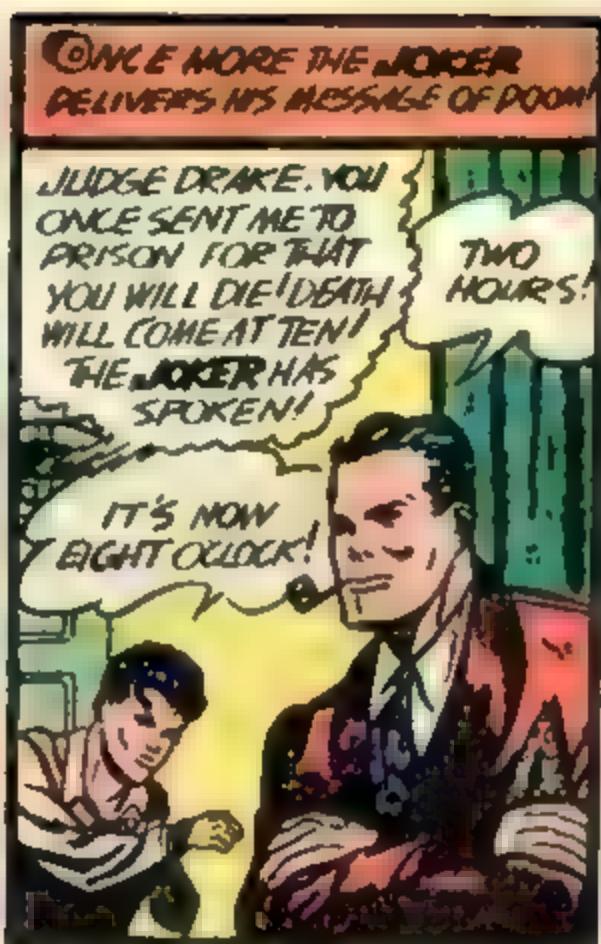
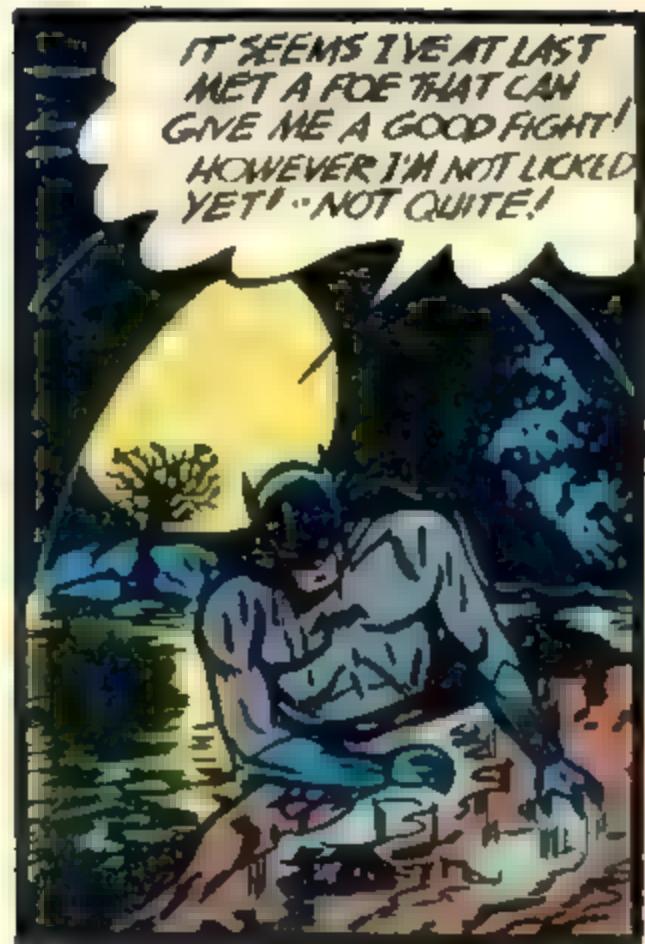
FIGHT THE JOKER,  
WILL YOU LET THAT BE A  
LESSON TO YOU!!! - A  
PERMANENT LESSON!  
HA-HA-HA-HA

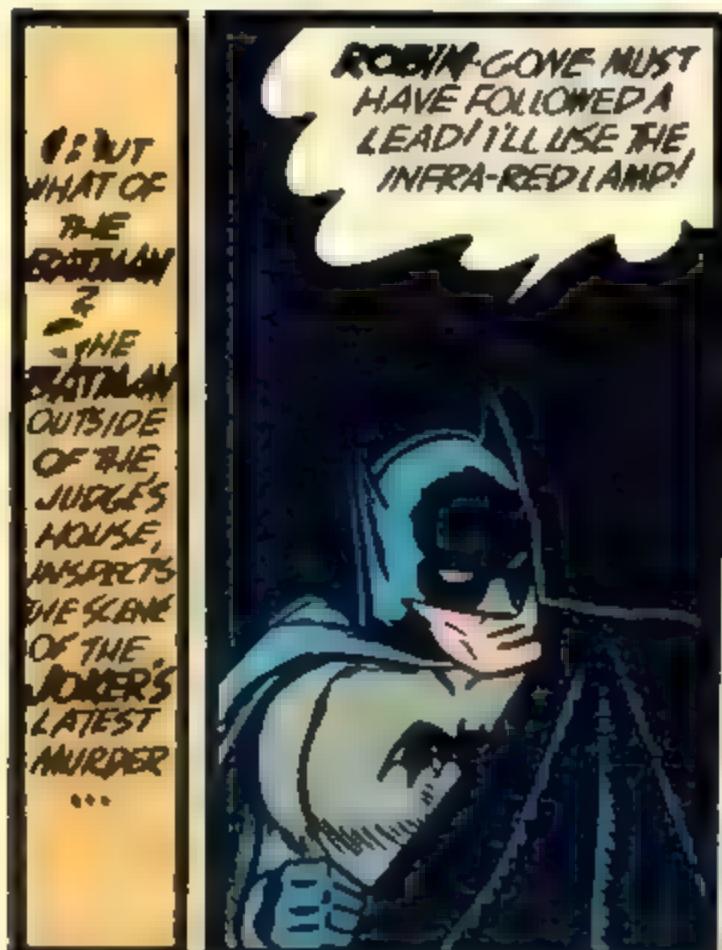
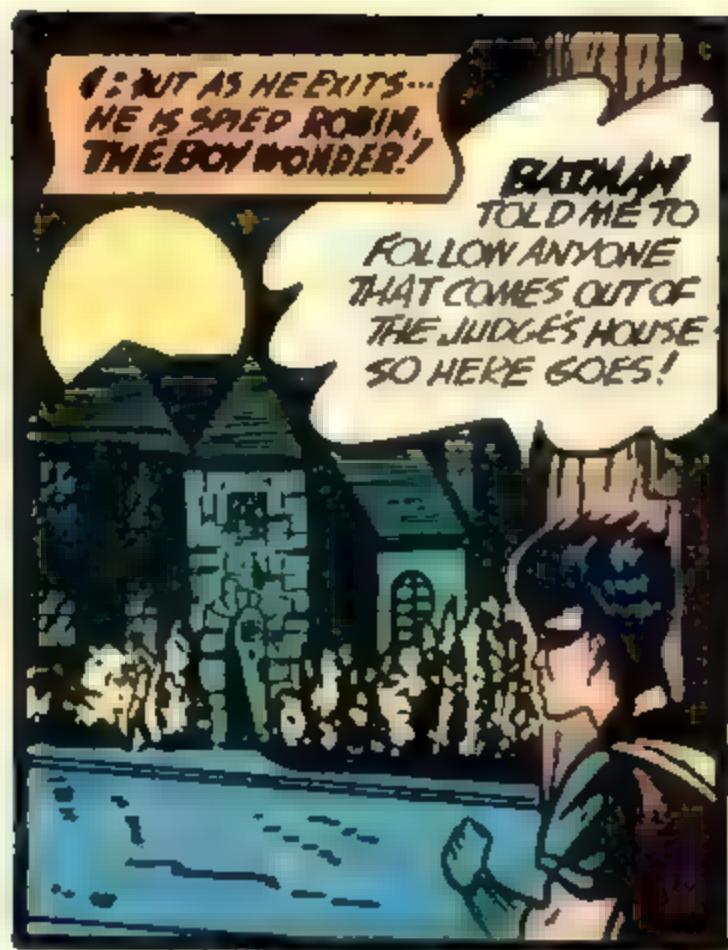


THE SHOCK OF COLD WATER  
QUICKLY REVIVES THE DARK KNIGHT!

WOW! MY HEAD FEELS  
AS IF IT WERE GOING  
TO BURST ANY  
MOMENT!





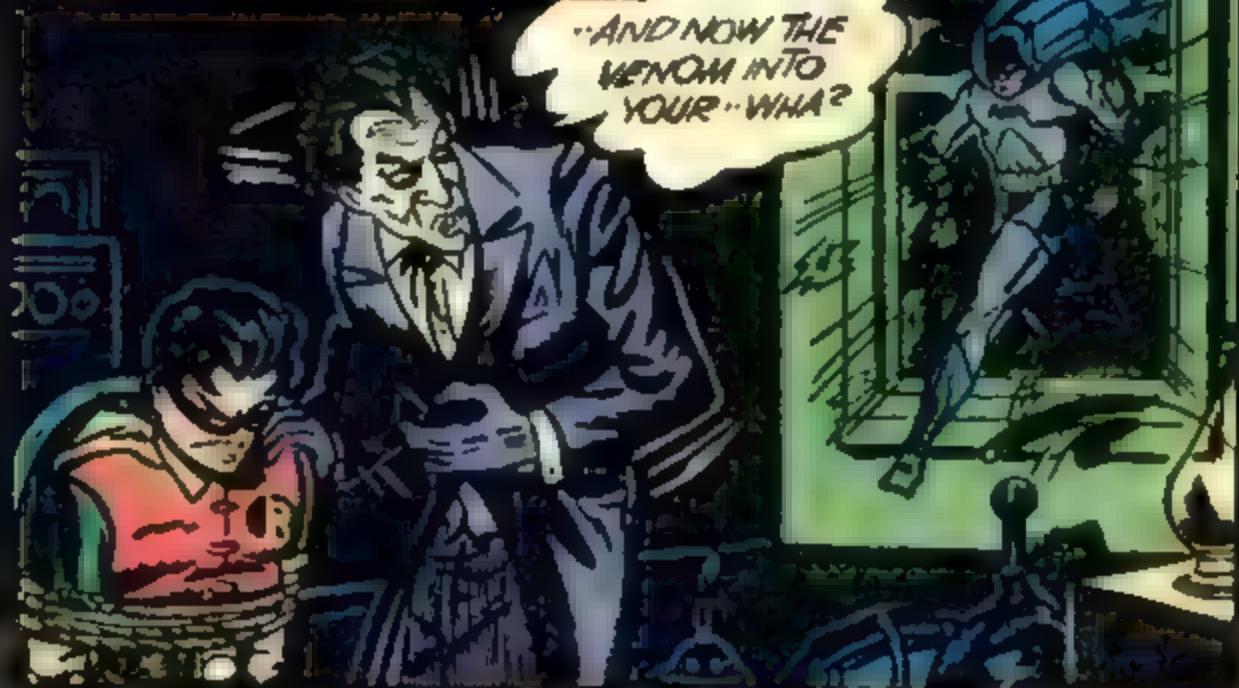


"JOKER DISGUISE REMOVED... ONCE AGAIN THE JOKER PREPARES TO HAVE HIS LITTLE JOKE WHEN..."

"NOT SO FAST, FRIEND..."

"...AND NOW THE VENOM INTO YOUR... WHA?"

DROP IT!"



"CLUBBING BLOW!"

"YOU MAY BE THE JOKER BUT I'M THE KING OF CLUBS!"

"SENDS THE JOKER CRASHING INTO THE CHEMICAL TABLE. A FLASH OF ELECTRIC FLAME IGNITES THE CHEMICALS - A BLAST - THEN FIRE!"



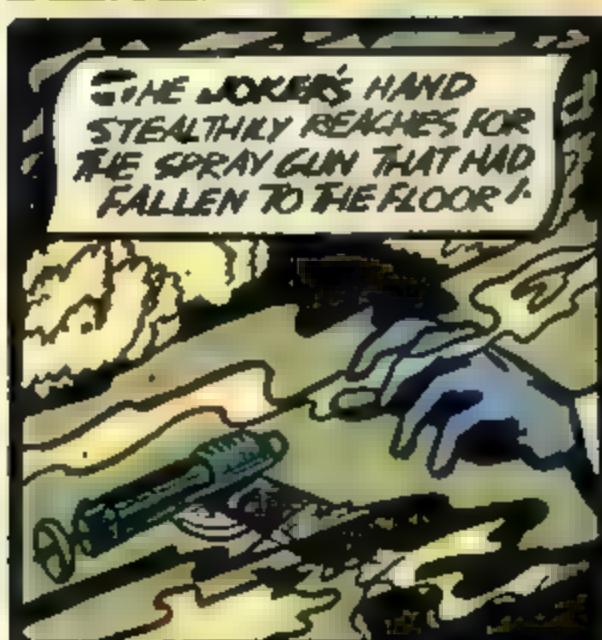
"THE HARLESS BUT PARALYSING GAS SPEWS FORTH..."

"...THE BATMAN'S JAW TIGHTENS INTO THE GRINNY JOKER 'GRIN'!"

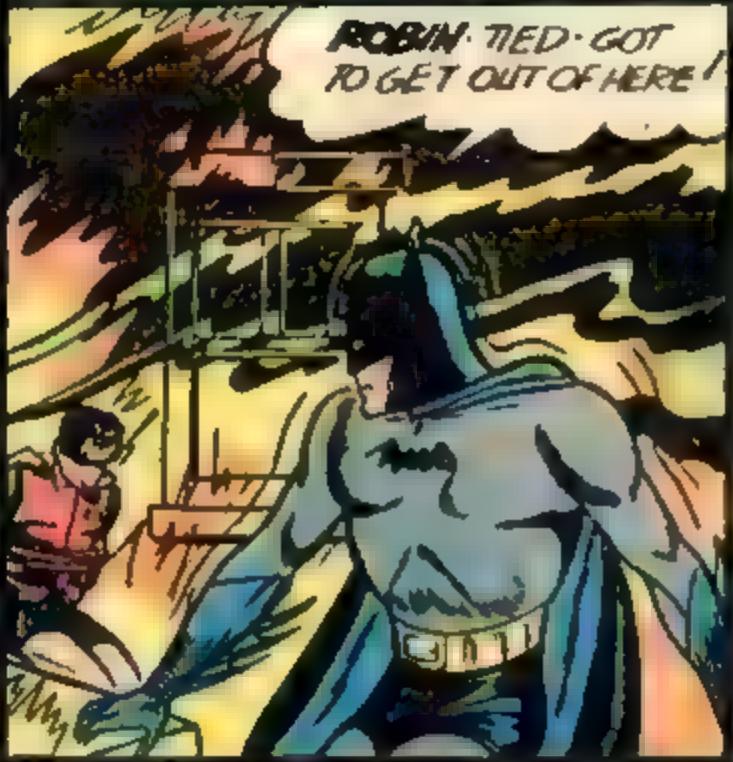
"I LEAVE YOU HERE PARALYSED TO PERISH IN THE FLAMES! ADIEU, BATMAN!"

"THE JOKER'S HAND STEALTHILY REACHES FOR THE SPRAY GUN THAT HAD FALLEN TO THE FLOOR!"

"INJECTIONS OF AN ANTIDOTE MAKE ME IMMUNE BATMAN BUT NOT YOU!"



"BUT THE JOKER HAS NOT RECKONED WITH THE AMAZING RECUPERATIVE POWERS OF THE MIGHTY BATMAN!"

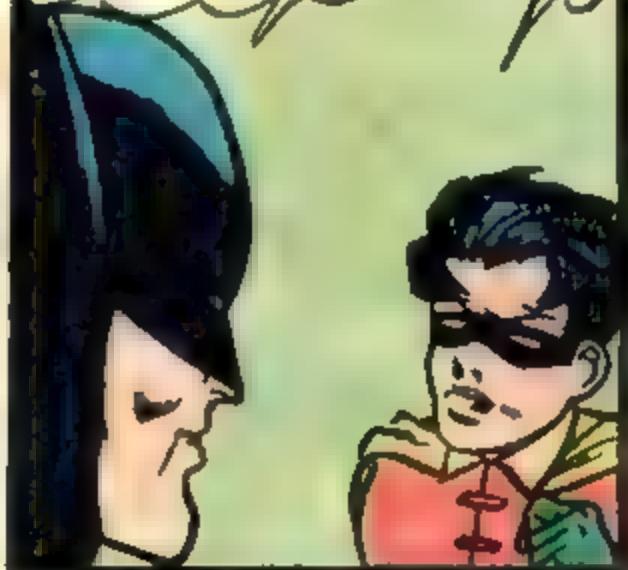


"I'VE ESCAPE FROM A FIERY DEATH!"

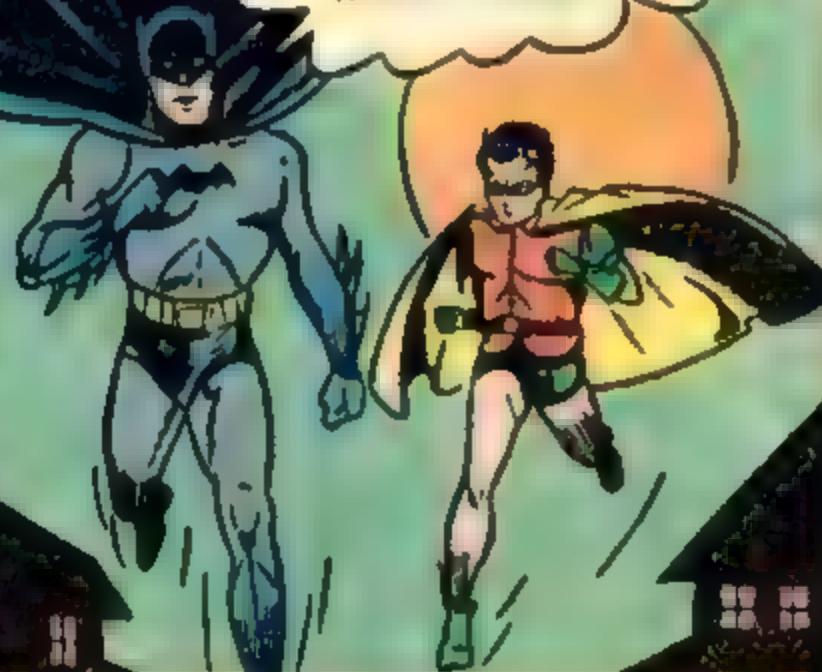


"A FEW MOMENTS LATER..."

"THE JOKER IS GONE! I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO KNOW WHERE!"



"THE CLEOPATRA NECKLACE! THAT'S OWNED BY OTTO DREXEL! C'mon. THERE'S NOT A MOMENT TO LOSE WITH A MANIAC ON THE LOOSE!"



"OTTO DREXEL LIVES ON THE PENTHOUSE IN THAT BUILDING ACROSS THE STREET!"

"IF WE CAN ONLY GET UP THERE BEFORE THE JOKER DOES!"



"ON THE PENTHOUSE THE JOKER PREPARES TO ENTER."



"BUT LEAPING FROM THE SCAFFOLD THE COWLED BATMAN."



THE CRAZED KILLER WILDLY THROWS BULLET AFTER BULLET INTO THE ONCOMING FIGURE!

HASN'T THE JOKER EVER HEARD OF A BULLET-PROOF VEST?

DIE...BLAST YOU...  
DIE! WHY DON'T YOU DIE!

EMPTY!

click!  
click!

GONE MADMAN HURLS HIS GUN AT THE BATMAN!

I'LL KILL YOU!

IT SEEMS TO ME YOU'VE SAID THAT BEFORE AND NOW MR JOKER LET'S SEE IF YOU REALLY CAN FIGHT!

THE MANIAC LEAPS FOR THE ADJOINING CONSTRUCTION..

YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME, BROTHA!

BUT THERE WAITING ROBIN THE BOY WONDER!!

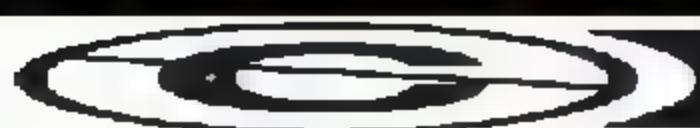
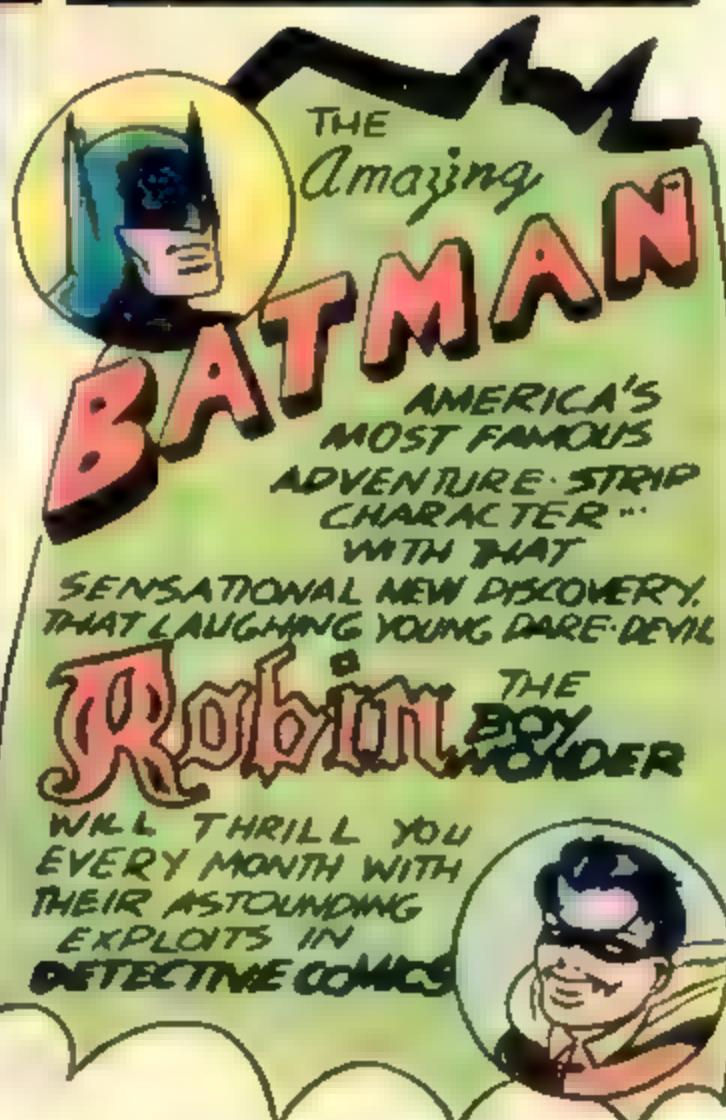
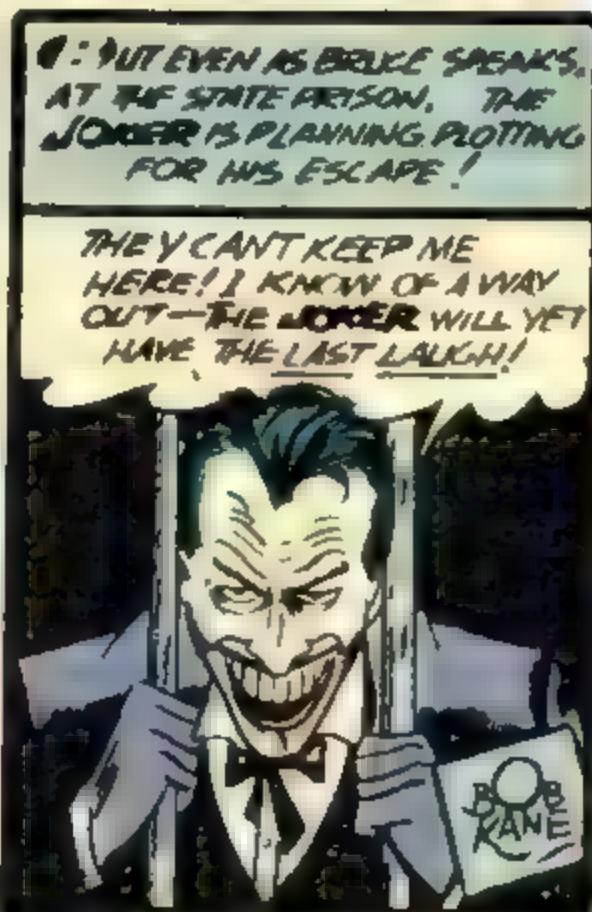
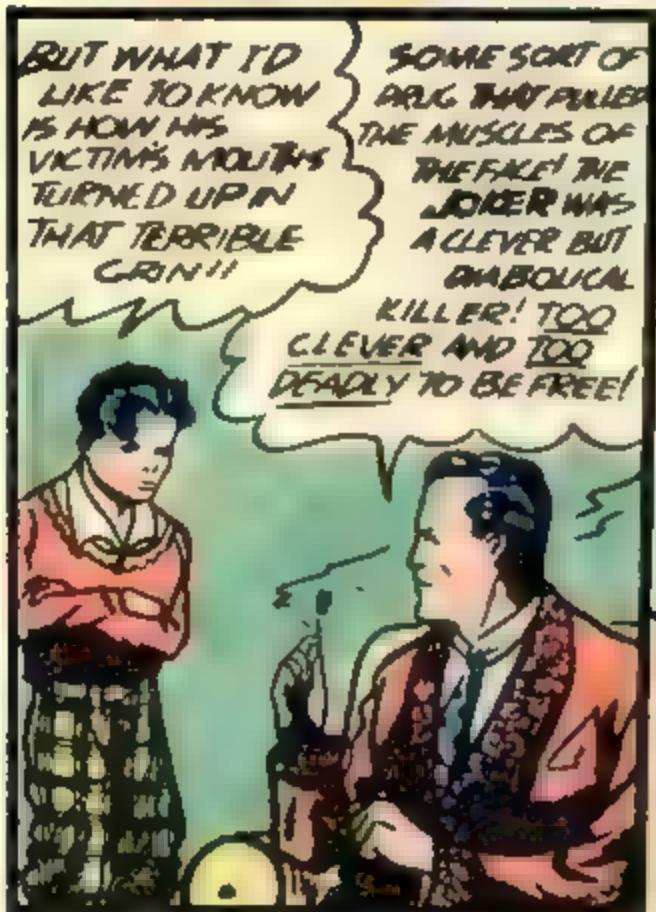
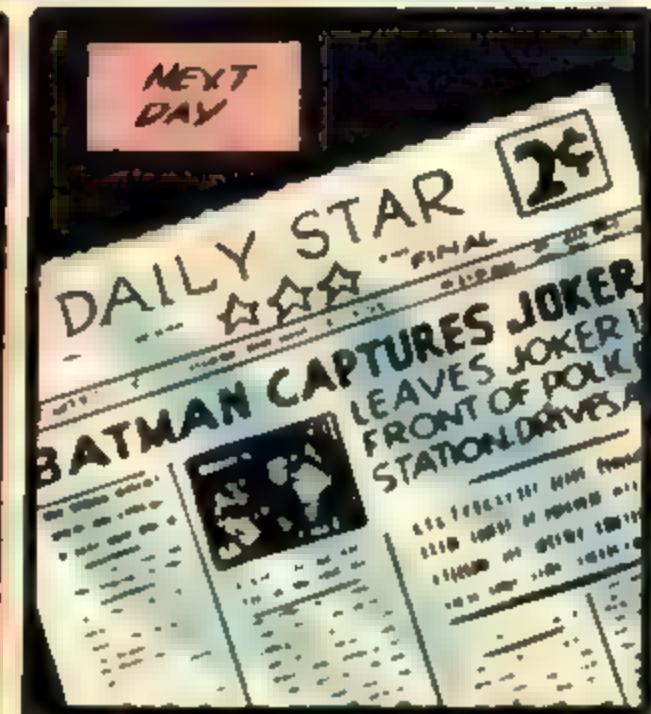
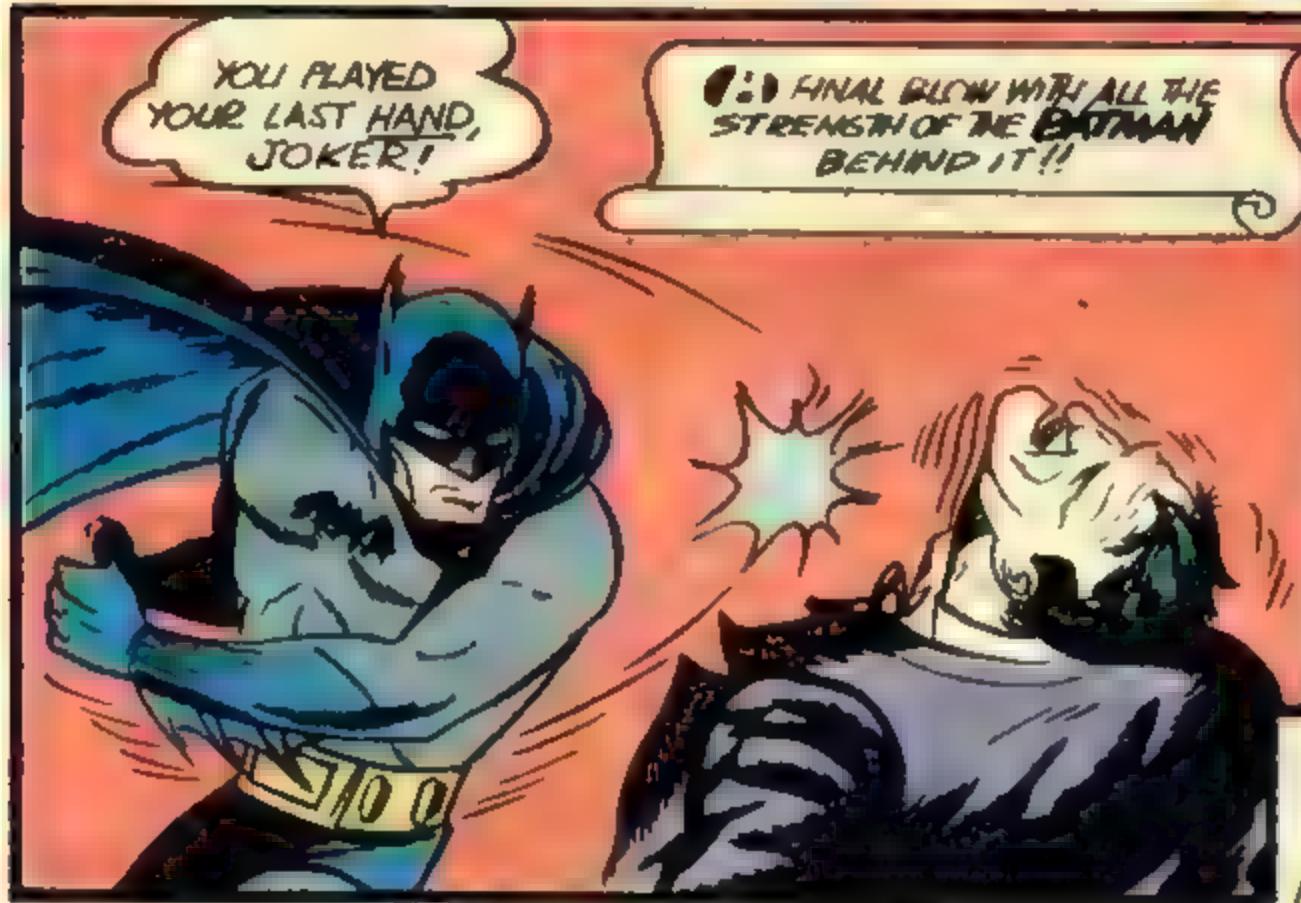
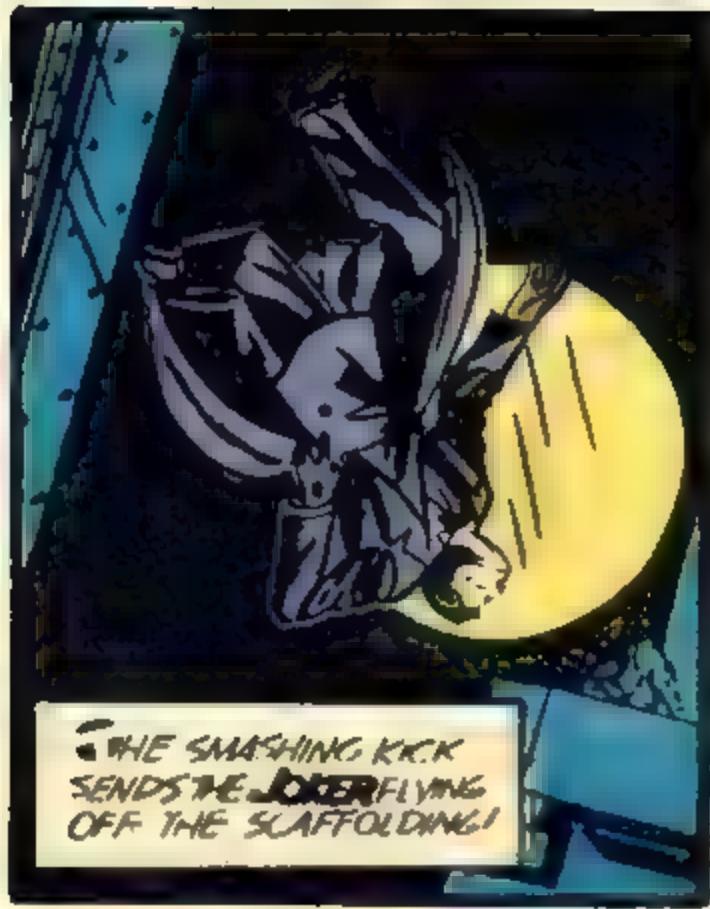
RIGHT JOKER I'M THE ACE IN THE HOLE!

YOU TOO!

AS THE JOKER CLIMBS ON TO THE RIVETING PLATFORM HE LEAPS AT ROBIN WHO DROPS AND...

THAT'S FOR THE SOCK ON THE HEAD!

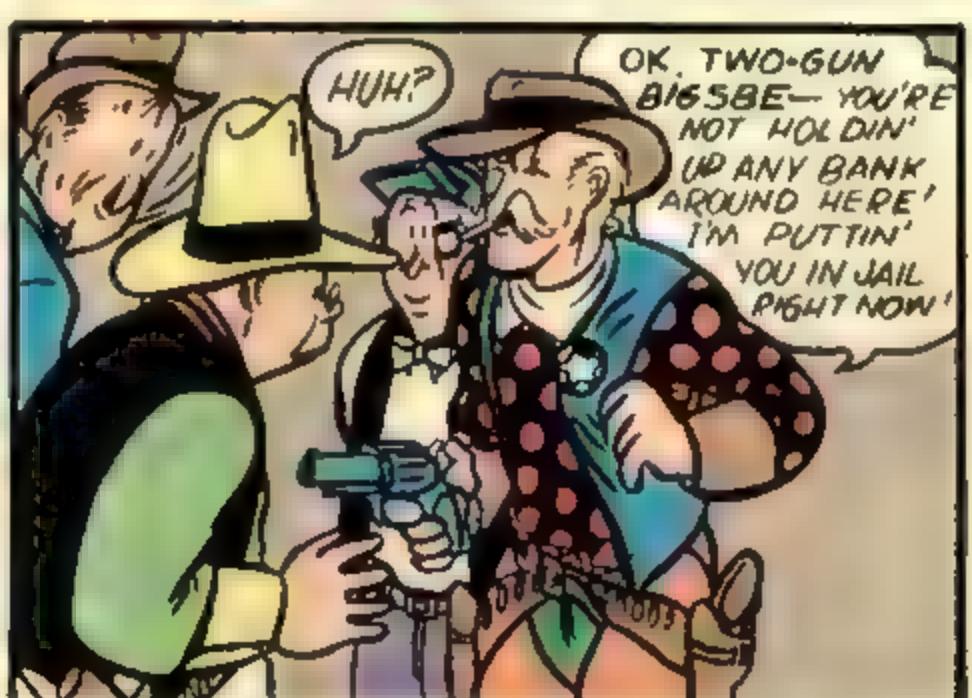
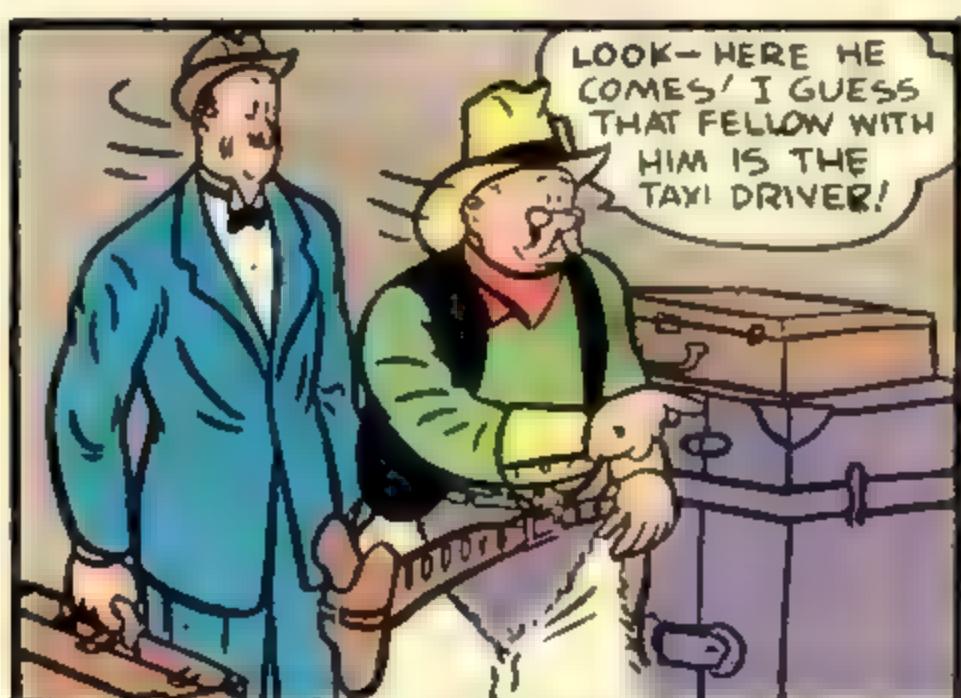
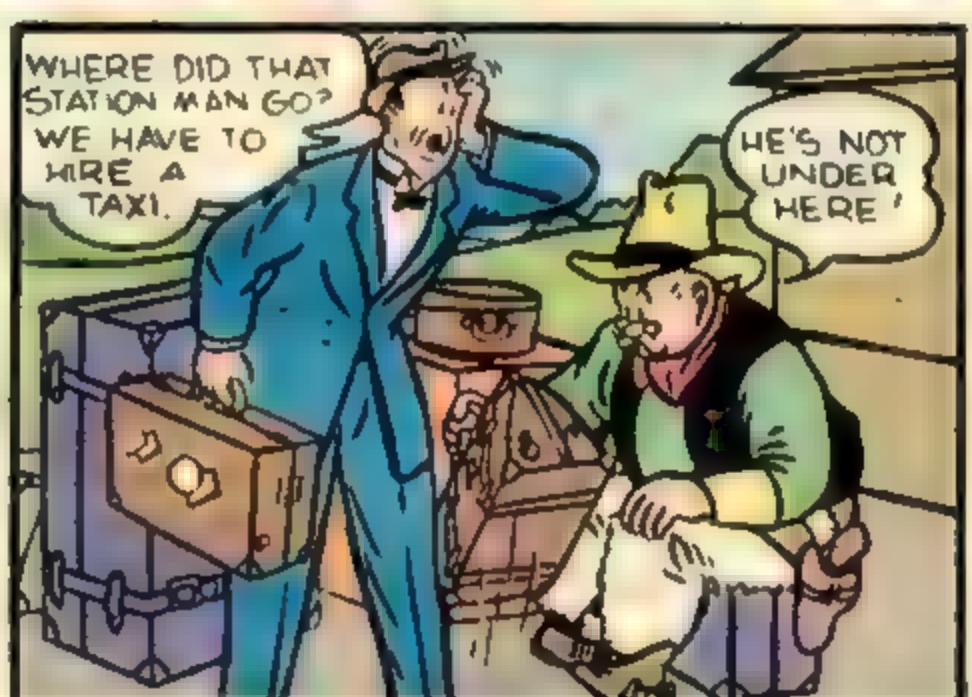
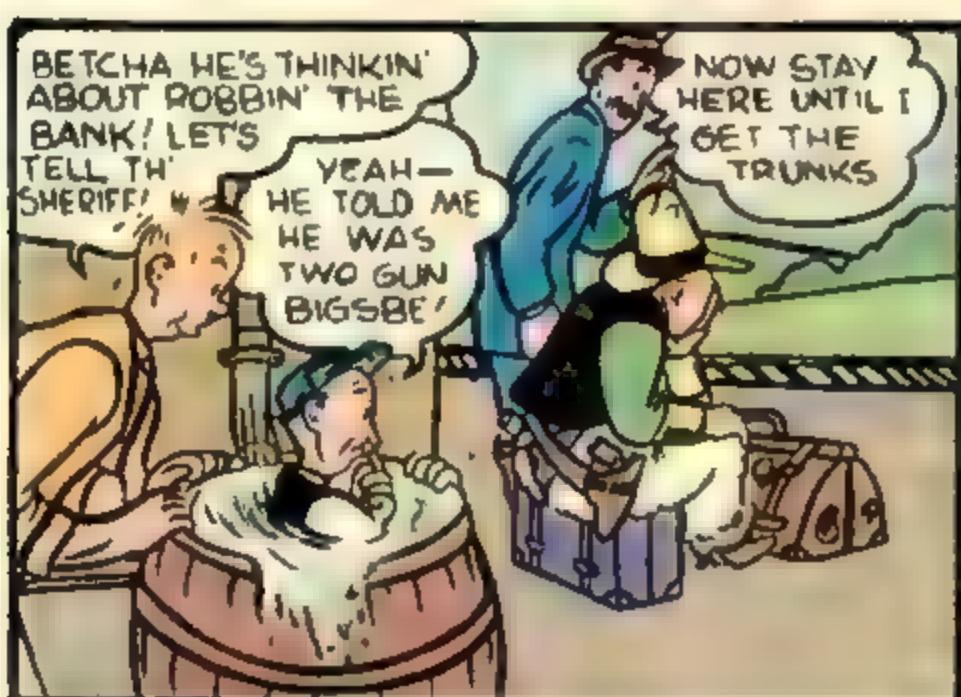
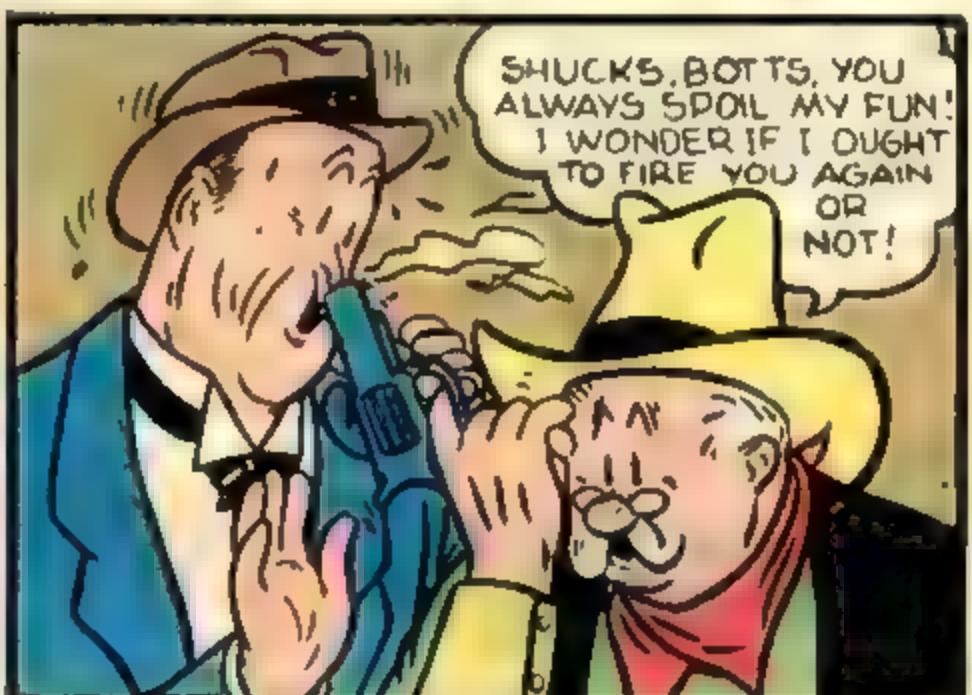
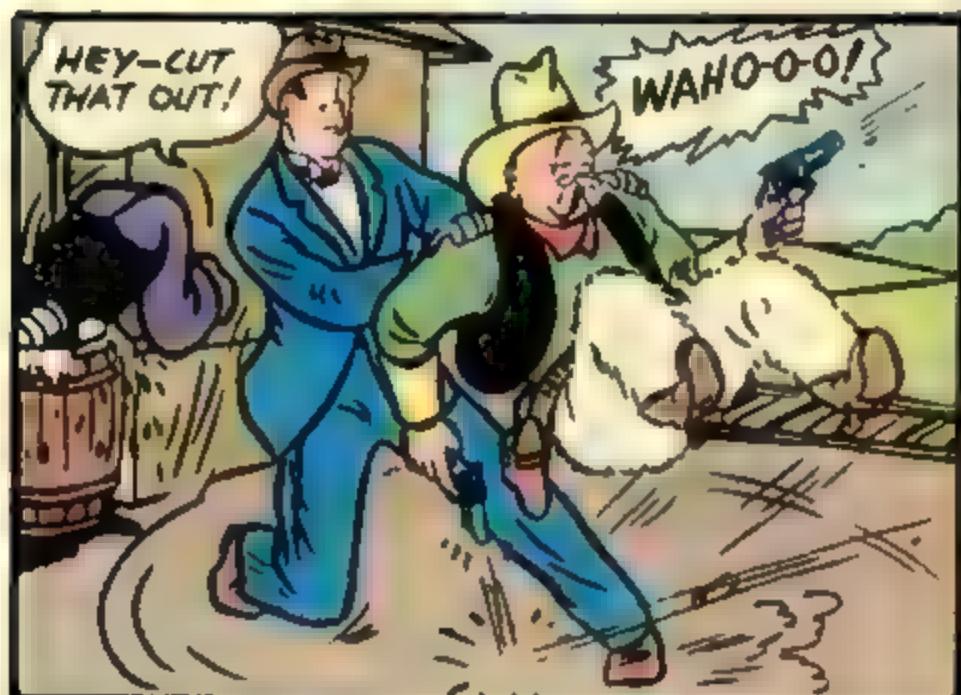


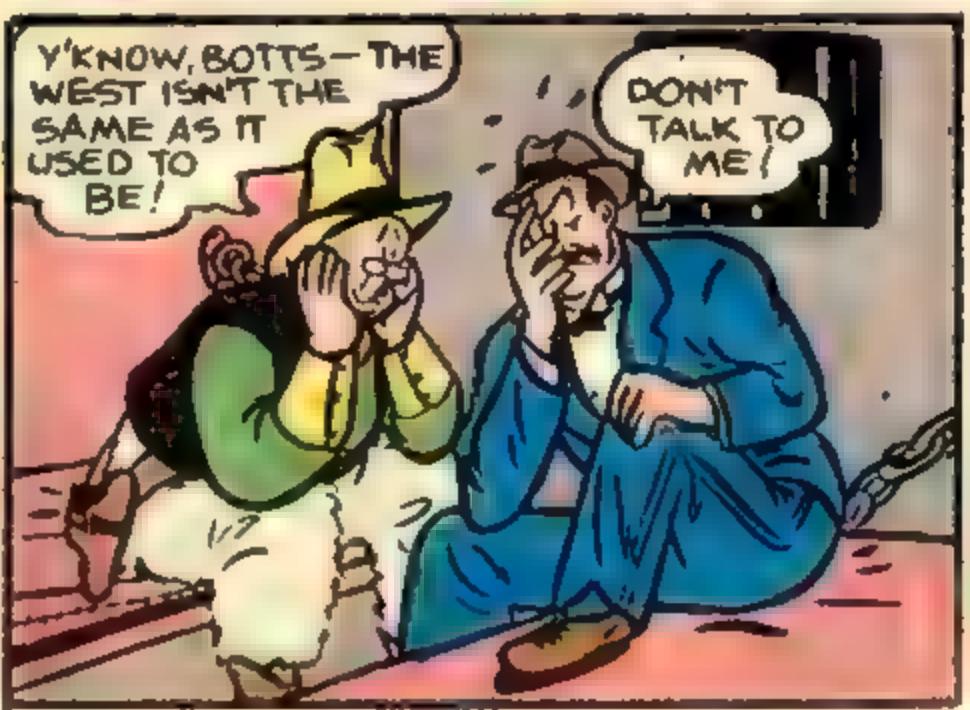
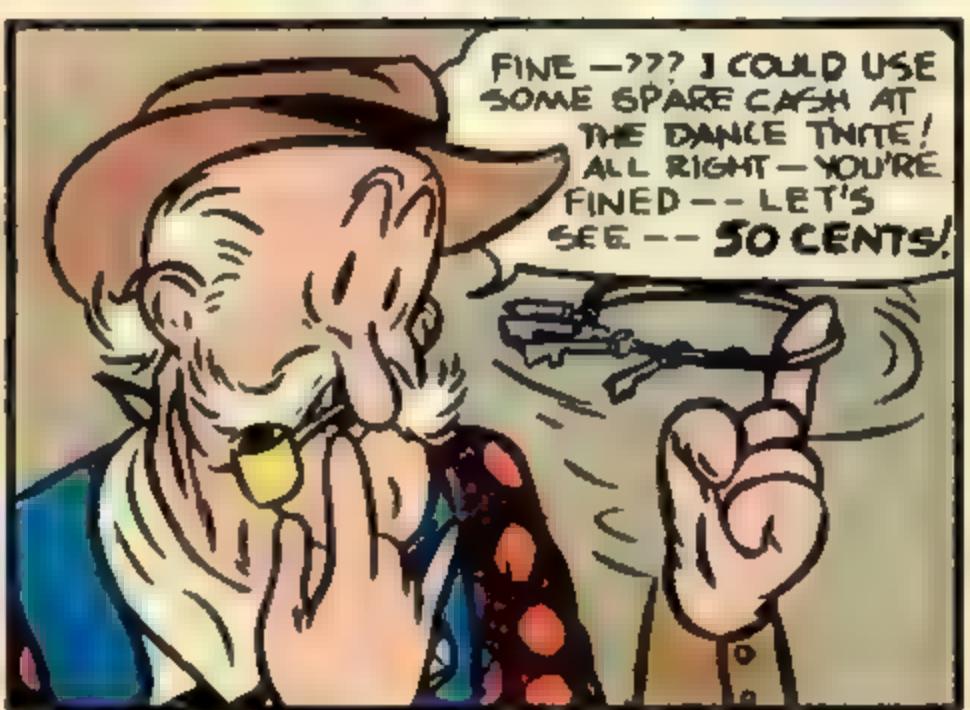
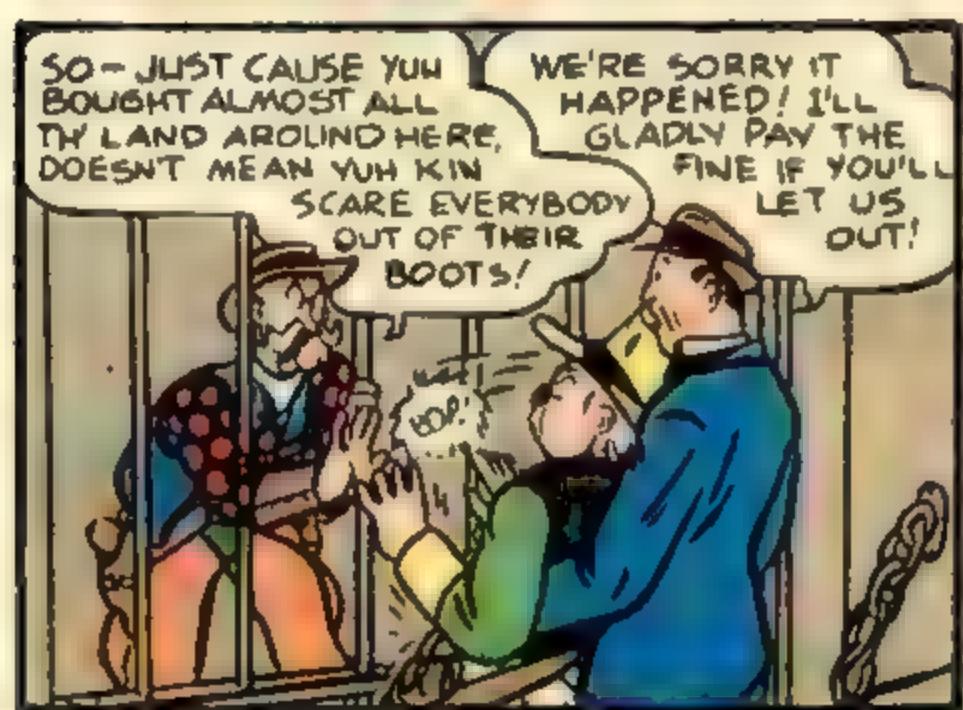
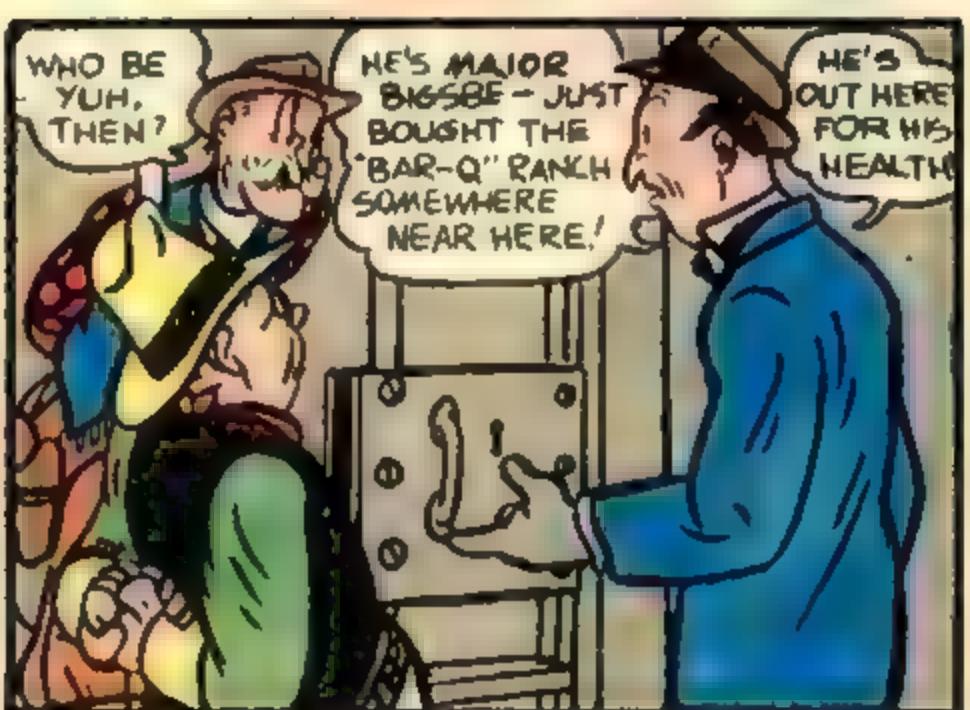


PUBLIC DOMAIN

# Major BIGSBE an' BOTTs

by PAUL GUSTAVION





# BATMAN

By

Bob  
Kane

ALREADY AN ALMOST LEGENDARY FIGURE, THE COWLED SHADOW OF THE BATMAN PROWL THROUGH THE NIGHT PREYING UPON THE CRIMINAL PARASITE, LIKE THE WINGED CREATURE WHOSE NAME HE HAD ADOPTED.

WHILE AN INNOCENT METROPOLIS SLEEPS LITTLE DOES IT REALIZE THAT HUGE, TERRIFYING MAN-MONSTERS SHALL SOON STALK THE STREETS AND BRING TO THEM HAVOC AND DESTRUCTION AND LITTLE DOES BRUCE WAYNE SUSPECT THAT FATE SHALL TOUCH HIS SHOULDER AND SINGLE HIM OUT AS THE ONE TO DO BATTLE WITH THESE MONSTERS, AS HE GOES FORTH CLAD IN THE GARB OF THE WEIRD AND MENACING . . . BATMAN!

NOT LONG AGO THE BATMAN HAD SEEN THE ARCH-CRIMINAL, PROFESSOR HUGO STRANGE IMPRISONED. AND YET

ONE OF YOU MEN GET THE WARDEN! WE'LL USE HIM AS A SHIELD!

OKAY STRANGE

ONCE MORE PROFESSOR HUGO STRANGE IS FREE TO CARRY OUT THE NEXT OF HIS DIABOLICAL SCHEMES.

TRY! PROFESSOR STRANGE ESCAPES IN PRISON BREAK!

THE NEXT NIGHT . . . THE METROPOLIS INSANE ASYLUM

GET THEM OUT QUICKLY!

C'MON NUTS!

GOODY GOODY!

OH COO!

THAT NIGHT ... THE HOME OF BRUCE WAYNE

FLASH - A GUARD IDENTIFIED PROFESSOR STRANGE AS THE LEADER OF THE MEN WHO FREED FIVE INSANE PATIENTS FROM THE CITY INSANE ASYLUM.

INSANE MEN?

CRIMINALS, MANIACS, AND STRANGE CAN ONLY ADD UP TO ONE THING ... SOMETHING NEW IN CRIME ... SOMETHING FANTASTIC AND TERRIBLE **VERY TERRIBLE!!**

MONTH LATER ... A CROWDED STREET IN LOWER MANHATTAN

“SUDDENLY A WOMAN STOPS AND SCREAMS IN FRIGHT!

M-A-A-AH!  
LOOK!

HELP!

WHAT IS IT?  
IT ISN'T HUMAN!

POWERING UP A FULL FIFTEEN FEET, A GIGANTIC HULK LOOMS ABOVE THEM, HUGE AND TERRIBLE!!

THE HORRIBLE CREATURE BEGINS ITS WAVE OF DESTRUCTION!!!

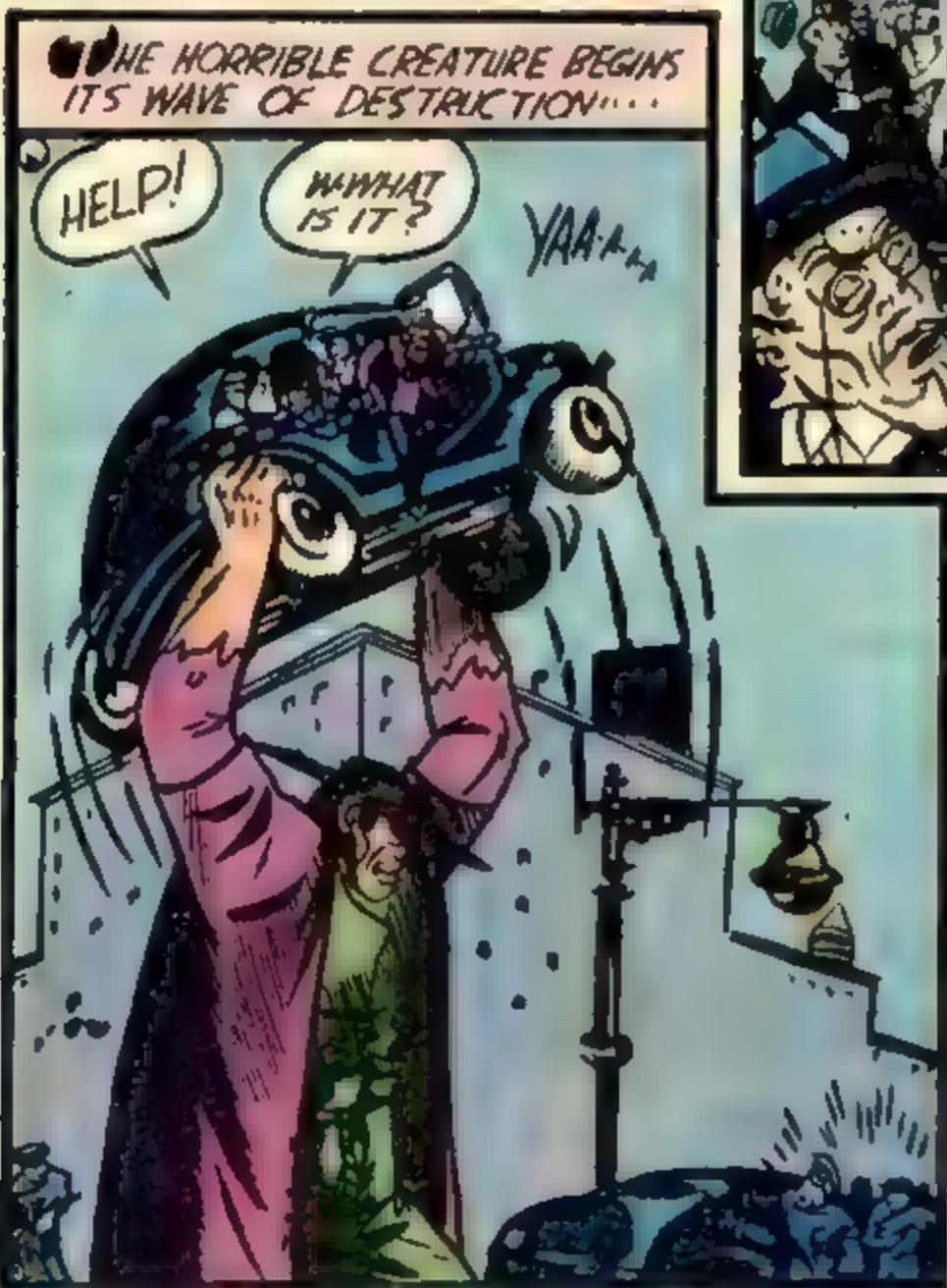
HELP!

WHAT IS IT?

YAAAH

BULLETS THUD INTO THE BEAST BUT THIS ONLY MADDENS HIM!

LOOK!  
BULLETS DON'T STOP HIM... HE'S STILL LIVING!



"THE ENRAGED BEAST SEEMS TO GO MAD!"



"THE PEOPLE ARE PANIC-STRIKEN!"



"AS MORE POLICE RUN UP THE MONSTER RIPS UP A LAMP POST..."



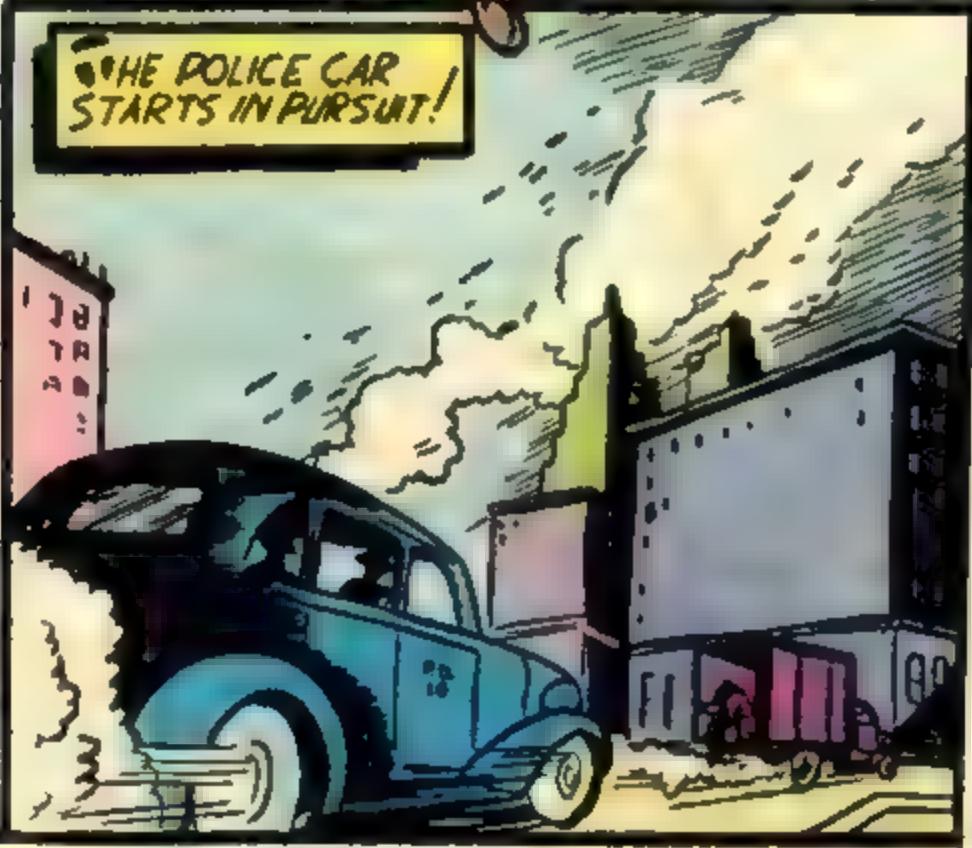
"THE MONSTER WIELDS THE WEAPON WITH TERRIBLE EFFECT!"



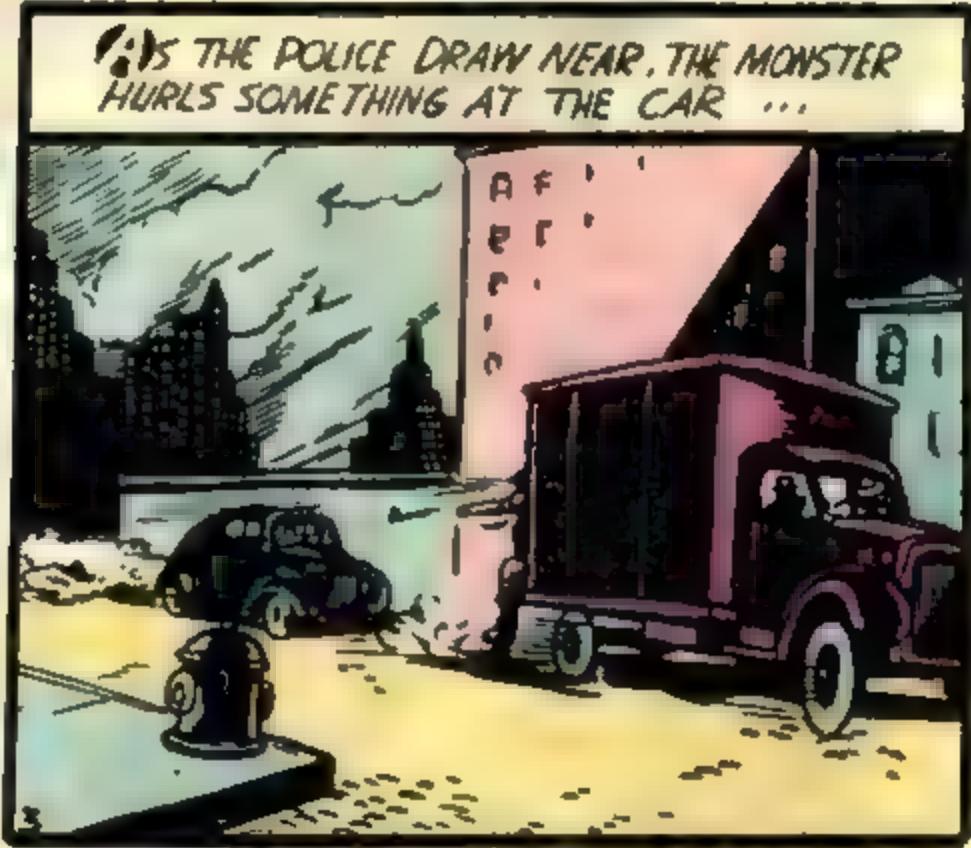
"SUDDENLY AS POLICE CARS APPEAR, THE MONSTER LUMBERS TOWARD A TRUCK IDLING NEARBY"



"THE POLICE CAR STARTS IN PURSUIT!"



"AS THE POLICE DRAW NEAR, THE MONSTER HURLS SOMETHING AT THE CAR ..."



THERE IS A SHATTERING ROAR AS THE OBJECT HITS THE POLICE CAR!

THAT NIGHT...

IT COULD BE  
THE WORK OF  
ONLY ONE  
MAN  
STRANGE

IF I KNOW PROFESSOR  
STRANGE THERE WILL BE  
MORE OF THEM TO COME  
I MUST STOP HIM...  
HMM...

BOOM!

AND THE MONSTER MADE GOOD HIS ESCAPE BY BOMBING THE POLICE CAR THE PEOPLE...

AGAIN THE NEXT DAY THE MONSTER APPEARS!

IS POLICE AGAIN PURSUE THEY MEET THE SAME FATE AS THOSE THE DAY BEFORE!!

HELP!!

IT'S TEARING DOWN THE "EL"  
THEY'LL ALL BE KILLED!!

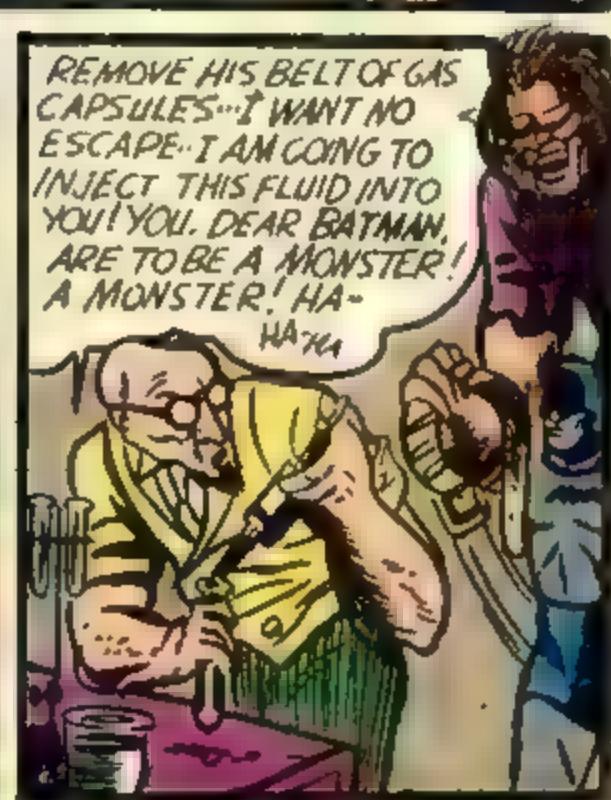
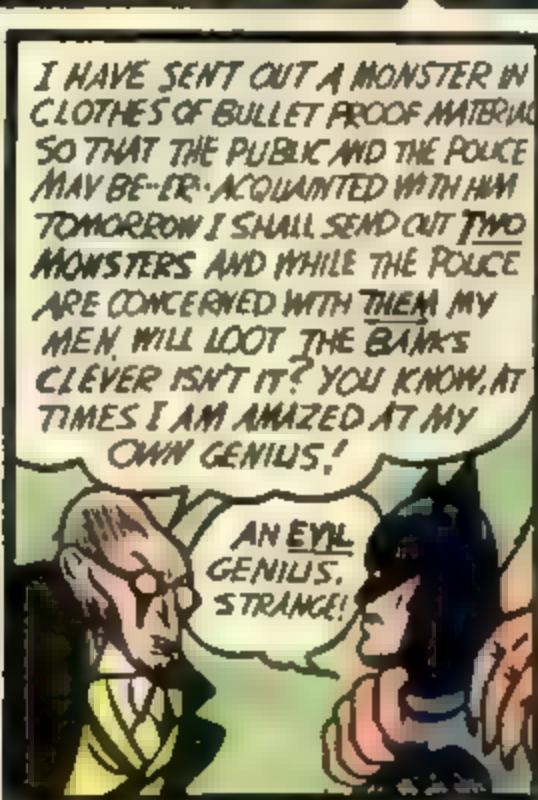
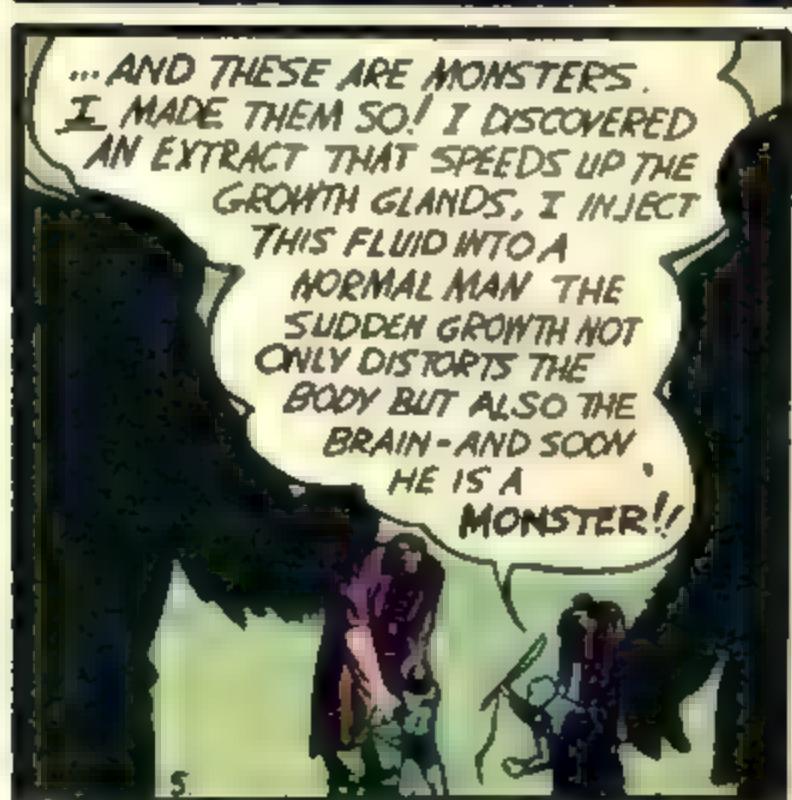
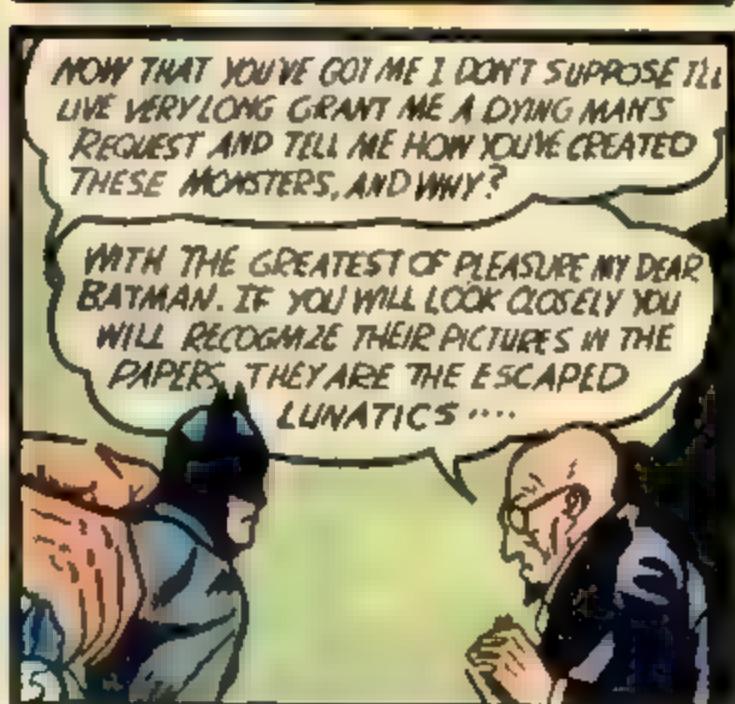
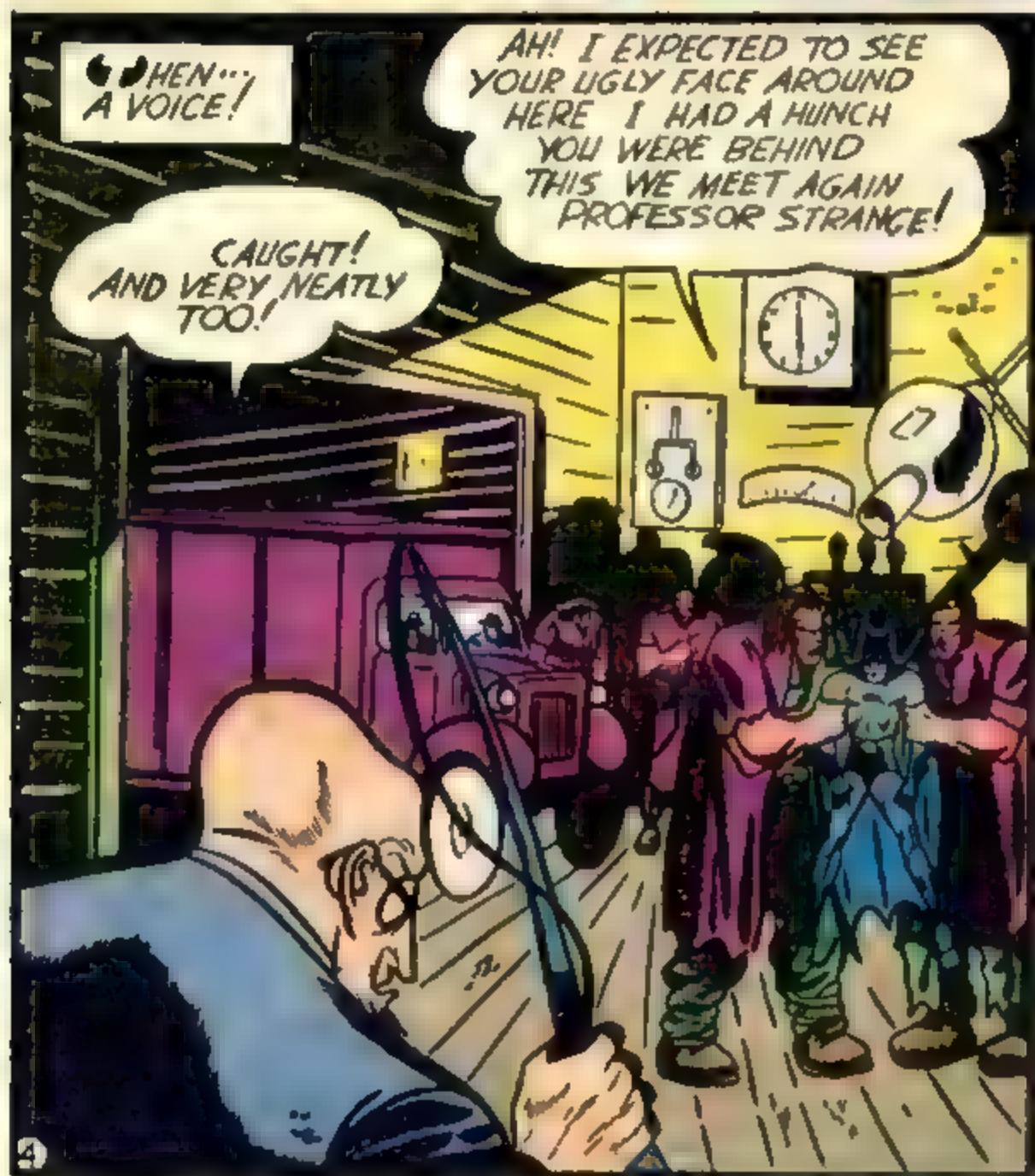
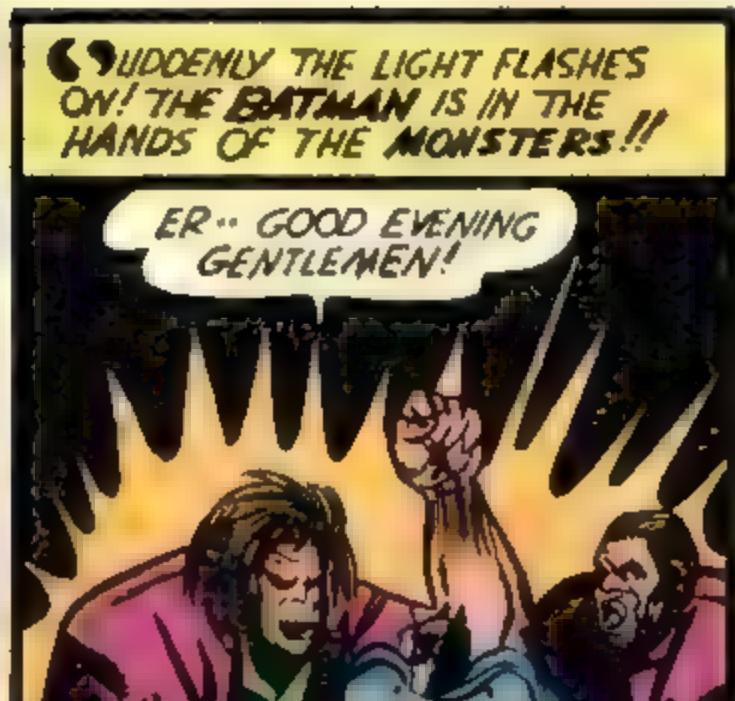
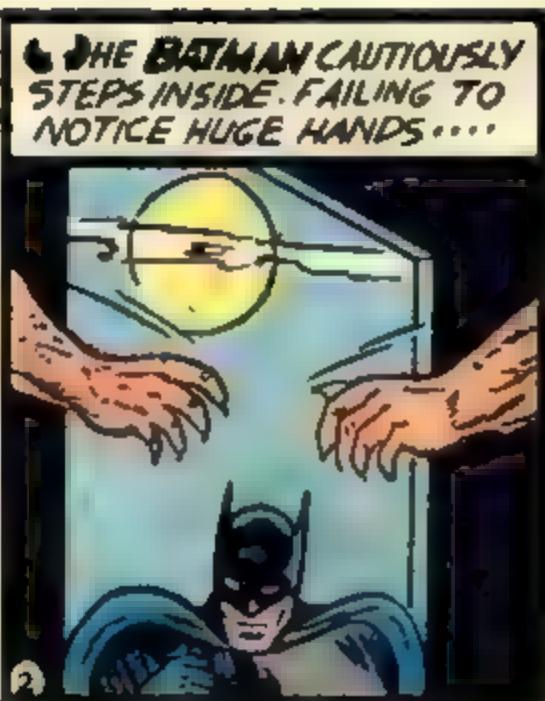
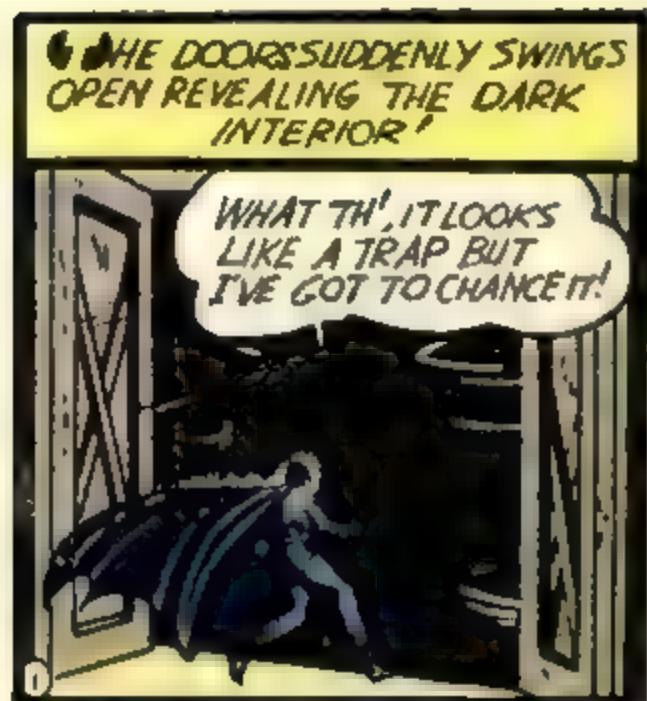
BOOM!

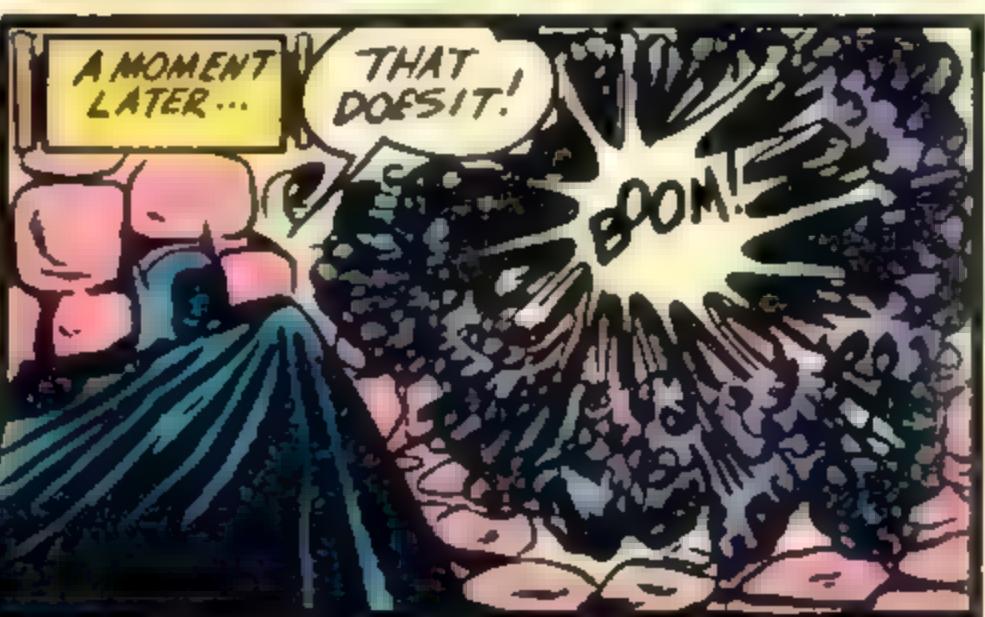
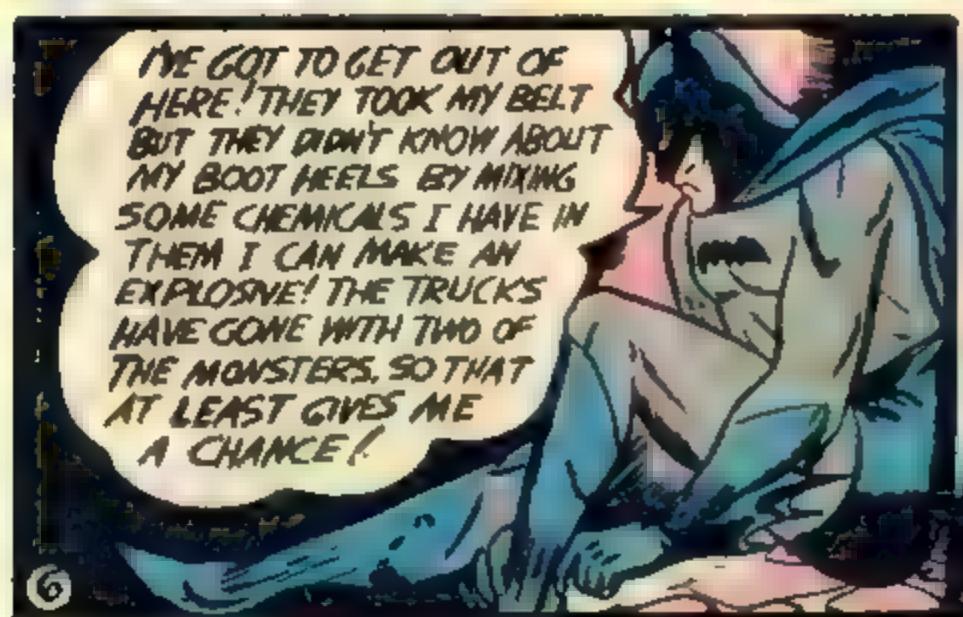
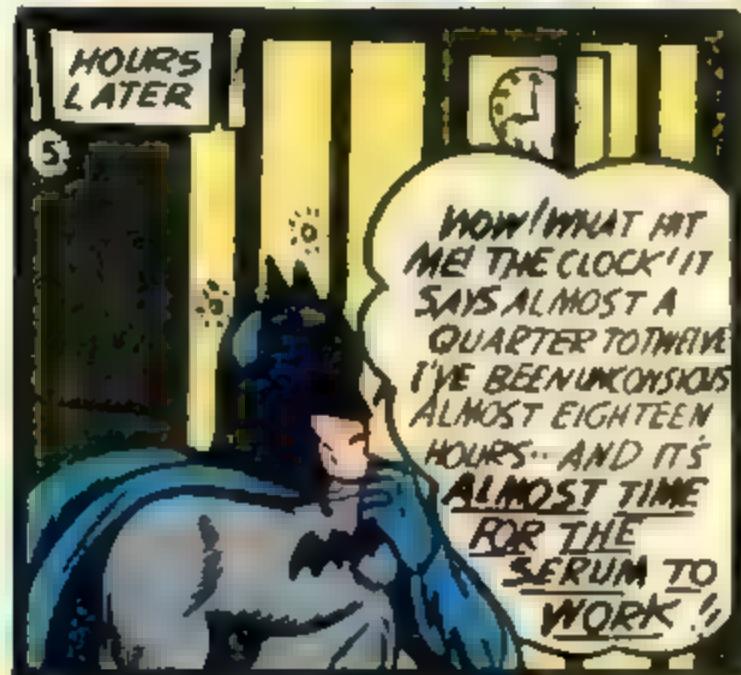
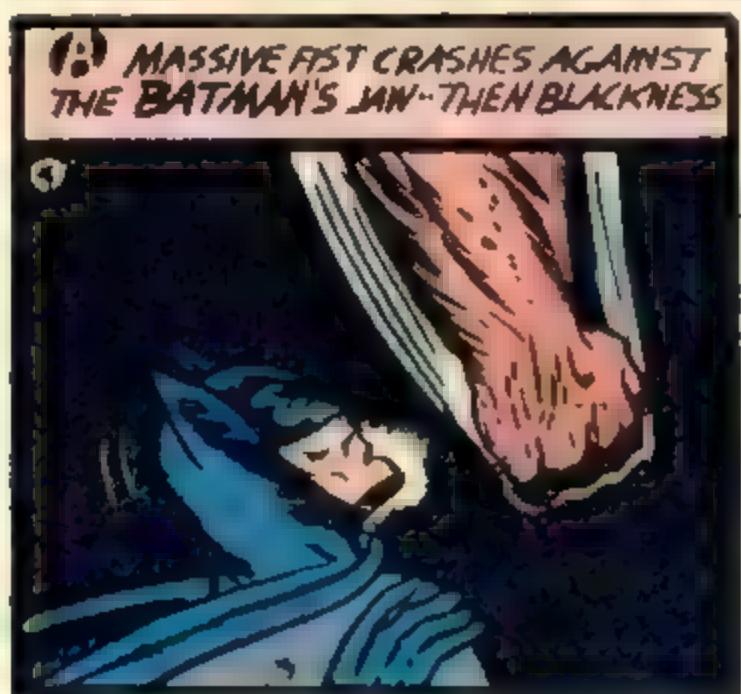
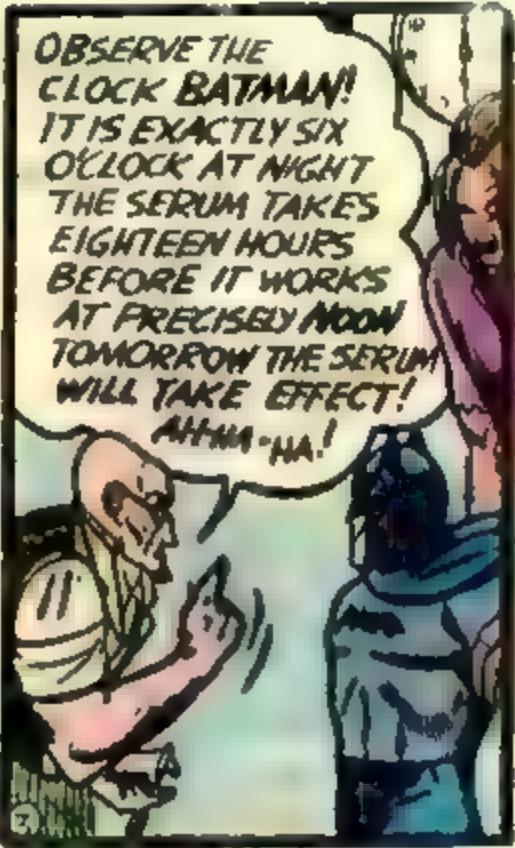
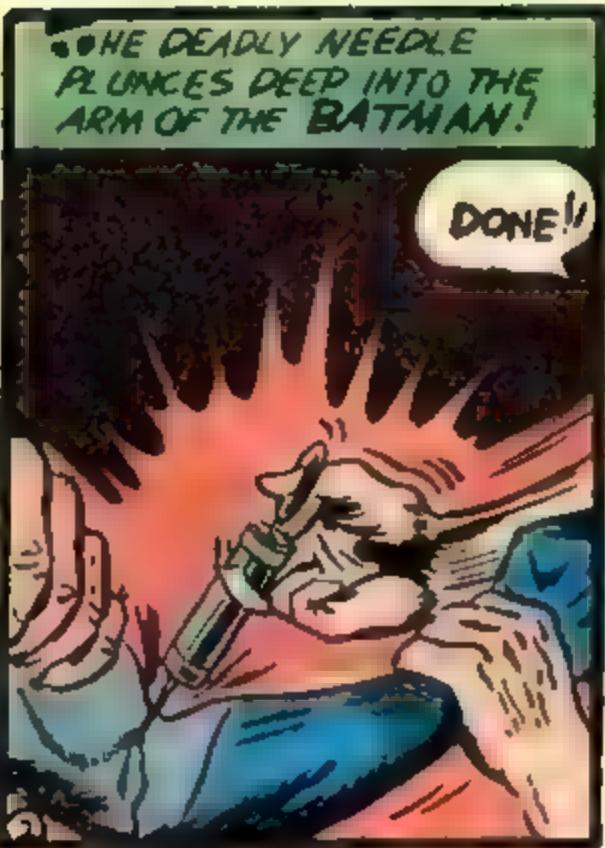
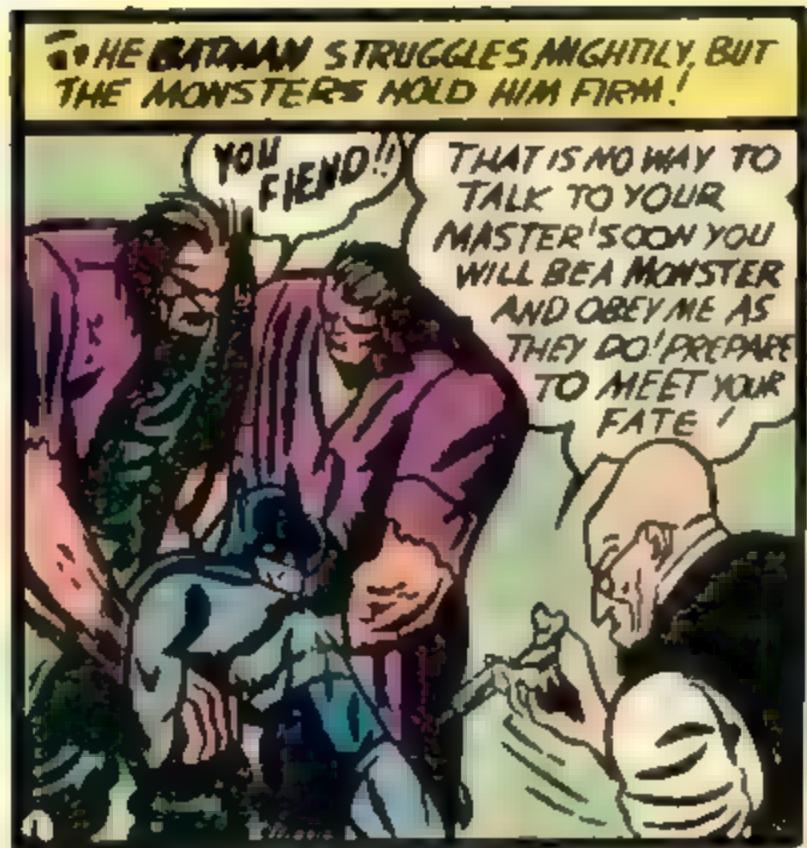
OUT HIGH ABOVE....

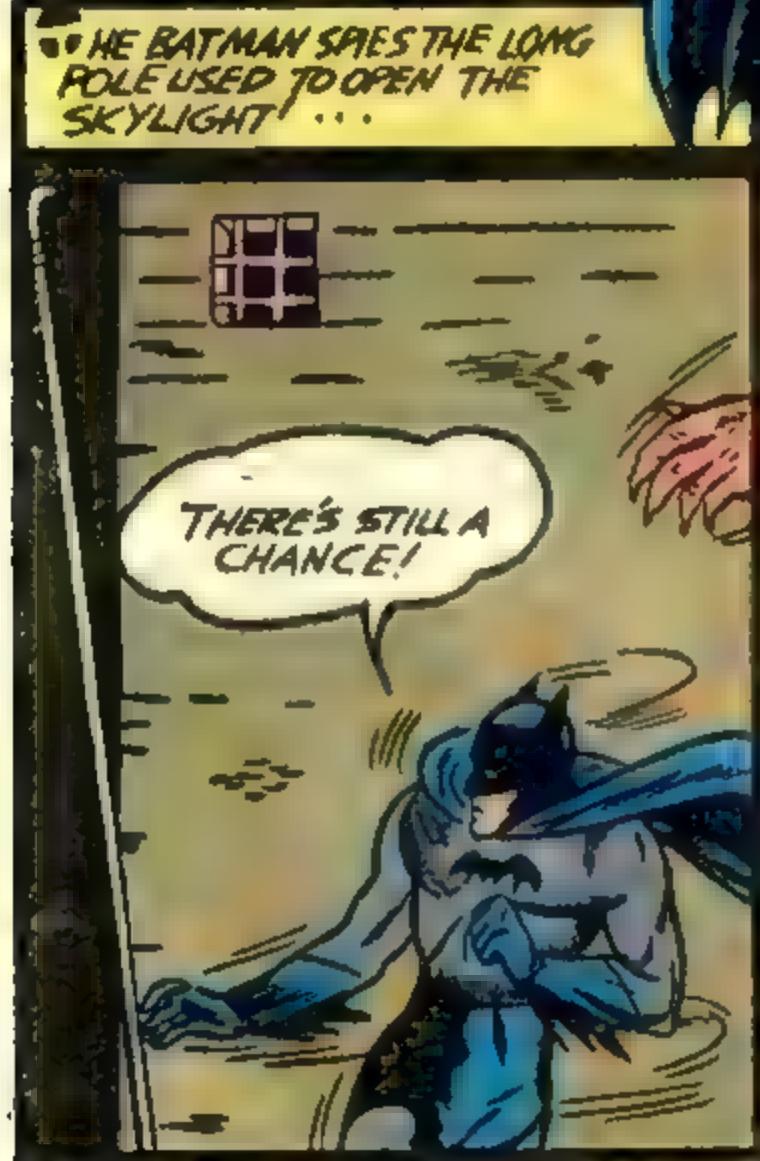
THAT TRUCK SHOULD LEAD ME STRAIGHT TO THE HIDEOUT OF HUGO STRANGE!

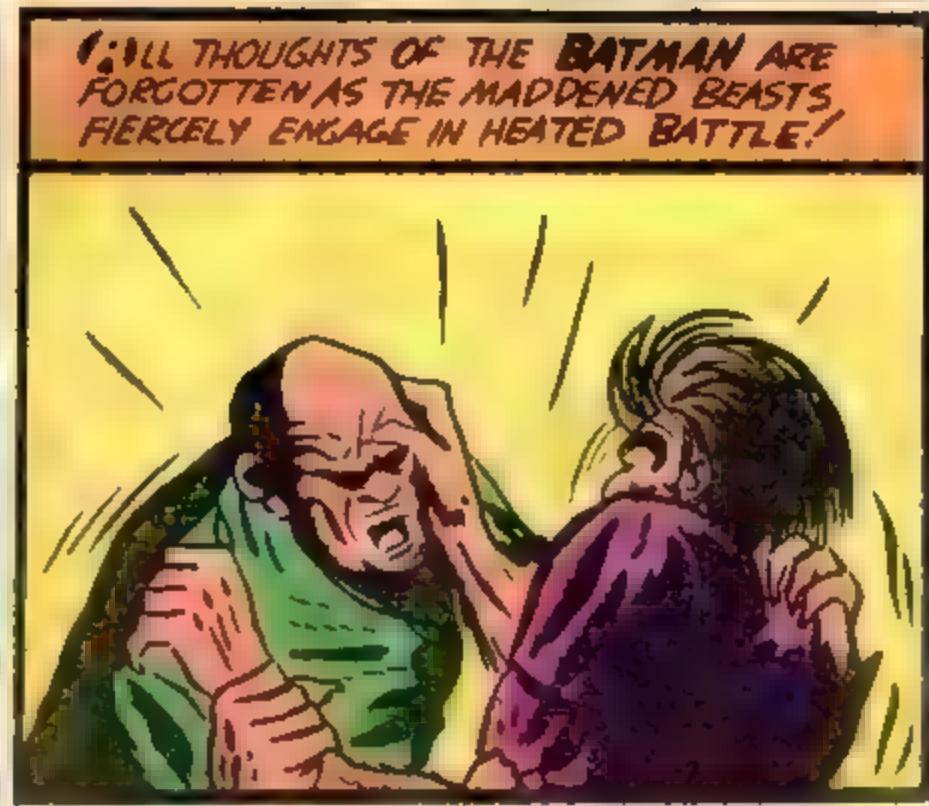
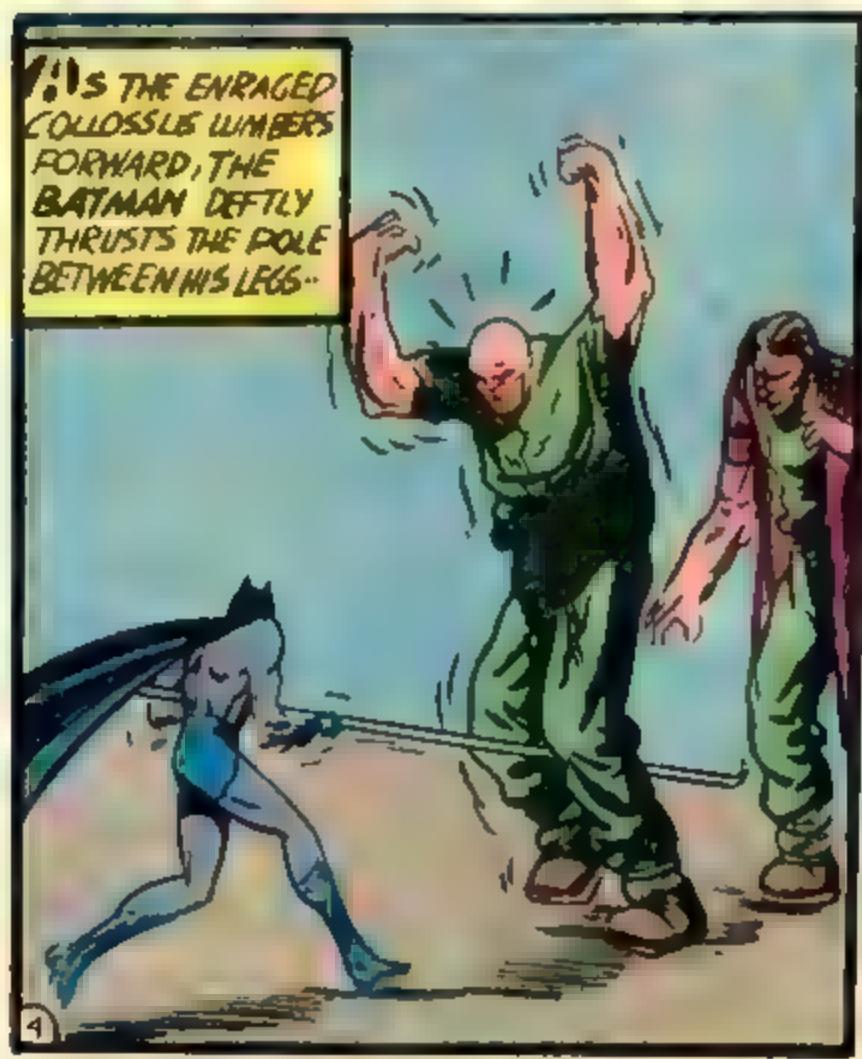
WELL IT LOOKS LIKE THE END OF MY SEARCH!

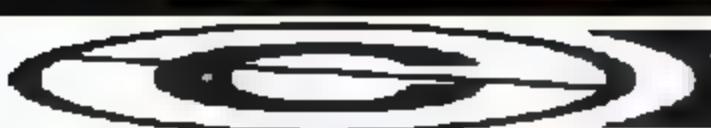
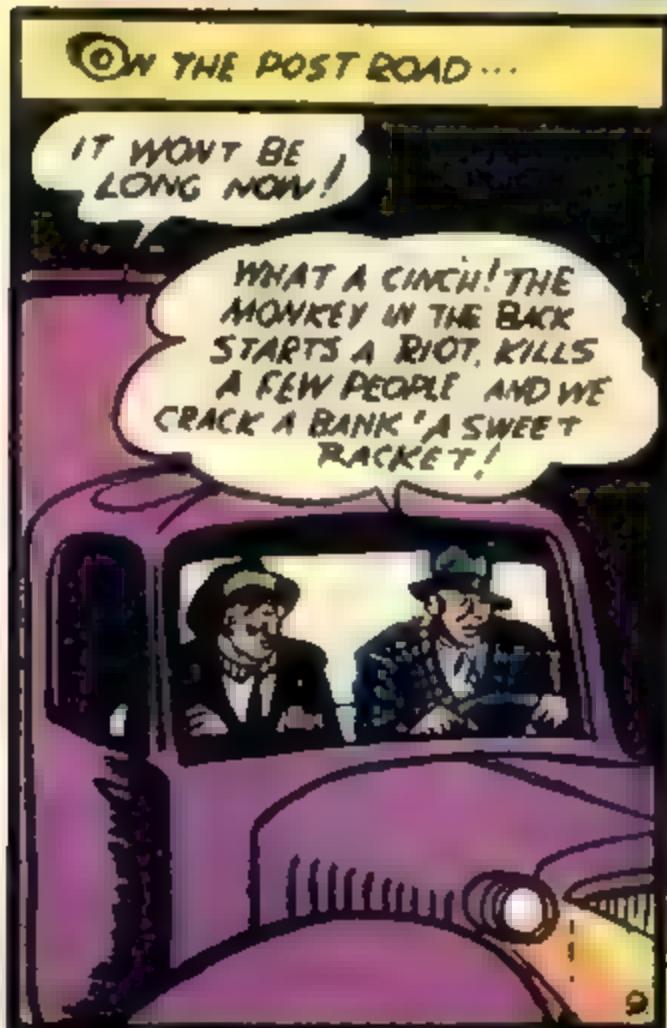
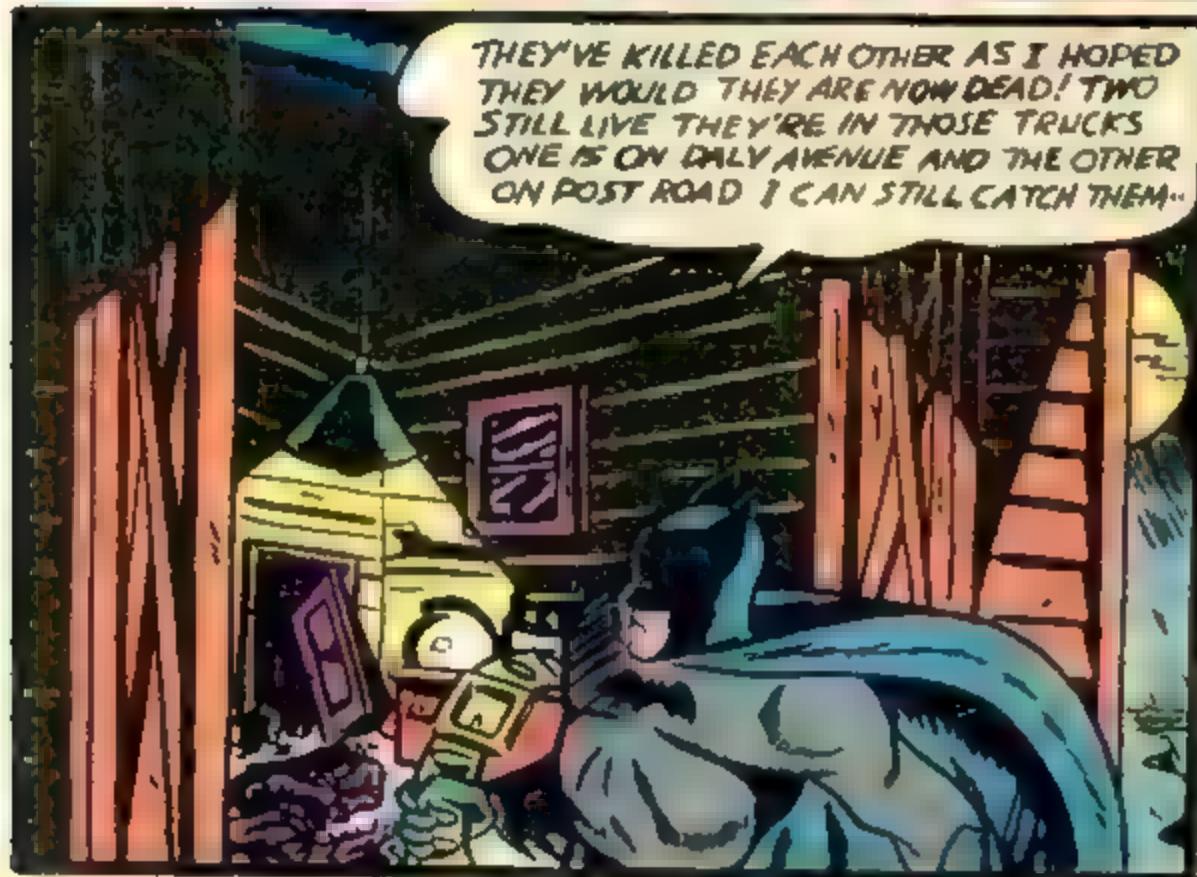
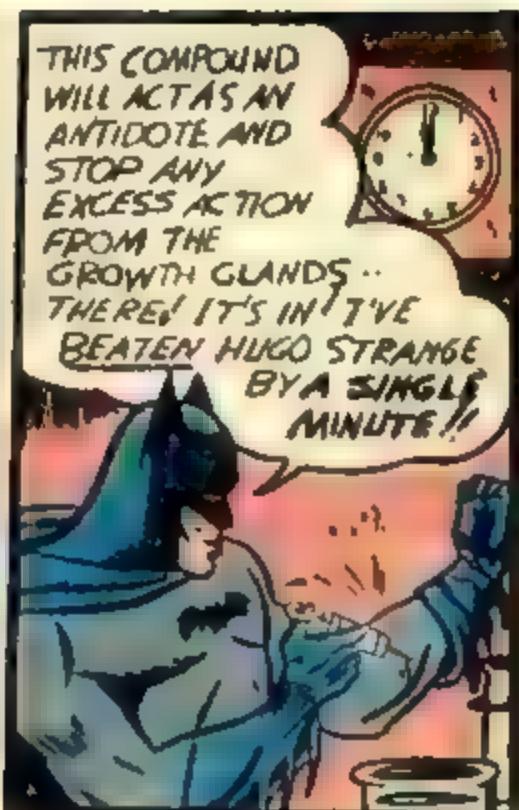
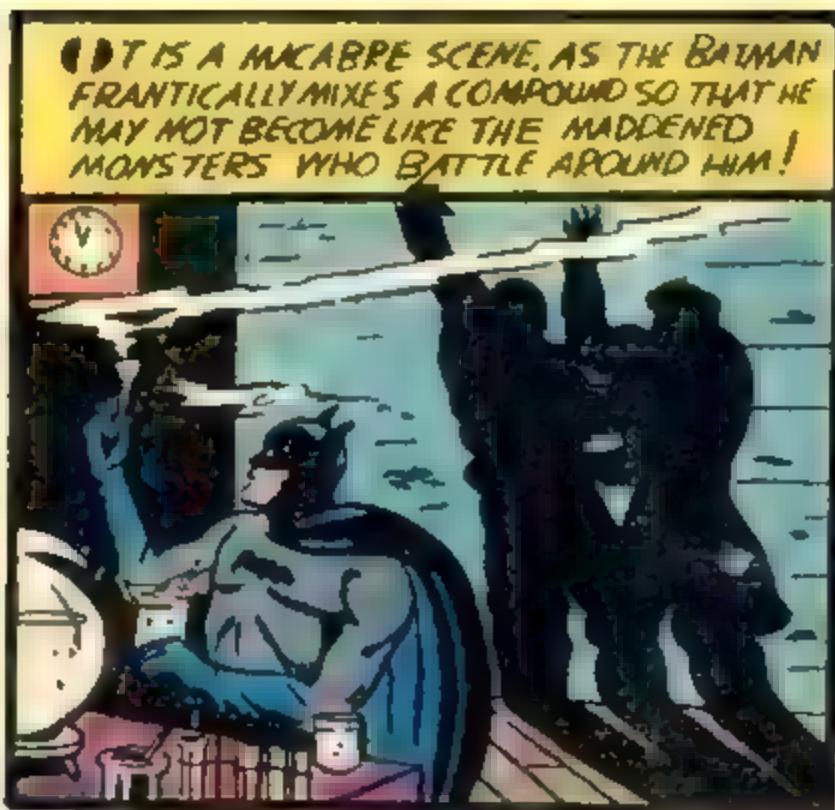
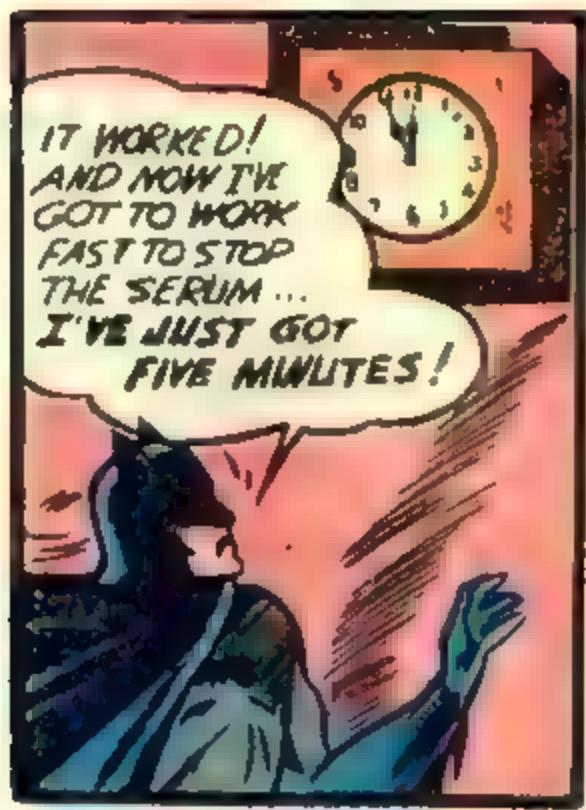
A FEW MINUTES LATER...



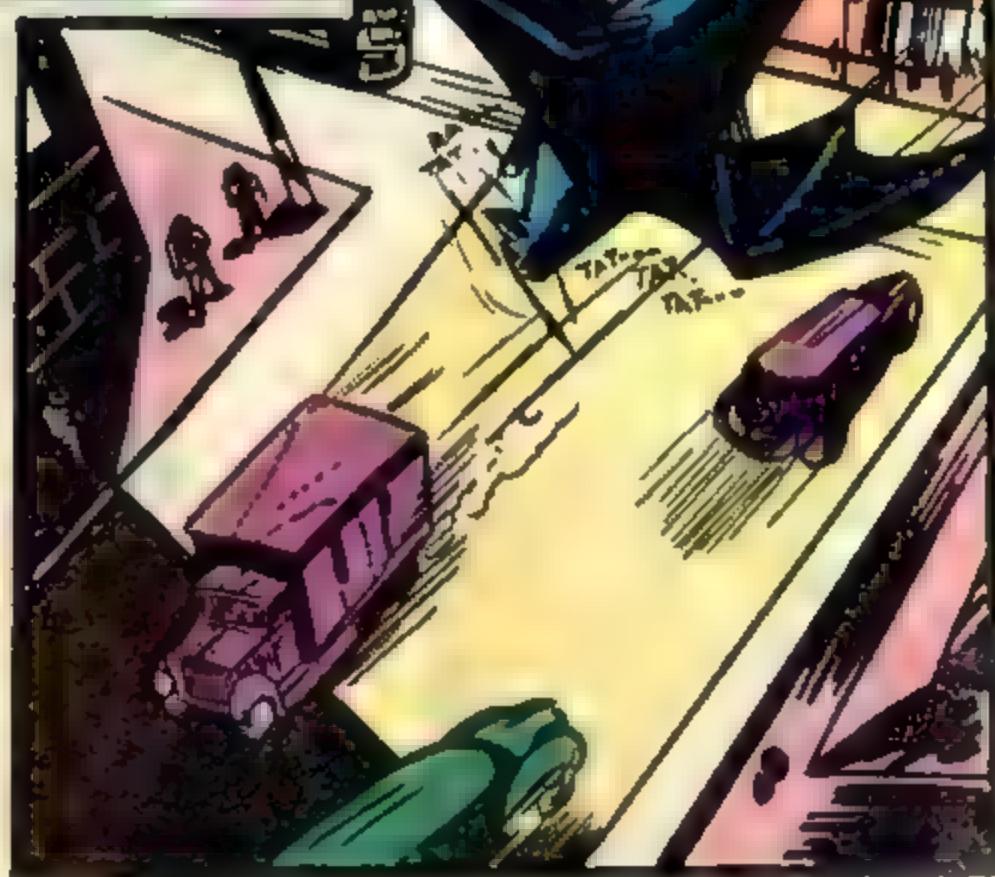
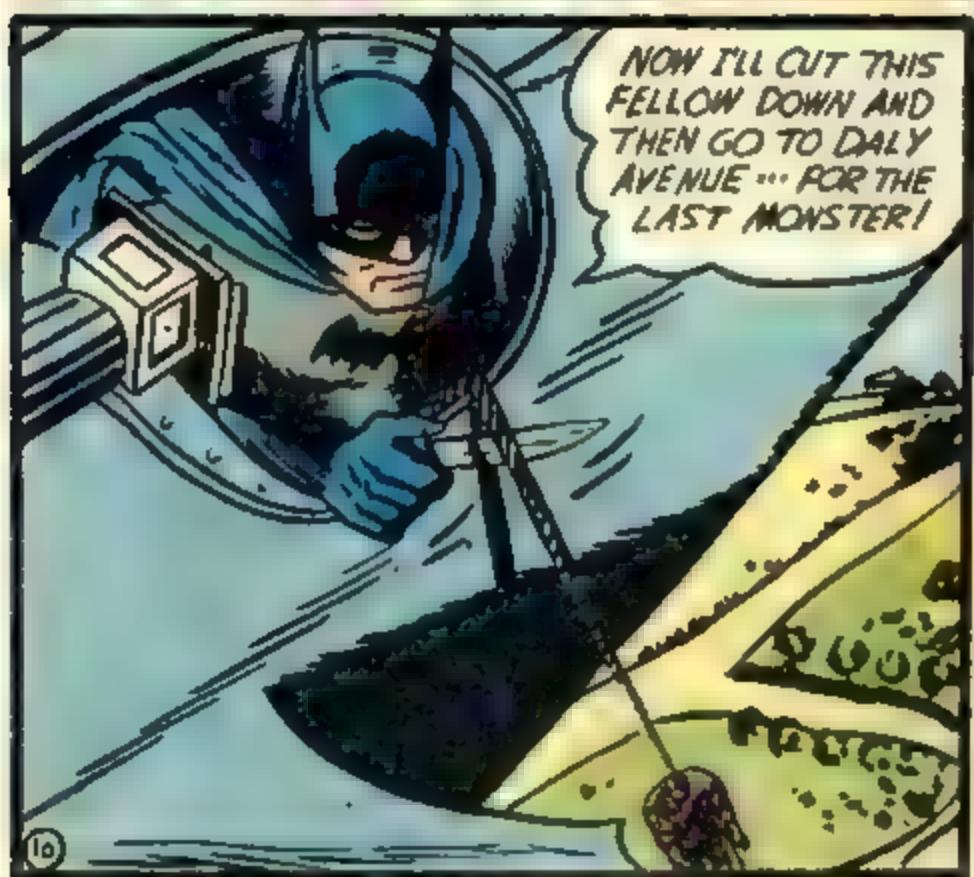
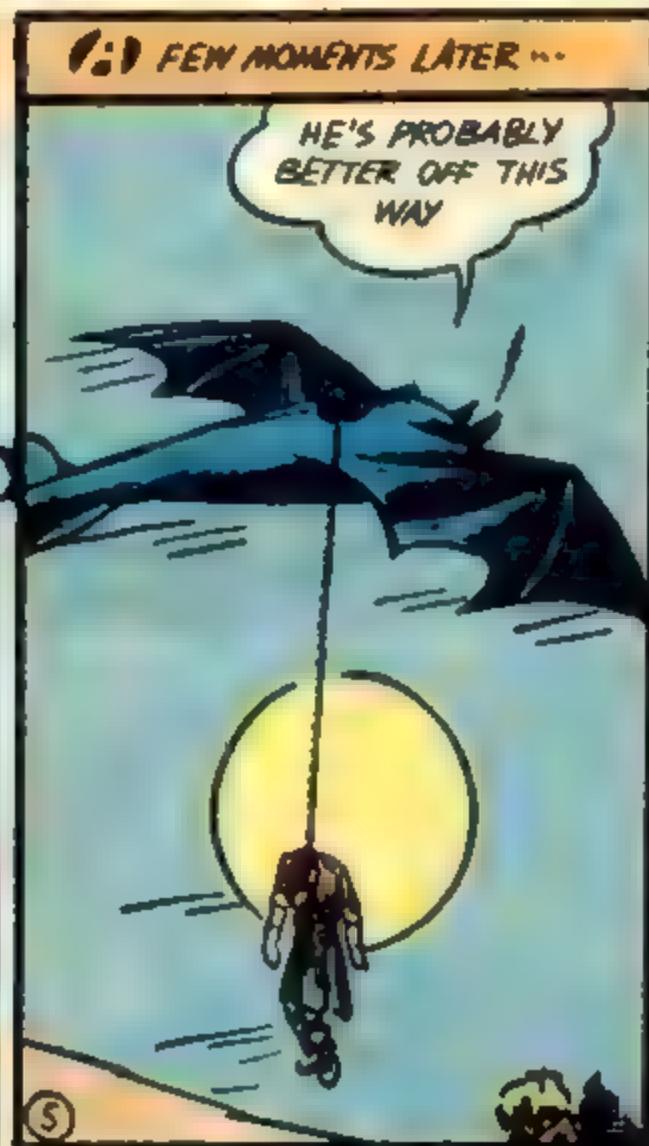




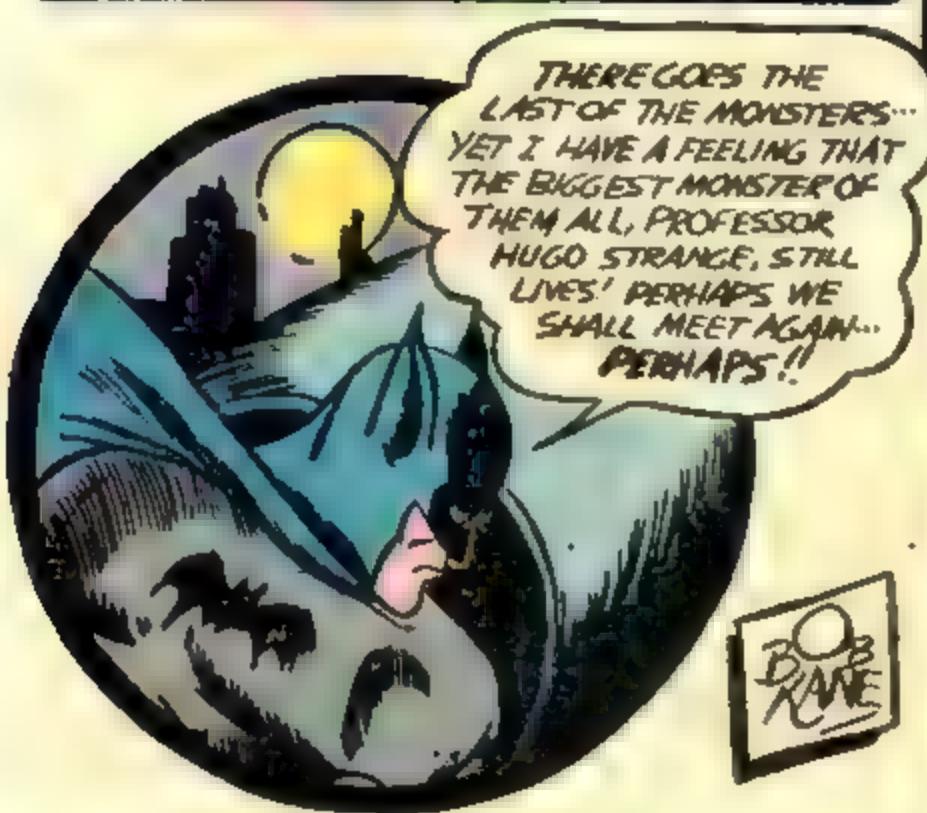
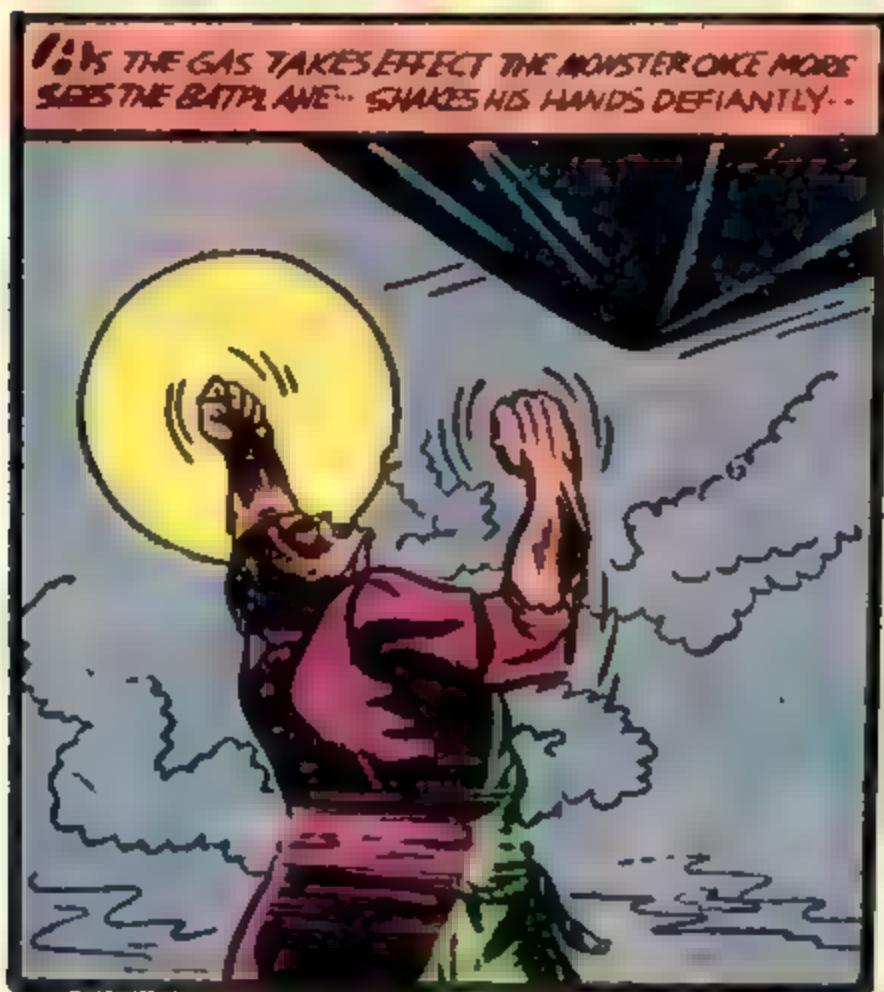




PUBLIC DOMAIN







PUBLIC DOMAIN

# STRICTLY PUBLICITY

By  
**GUY MONROE**

"**I**T JUST isn't possible!" The Chief was saying. "A guy can't be killed when he's all alone in a room, with the door and windows barred from the inside and covered with steel shutters!"

"There's always the suicide angle," young Terry Gallant put in.

The chief snorted. "Look, Terry; you're one of the smartest young detectives on the force, but when you say 'suicide,' you're crazy! A guy can't shoot himself without a gun, can he?"

"Definitely not," Terry admitted. "But look, Chief, tell me how the whole thing worked out, will you? I just happened not to be listening to Barlow's radio program at the time of his death."

"Well, he was getting off his usual line of homespun drivel for his twenty million radio listeners, and giving them that old, old routine of his about being afraid for his life because he'd made a lot of enemies in the course of his helping so many people out of scrapes with unscrupulous characters—"

"And then?" Terry prompted.

"And then the radio audience heard a noise sort of like a sharp clap of the hands, then a terrific roar, then silence."

Terry got up. "Chief you can hand out the story that Barton Barlow committed suicide. I'll have all the details later."

With that, Terry Gallant left Headquarters and headed for the residence of the late Barton Barlow. And the Chief had confidence enough in Terry's detective ability to feel pretty certain that Terry would be able to substantiate his theory that Barlow had not been murdered

—that he had, indeed, taken his own life. Accordingly the Chief gave that story to the reporters, promising them all the details for their next edition. Neither the Chief nor the reporters were disappointed, for Terry was gone for less than an hour.

When he returned to Headquarters, the Chief's office was filled with newspapermen. And with rare concern for press deadlines, Terry didn't waste any time in telling the rest of the story.

"Barlow killed himself, all right," Terry said.

"Then what did he do with the gun—swallow it?" asked a reporter.

Terry ignored the question, considering it too facetious to warrant notice. "Let's start at the beginning," he said. "We all know that Barton Barlow was probably the greatest publicity hound the country ever produced. He'd do anything to get his name in the papers—and he's been mighty successful at it. He's a nationally known figure, and he has twenty million radio listeners. He's had a big income for years. And the biggest angle he had for publicity was that business of yelling that he expected to be bumped off at any moment. Most of that, as we all realize, was phoney."

"But he's dead," a newspaperman put in.

"Sure—by his own hand. In spite of the fact that he had a huge income, he was living beyond his means. He was deeply in debt, and on top of that the Federal government was on the verge of indicting him for income tax evasion. That would have been pretty hard for a

'righteous' guy like Barlow to take. All in all, he was badly jammed up, so he decided to kill himself, like the cowardly phoney he was."

"I still want to know," the first reporter said sarcastically, "did he eat the gun?"

Terry shook his head. "No, the gun's there. All you have to do is look for it. Concealed in a recess behind a light fixture. There's also a small electro-magnet which operates from a flashlight battery, and a very sensitive diaphragm such as you'd find in a telephone. And, you see, there was one thing that happened before the shot that gave me the clue—there was a sharp noise like the clapping of hands. It was indeed just that, and that sharp noise was just enough to disturb the diaphragm, break the electro-magnetic contact, and allow a lever to hit the trigger of the gun which killed Barlow! He wanted to kill himself in a very mysterious manner—a manner which would cause much speculation in the newspapers."

The newspapermen were running from the room, heading for telephones, anxious to get the solution of the story into the next editions of their papers.

Terry grinned at the Chief. "See? Barlow was a publicity hound in life, and he's still one in death! He'll be on the front pages of every paper in the country! A pretty good man, at that!"

The Chief lighted a fresh cigar. "You're not a bad man yourself, Terry my boy!"

Terry grinned back at him. "Remember that, will you, Chief, next time I come up for promotion?" THE END

# MEET THE ARTIST!

**R**EADERS, meet Bob Kane, creator of THE BATMAN! Realizing that people like to know something about the men who draw their favorite cartoon-strips, we induced Bob to sit down at a typewriter and dash off a few pertinent facts about his life. He complained that a drawing-board—and not a typewriter—was his natural means of artistic expression, but he did manage to hammer out a sort of synopsis about himself.

On top of that, we felt that we should have a picture of Bob to grace this page. We asked him to bring us one. "Sure," he said, "I'll take care of that." But as the days went by, and publication date came nearer and nearer, we still had no picture. Finally we had to sit Bob down at a drawing board, hold him there until a photographer could be called in from another floor of the building—and we finally got our picture!

Bob Kane was born twenty-four years ago in New York City, and has spent most of his life in the big town. As you might expect, his primary interest has always been in drawing. His work has appeared in a long list of national magazines. For some time Bob was a straight "comic" artist, specializing in drawings of a humorous nature. When the trend swung toward the adventure type of drawing, Bob was quick to see that therein lay his future, and though the abrupt change in drawing technique necessitated plenty of hard labor on his part, the phenomenal success of THE BATMAN is proof enough that Bob was capable of making the transition. It hasn't been easy, and it isn't easy even now. Anyone who thinks a comic artist has an easy life should take a look at Bob Kane's working-schedule. It's an unusual week which doesn't find Bob at the drawing board on seven consecutive days. The saving grace about it all is the fact that he enjoys his work, though he does admit that he might like to have a



little vacation come summer—three days in a row, or something like that

Bob has spent a good deal of time in the North woods, hunting and fishing (before THE BATMAN took up all his time, of course). He loves outdoor life in all its phases. For a time he worked as seaman on a boat plying South American waters, and he says that he feels that this contact with all sorts of people, plus the satisfaction of seeing parts of the world absolutely foreign to the environment of New York, has been of great help to him in humanizing the characters which he draws.

Bob is certainly not a copyist; his work shows a definite originality and freshness which has attracted many fervent fans. He studies

constantly, striving always to improve his work. If he has a free hour or two, he is very likely to spend it at one of the local medical colleges studying anatomy, for he well realizes that only by a thorough knowledge of bone and muscle structure is an artist able to inject into his drawings the true expression of action and motion which is so necessary to this type of art.

Bob Kane has worked hard, is still working hard, and will continue to work hard to give you just the sort of thing which you have come to expect in THE BATMAN. We predict ever-increasing success for both the artist and the creation of his facile pen. And they both deserve that success!

—THE EDITOR

# BATMAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**

-THE BOY WONDER-

ONCE MORE THAT EERIE FIGURE OF THE NIGHT, THE BATMAN AND HIS YOUNG AIDE THAT LAUGHING DARE-DEVIL THAT YOUNG ROBIN HOOD OF TODAY ROBIN THE BOY WONDER FIND THEMSELVES SWIMMING IN TROUBLED WATERS! A YACHT SAILS A SEA OF INTRIGUE WHILE ABOARD HER DECK LURKS AN UNSEEN MENACE A FIGURE SHROUDED BY AN AURA OF MYSTERY!

by  
BOB KANE

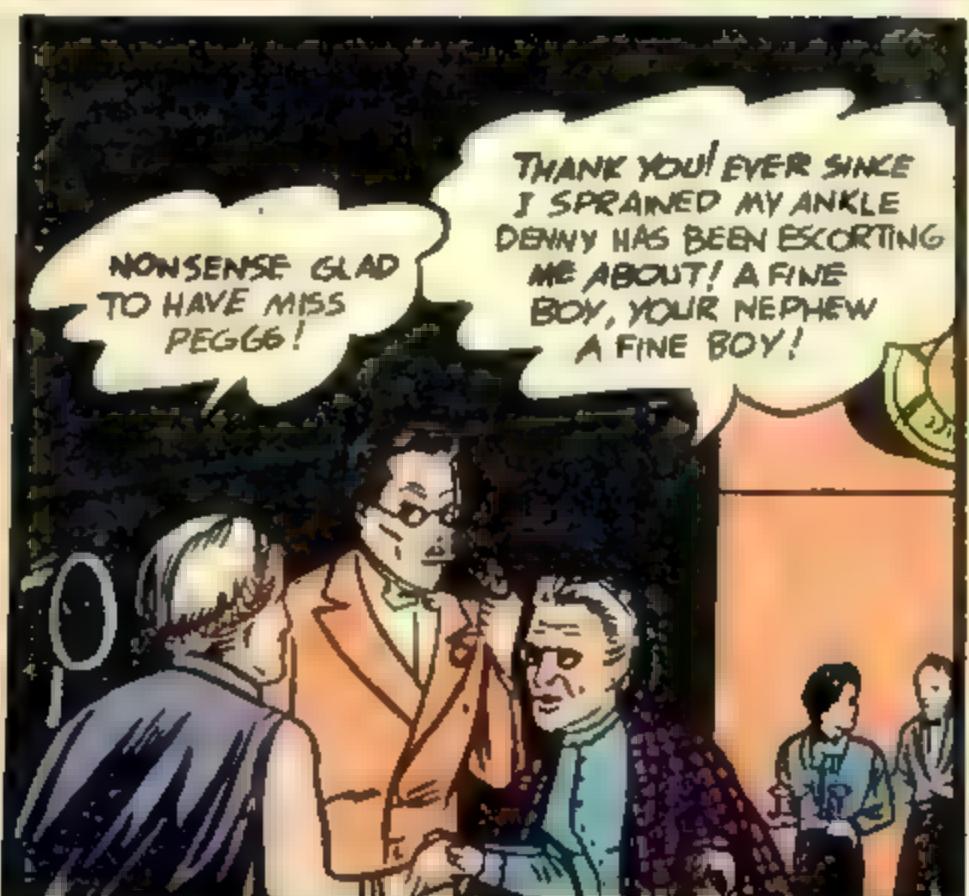
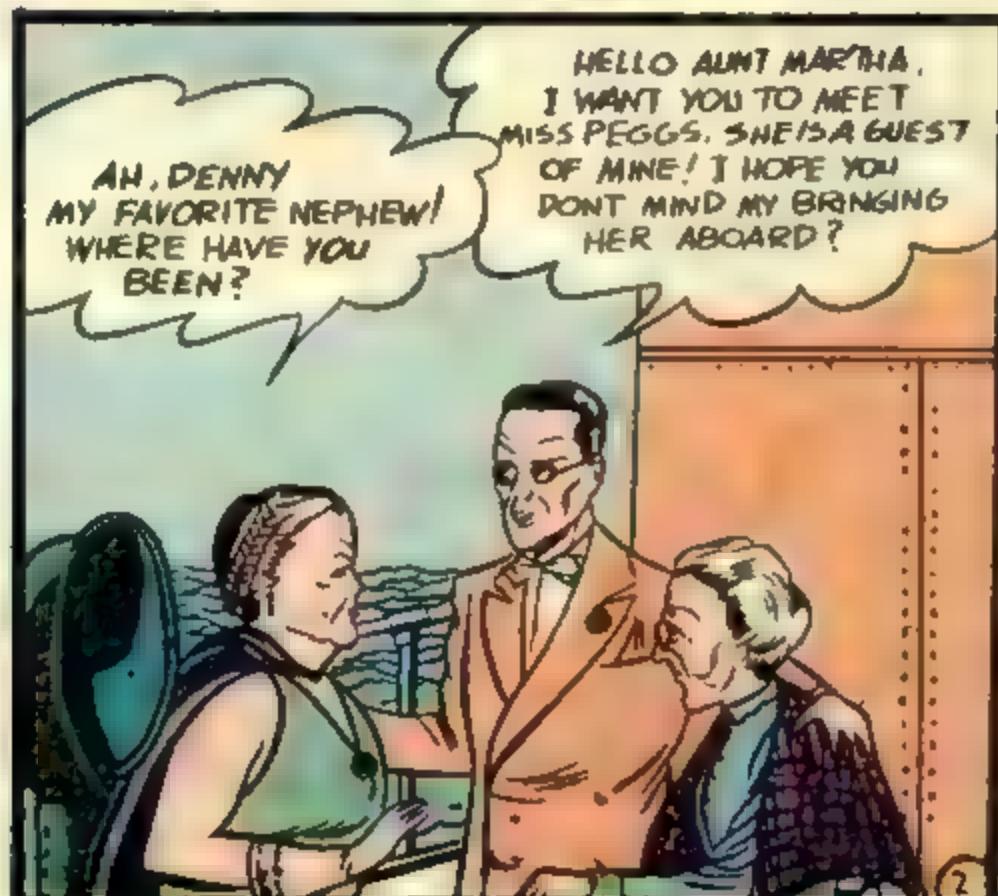
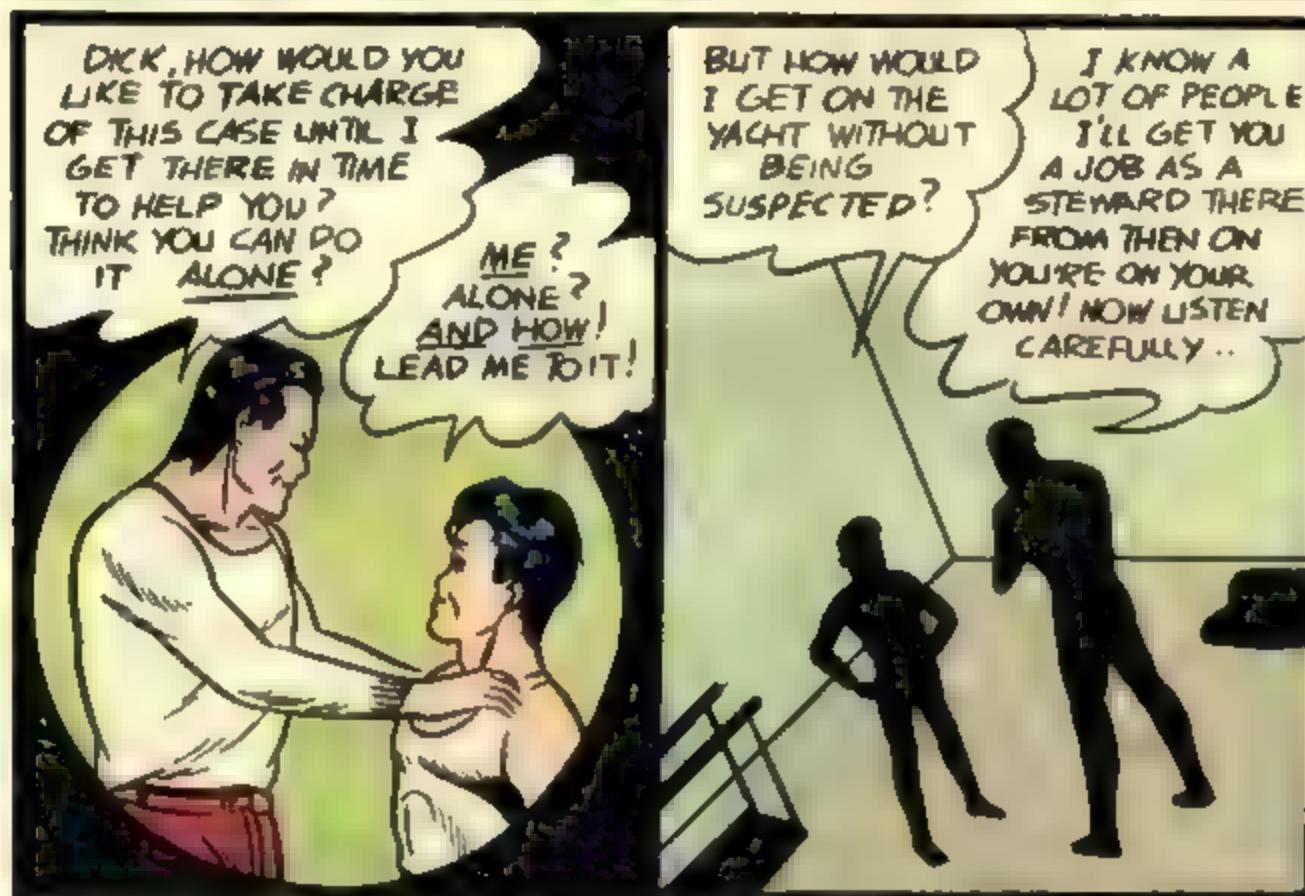
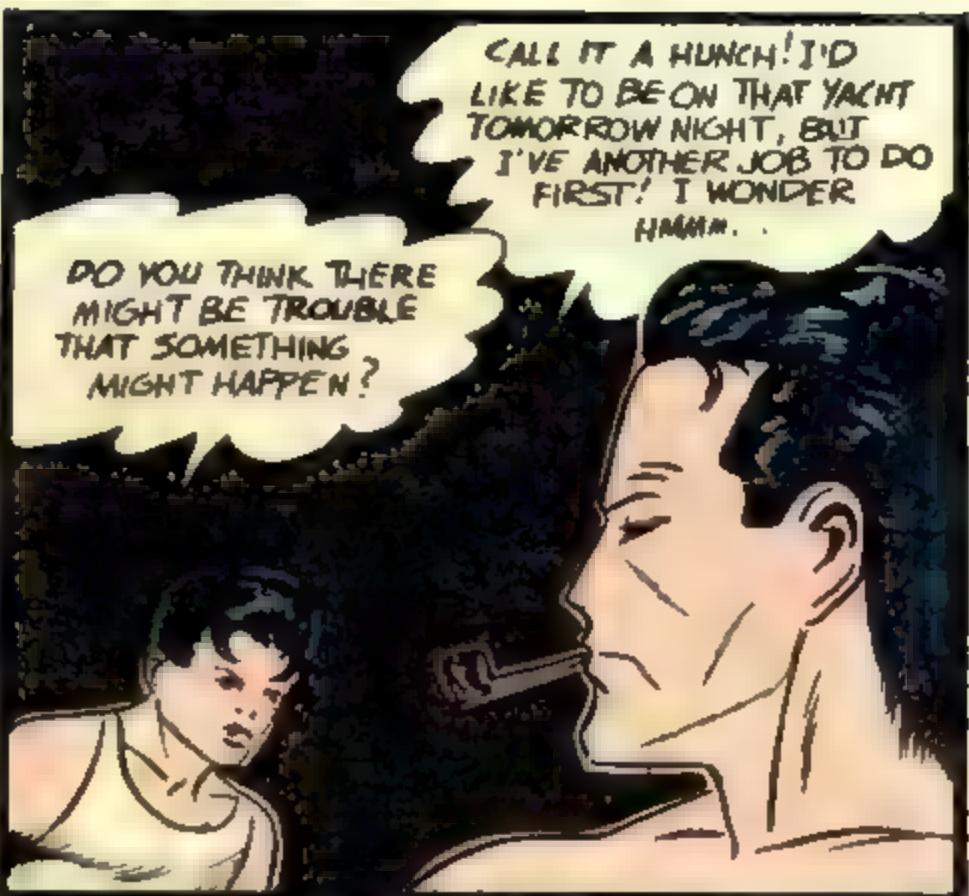
"AMONG THE GUESTS WALKS A YOUNG STEWARD-DICK GRAYSON WHO IS IN REALITY... ROBIN THE BOY WONDER!"

"HOW DOES HE COME HERE?"  
"WHY?"  
"IT HAD COME ABOUT WHEN..."

"BRUCE WAYNE... THE BATMAN HAD READ ALOUD THIS ITEM IN THE NEWSPAPER..."

SOCIETY

MRS. JOHN TRAVERS IS TAKING A GROUP OF SELECTED GUESTS ON A TRIP ABOARD HER YACHT. THE DOLPHIS. MRS. TRAVERS WILL WEAR FAMOUS EMERALD NECKLACE THAT IS IN HALF A MILLION AT MASQUERADE PARTY AT WHICH TH



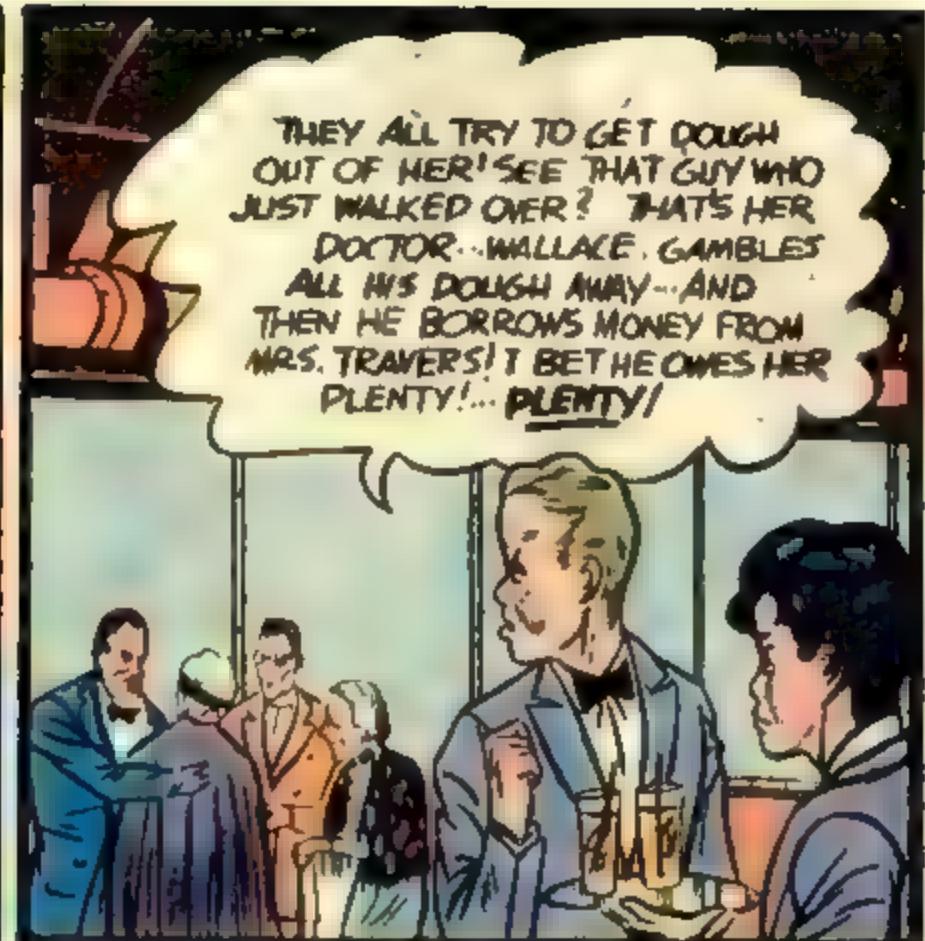
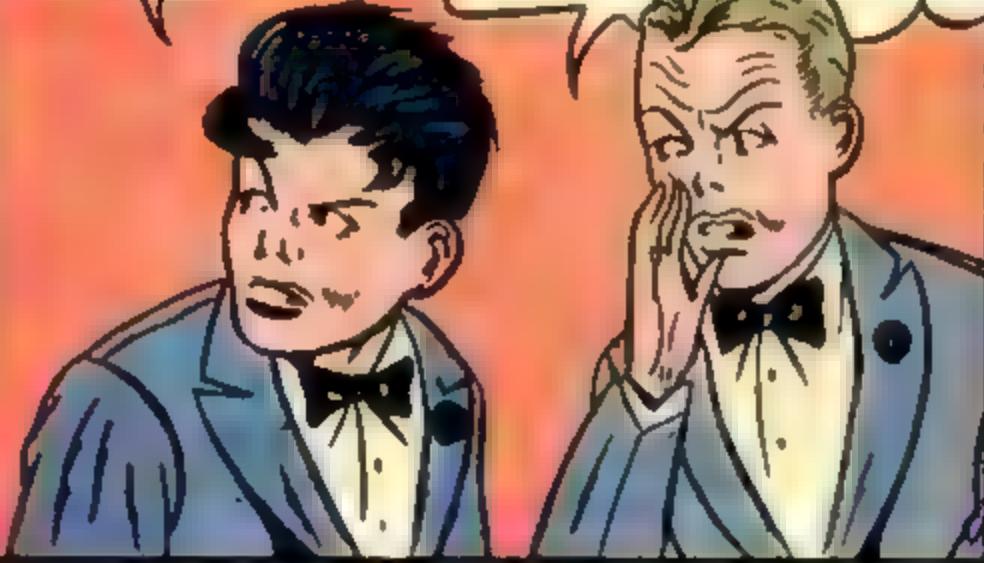
PUBLIC DOMAIN

(1) DICK "PUMPS" ONE OF THE REGULAR STEWARDS!

MUST BE A NICE FELLOW, HER NEPHEW TO ESCORT AN OLD WOMAN AROUND LIKE THAT!

HUH, HIM? HE'S A RAT - PROBABLY HANGING AROUND TO GET SOME MONEY OUT OF HER! HE'S ALWAYS BORROWING DOUGH FROM HIS AUNT MRS. TRAVERS!

THEY ALL TRY TO GET DOUGH OUT OF HER! SEE THAT GUY WHO JUST WALKED OVER? THAT'S HER DOCTOR - WALLACE GAMBLES ALL HIS DOUGH AWAY - AND THEN HE BORROWS MONEY FROM MRS. TRAVERS! I BET HE OWES HER PLENTY!... PLENTY!



SOMETIME LATER AS DICK PASSES A CABIN...

VOICES! SOUNDS LIKE A QUARREL!

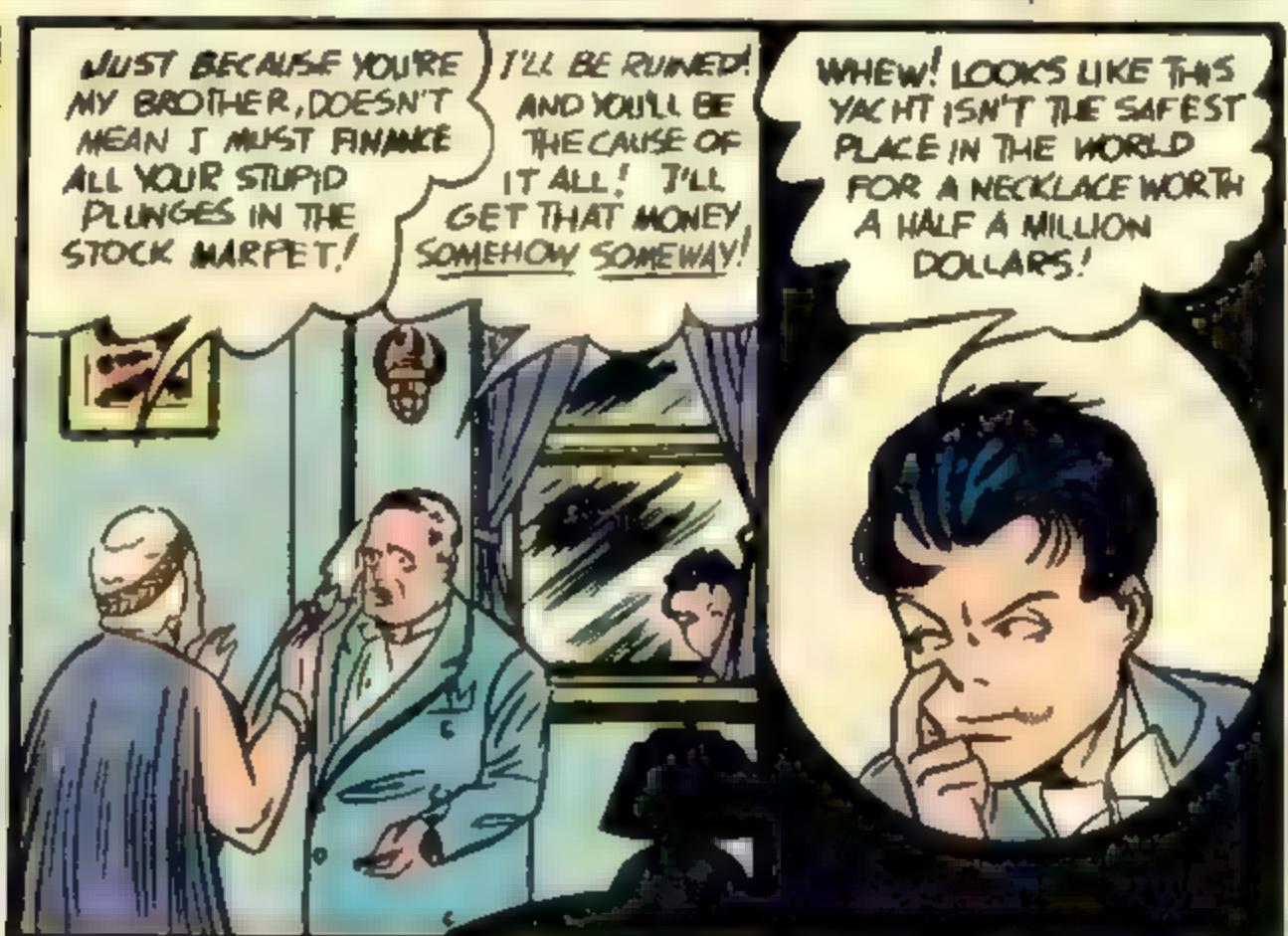
NO! I WON'T LEND YOU A CENT, ROGER AND THAT'S FINAL!

BUT I NEED IT TO COVER MY STOCK LOSSES! PLEASE!

JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE MY BROTHER, DOESN'T MEAN I MUST FINANCE ALL YOUR STUPID PLUNGES IN THE STOCK MARKET!

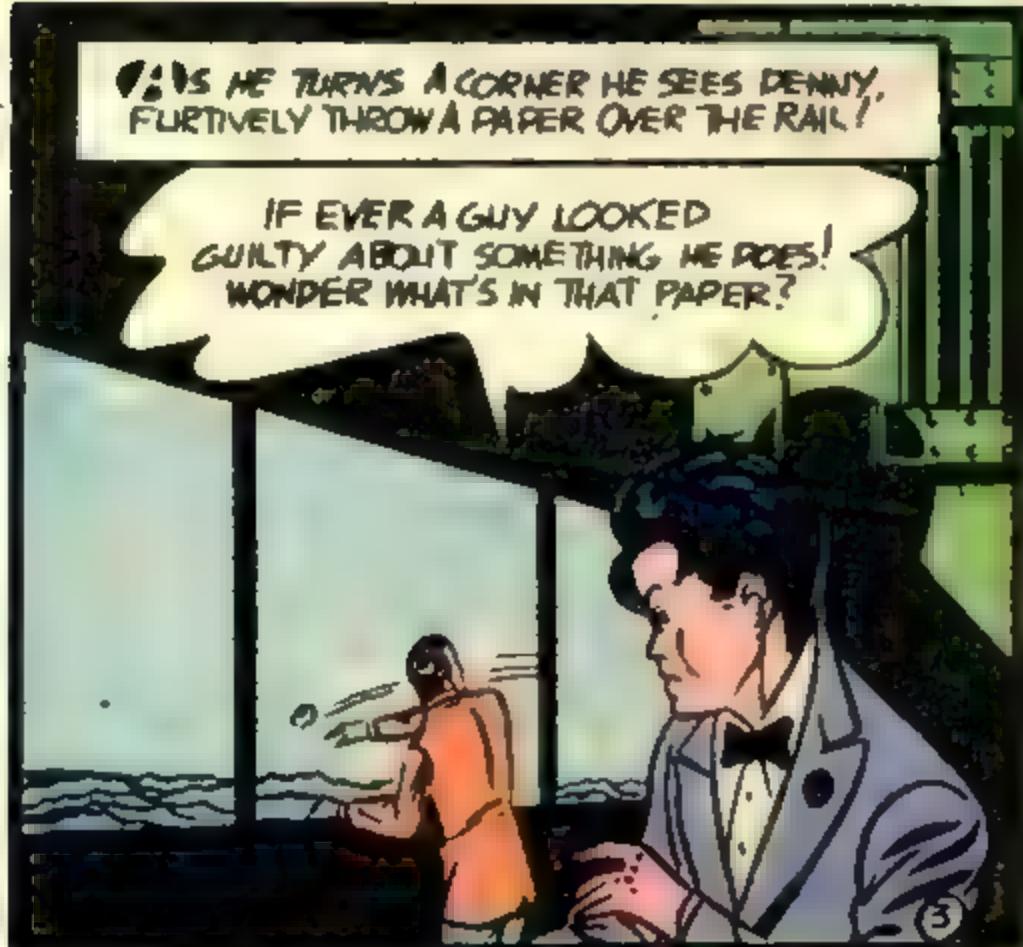
I'LL BE RUINED! AND YOU'LL BE THE CAUSE OF IT ALL! I'LL GET THAT MONEY, SOMEHOW SOMEWAY!

WHW! LOOKS LIKE THIS YACHT ISN'T THE SAFEST PLACE IN THE WORLD FOR A NECKLACE WORTH A HALF A MILLION DOLLARS!



AS HE TURNS A CORNER HE SEES DENNY, FURTIVELY THROW A PAPER OVER THE RAIL!

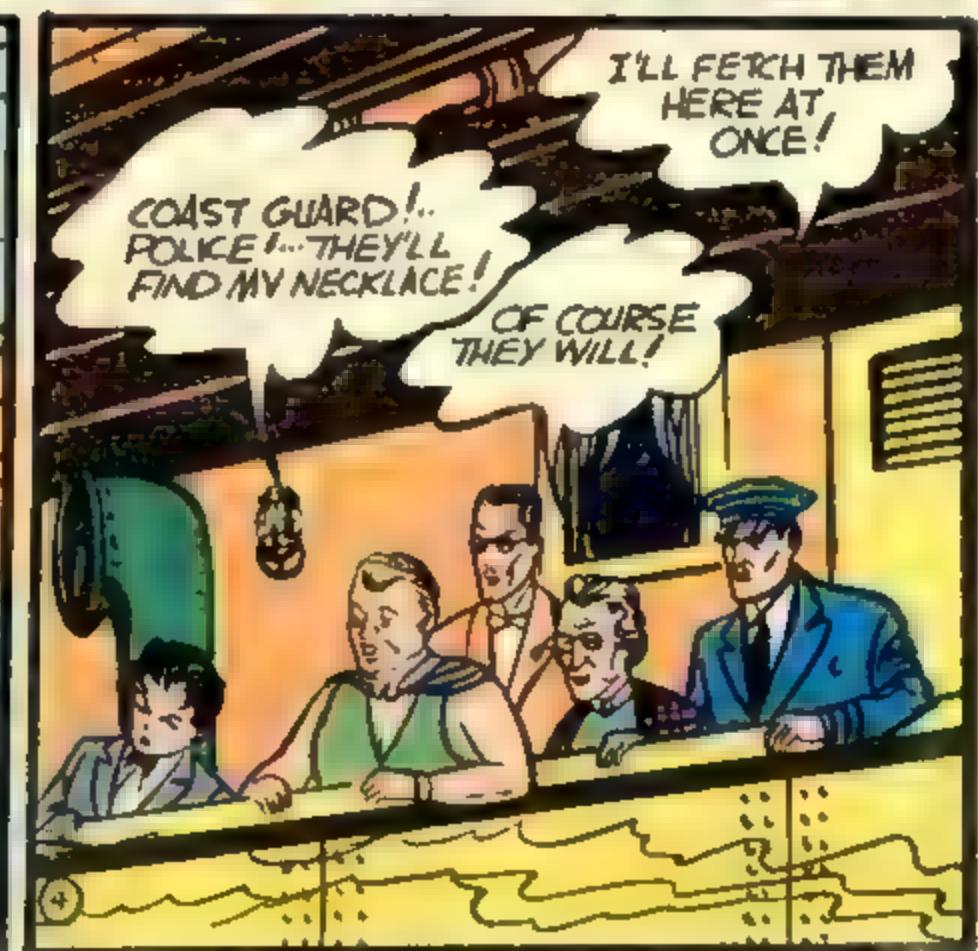
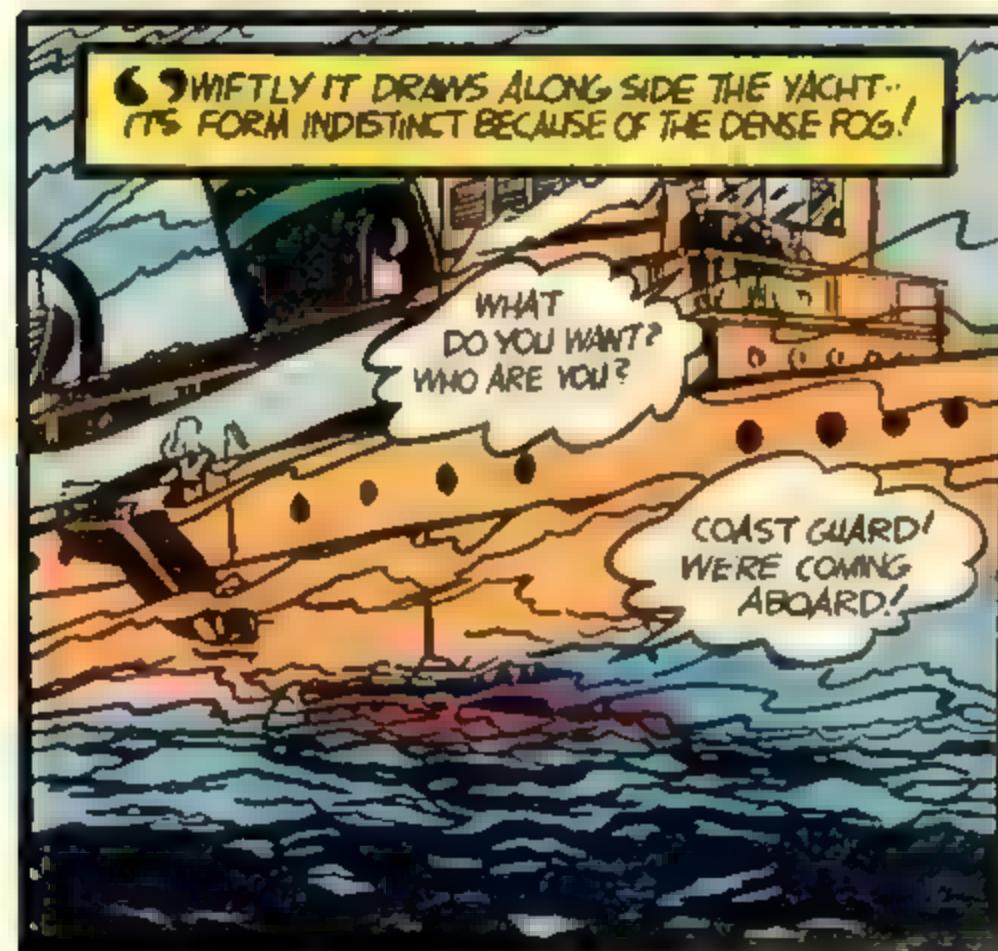
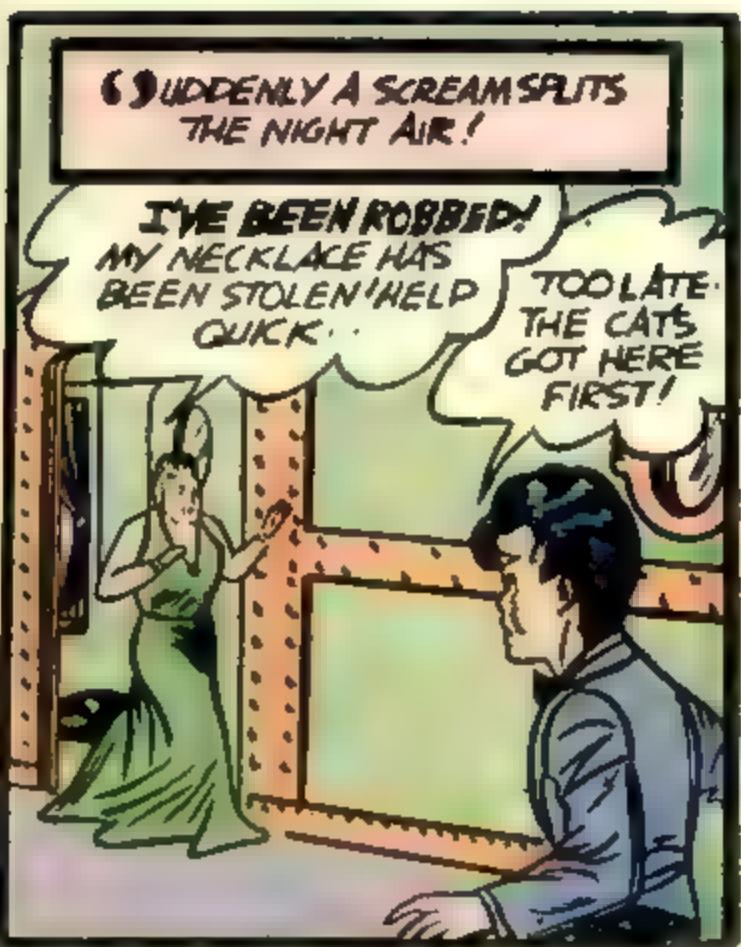
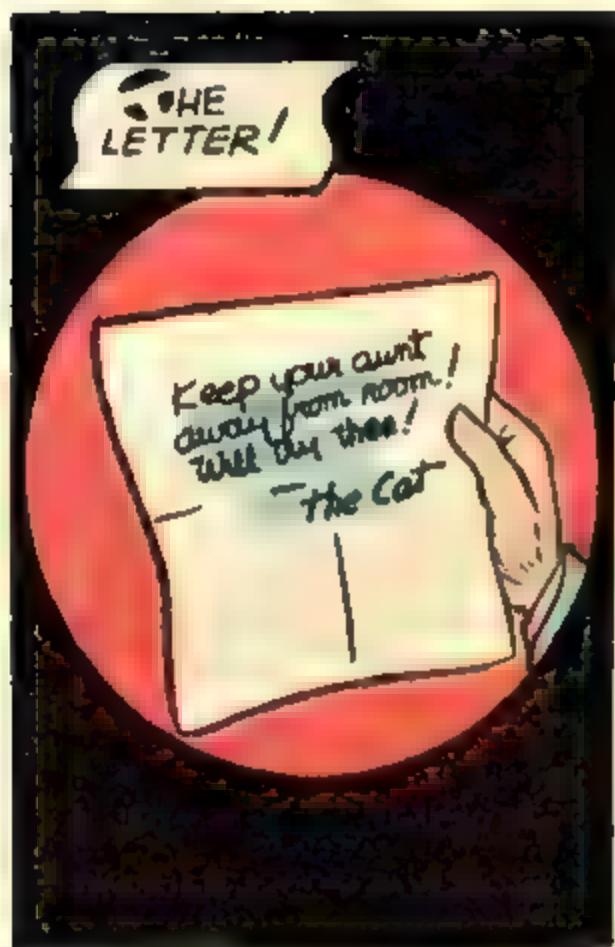
IF EVER A GUY LOOKED GUILTY ABOUT SOMETHING HE DOES! WONDER WHAT'S IN THAT PAPER?



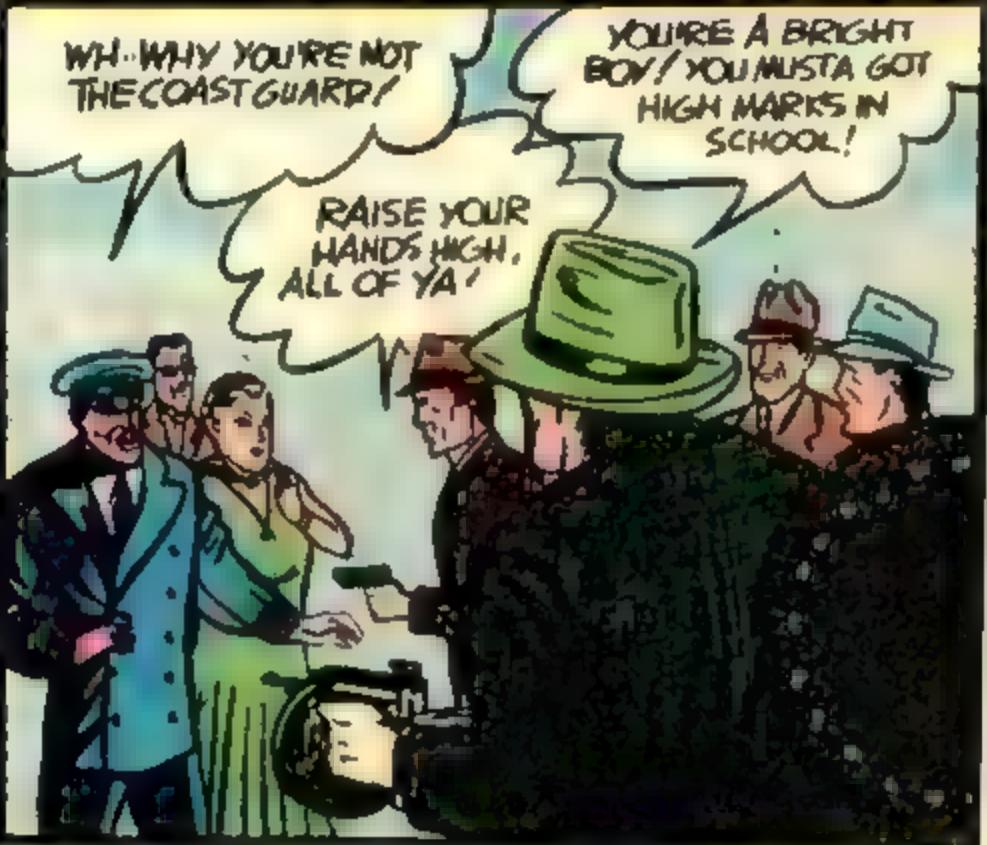
(2) VIA QUEER QUIRK OF FATE, THE WIND SEIZES THE PAPER AND TOSSES IT BACK ON DECK

WHAT A BREAK! NOW TO READ IT!

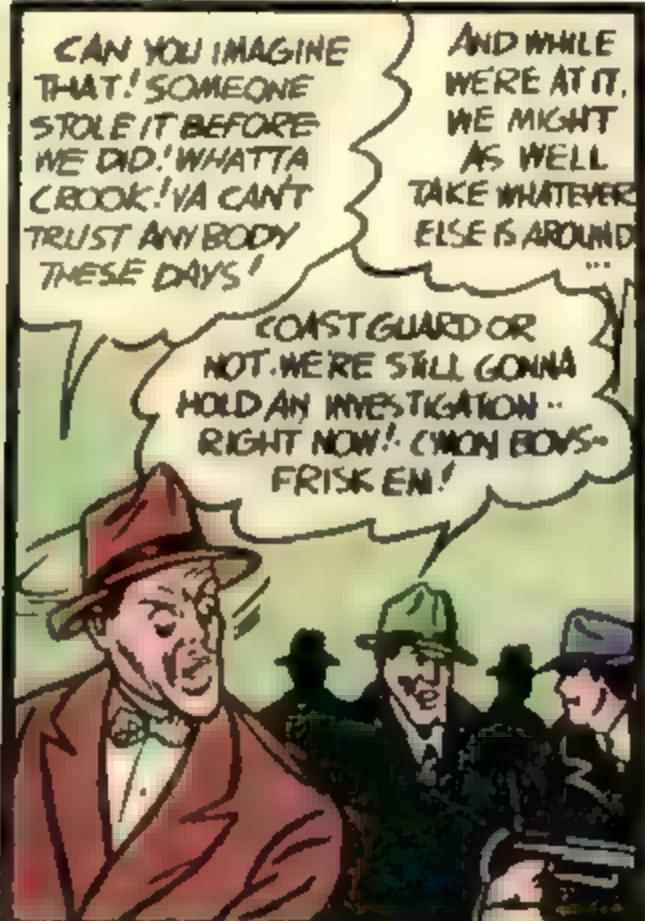




1: BUT INSTEAD OF THE COAST GUARD, QUITE THE REVERSE!

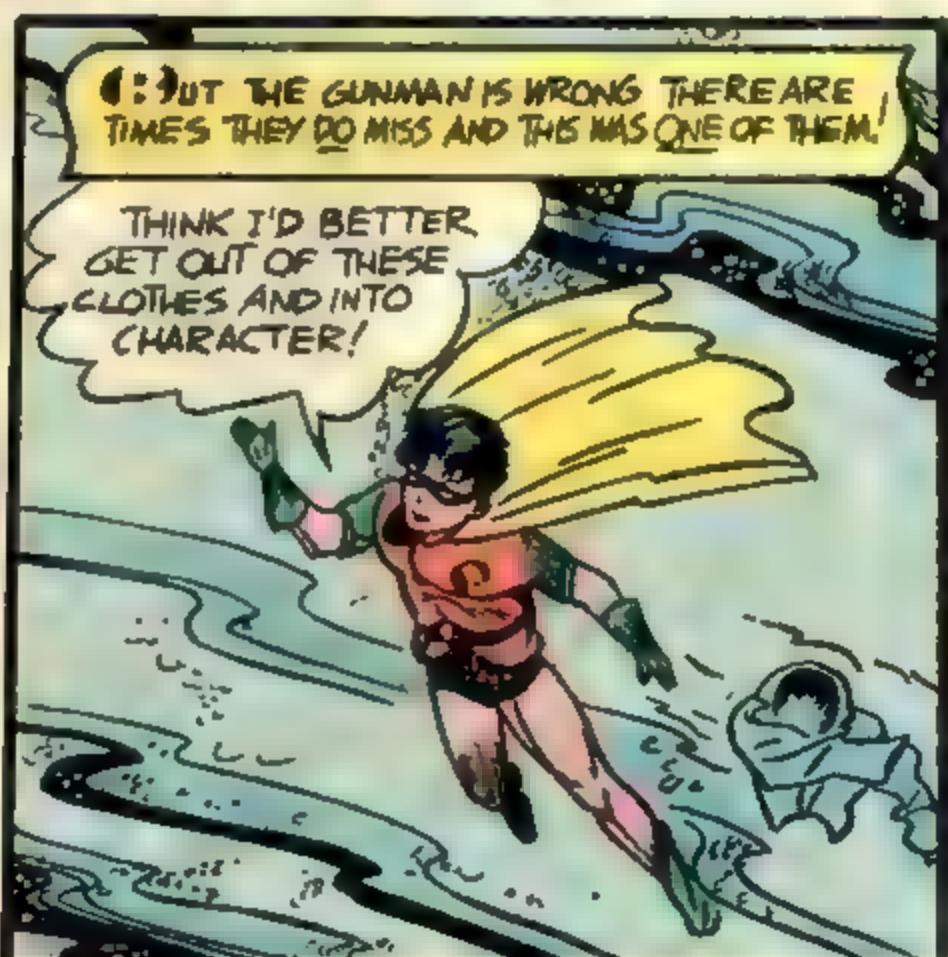
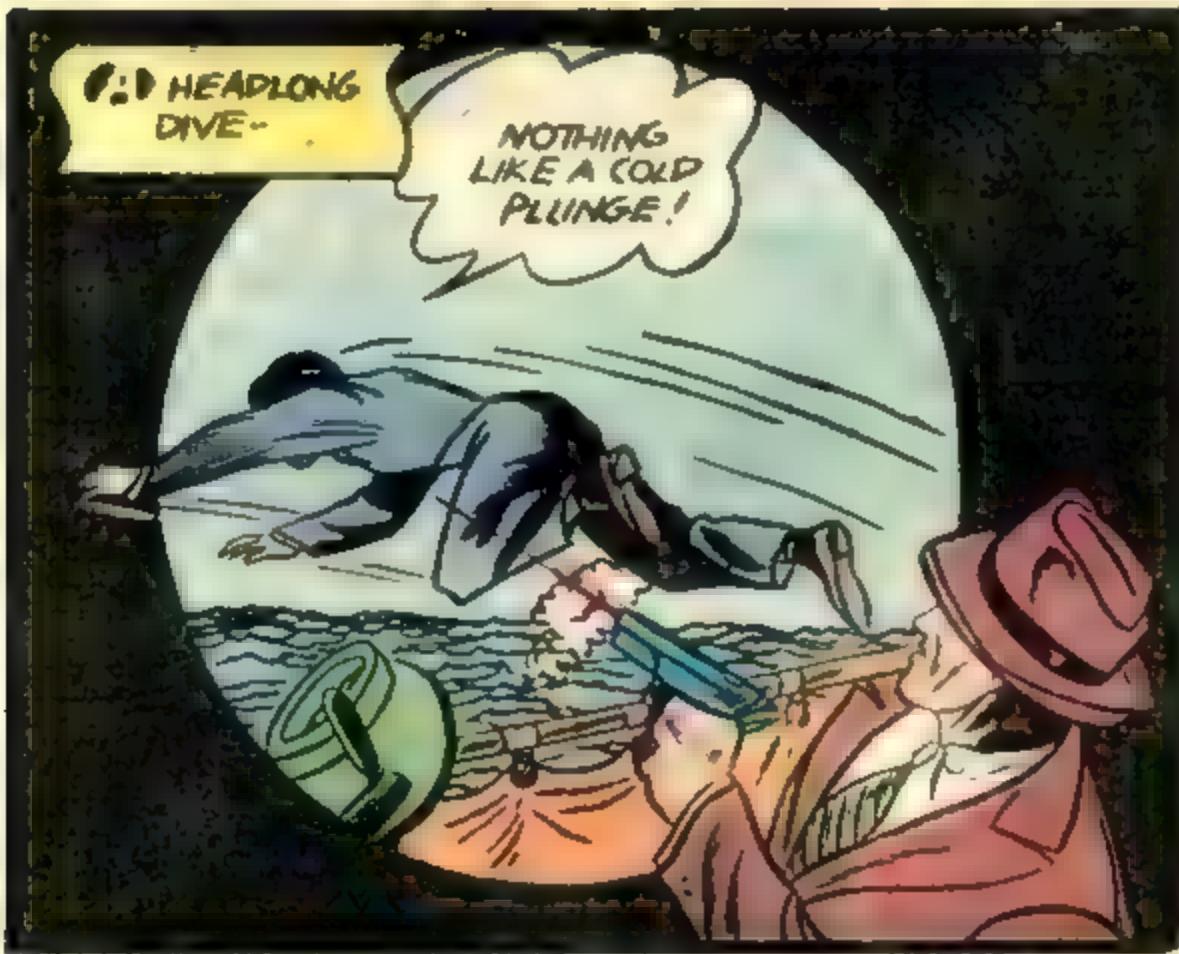


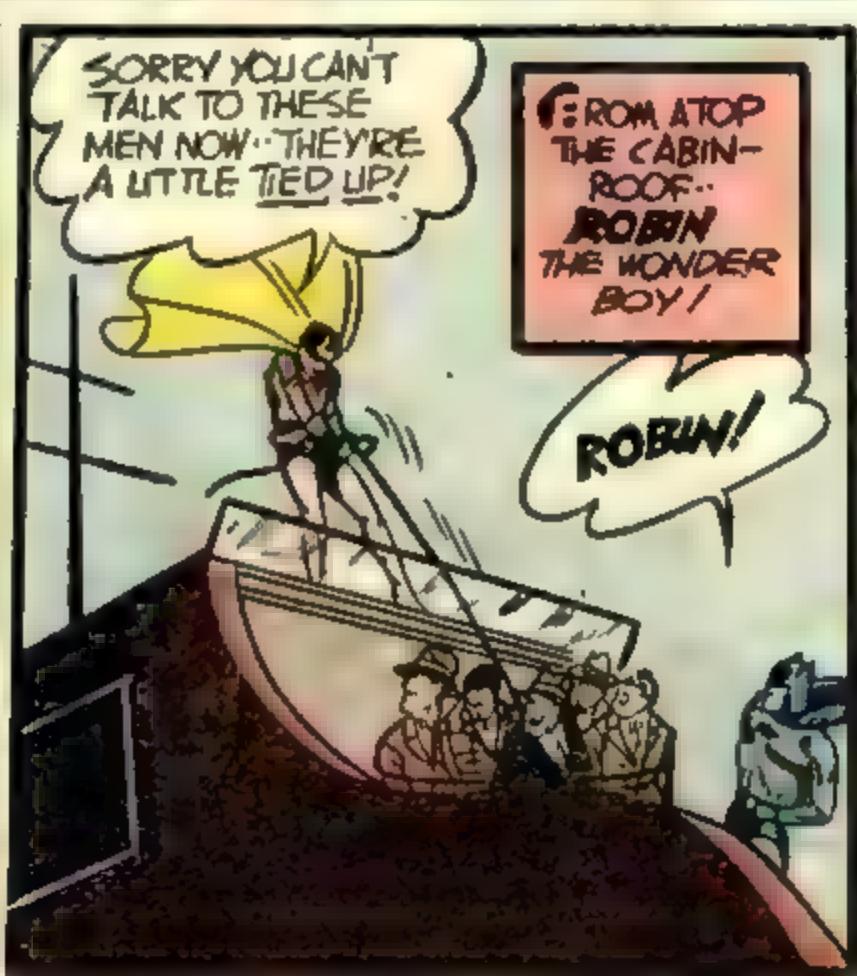
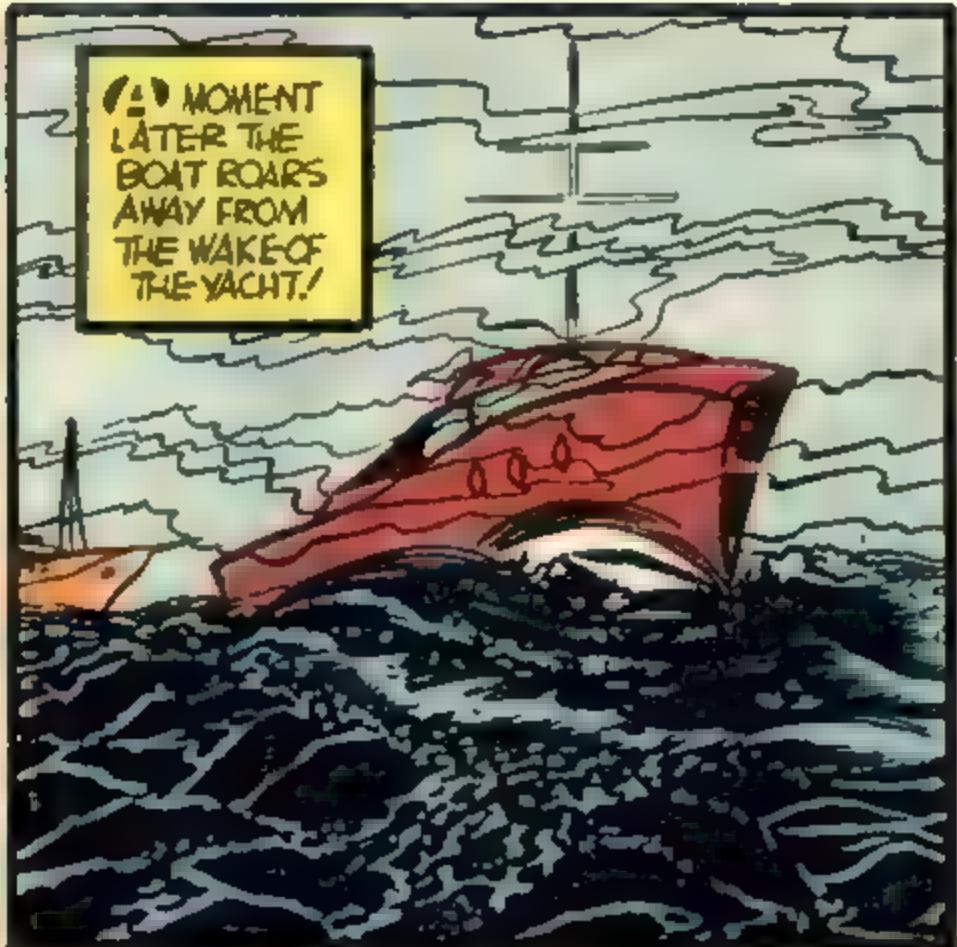
2: ON A FEW MOMENTS ALL THE CREW IS LOCKED BELOW AND THE GUESTS LINED UP ON DECK...

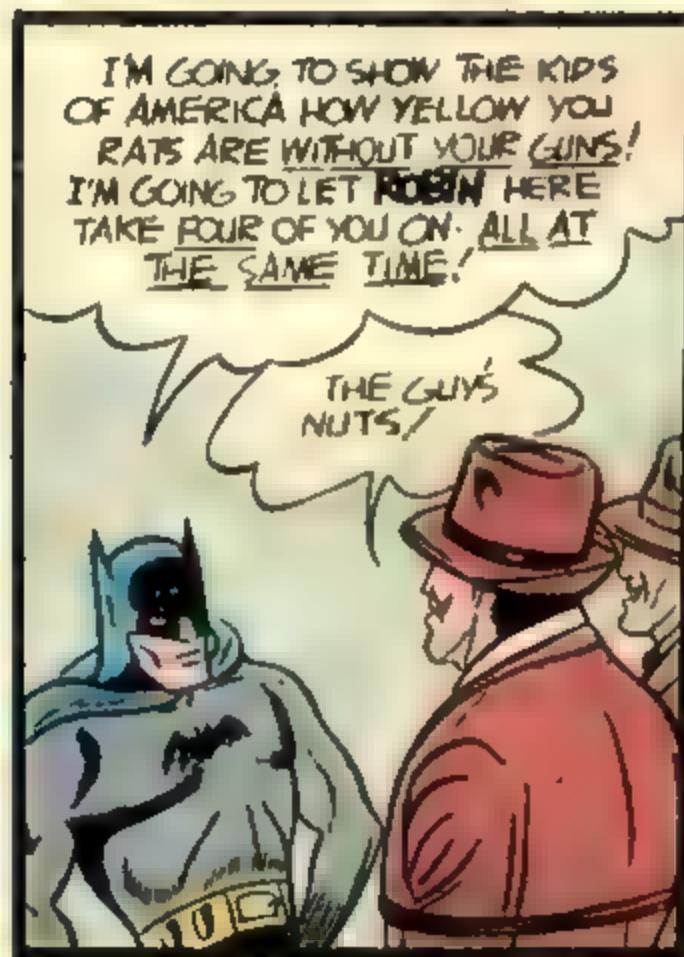
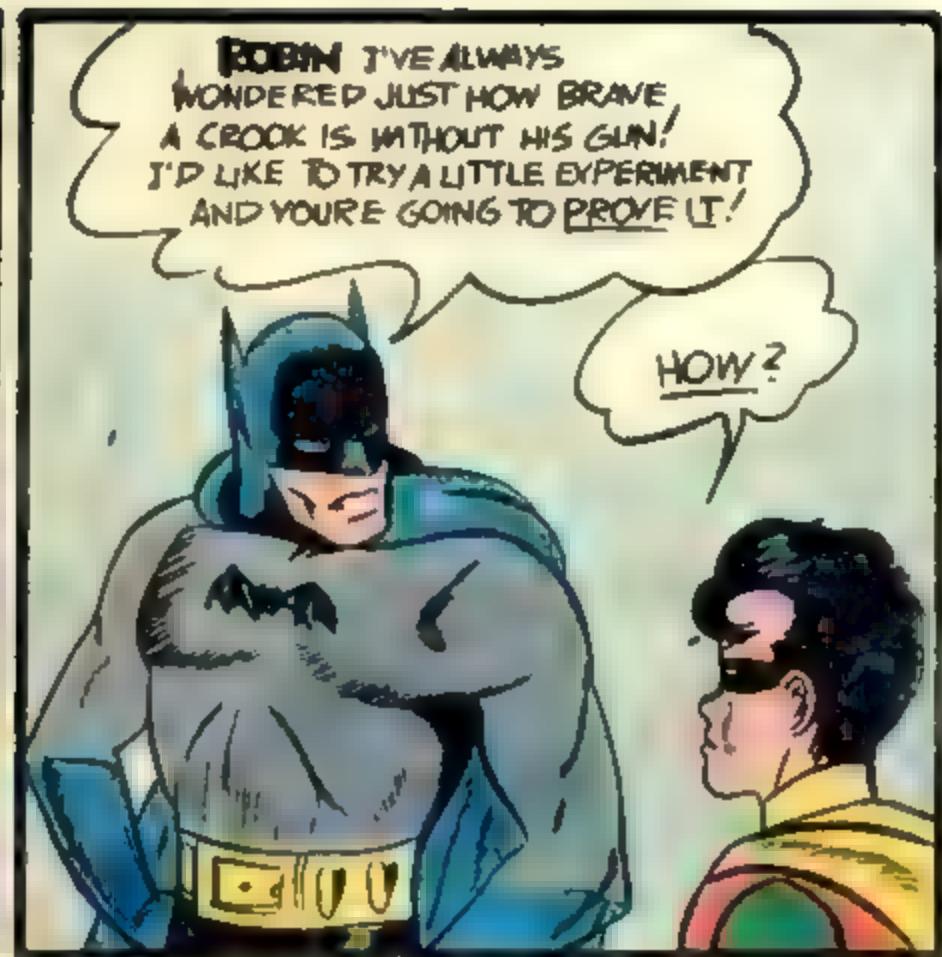


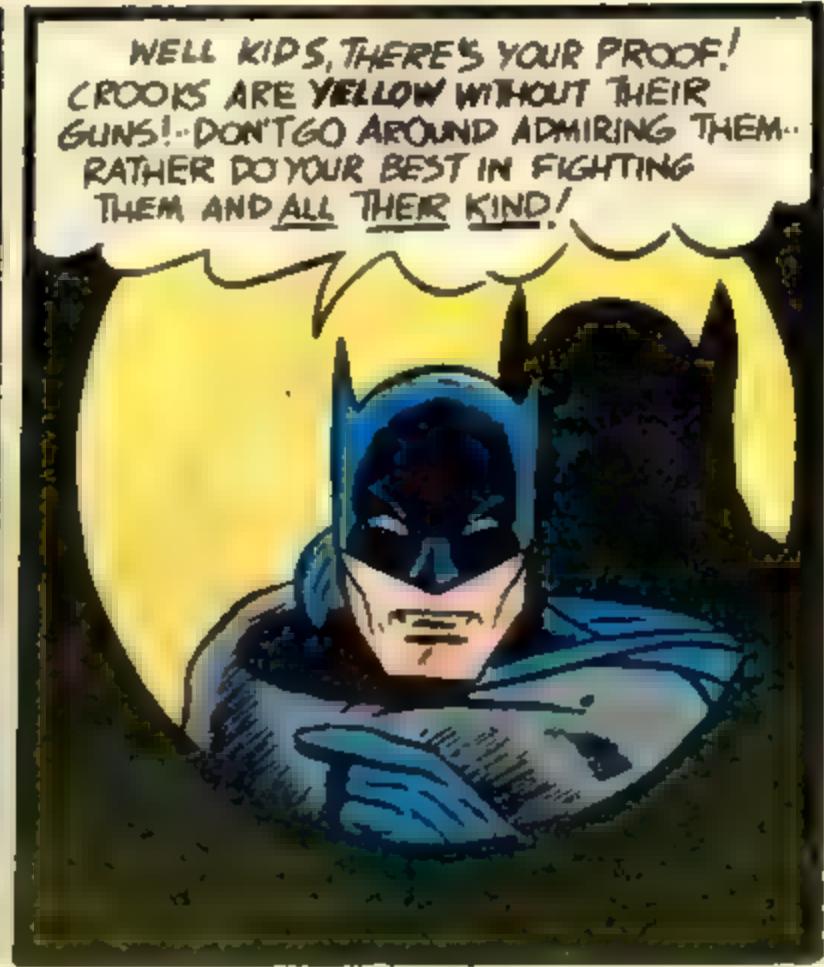
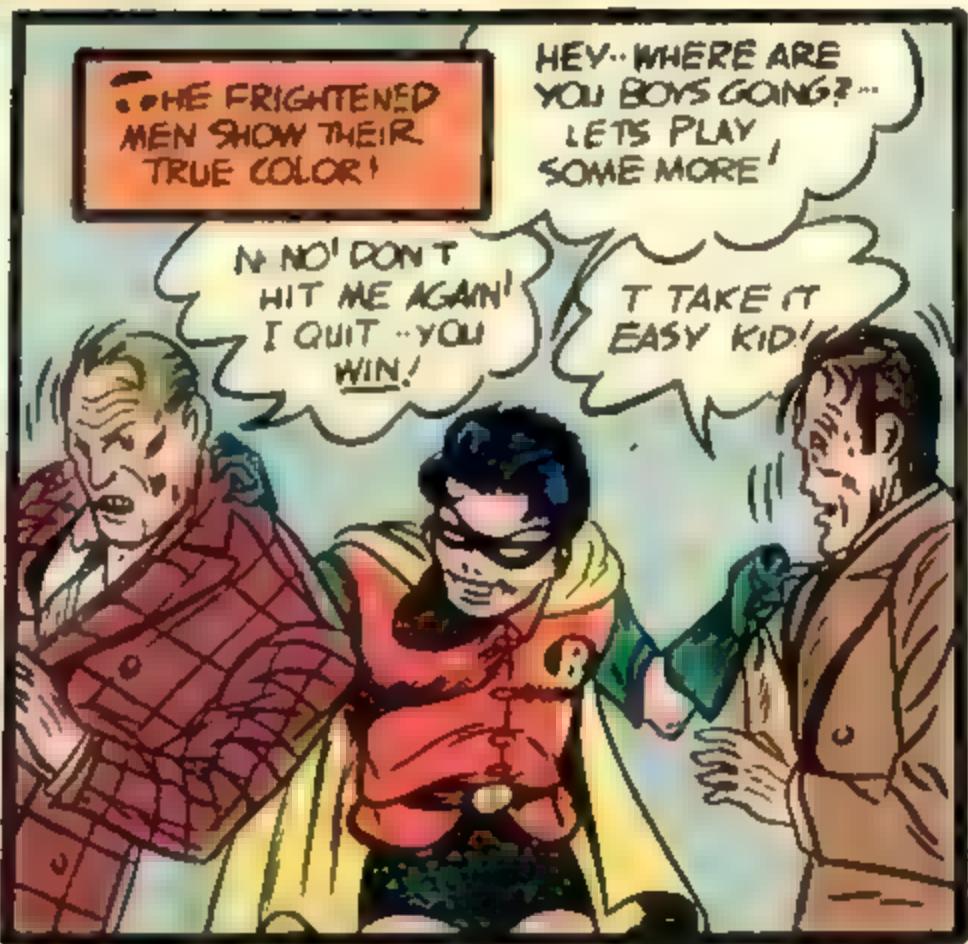
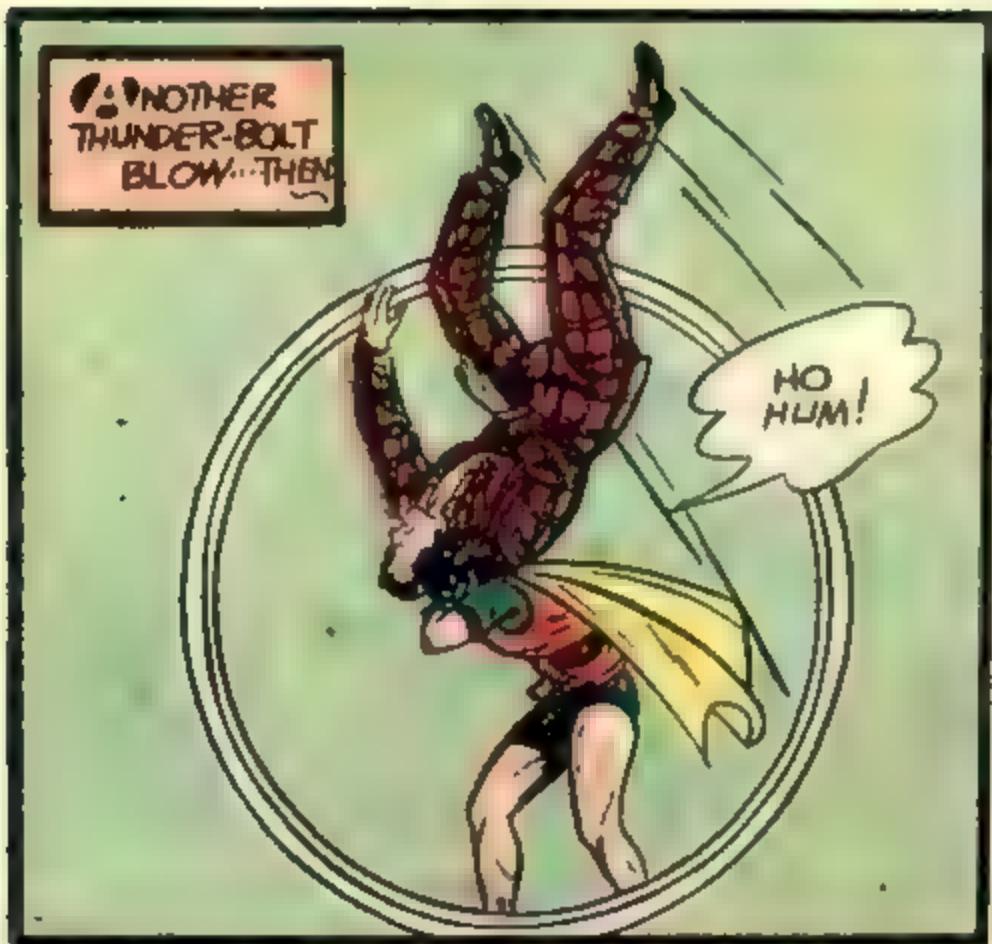
3: AS ONE OF THEM APPROACHES A WOMAN...











A MOMENT LATER WITH THE JEWELS IN THEIR POSSESSION AND THE MEN TRUSSSED UP, BATMAN AND ROBIN SPEED AWAY...

LOOKS LIKE DENNY, MRS. TRAVERS' NEPHEW IS IN WITH THE CAT! TELL ME ABOUT THE PASSENGERS YOU SUSPECT MIGHT BE THE CAT!

AND THEN I PICKED UP THIS PAPER WITH THE MESSAGE FROM THE CAT!

...SO IT'S EITHER HER GAMBLING DOCTOR WALLACE OR HER STOCK-PLAYING BROTHER ROGER!

LOOKS THAT WAY DOESN'T IT, BUT YOU NEVER CAN TELL! NOW LISTEN.

BOARD THE YACHT THE GUESTS ARE TRYING TO FORGET THEIR LOSSES BY HOLDING A MASQUERADE PARTY.

...AND NOW I WILL AWARD THIS CUP TO THE PERSON WHO HAS THE MOST ORIGINAL COSTUME.

WHY AREN'T YOU IN COSTUME MISS PEGGS?

I'M TOO OLD FOR THAT SORT OF THING BESIDES MY ANKLE IT BOTHERS ME TOO MUCH! THANK YOU FOR HELPING ME UP THE STEPS!

AT THAT MOMENT A FIGURE STEPS DOWN FROM THE STAIRWAY ONTO THE DECK DRESSED IN A WEIRD COSTUME

...LOOK... WHAT A STRANGE COSTUME!

HE OUGHT TO GET THE PRIZE!!

AN IRONICAL JOKE TAKES PLACE!!

IT HAS BEEN DECIDED THAT YOUR COSTUME OF THE BATMAN IS THE MOST ORIGINAL HERE TONIGHT. THE CUP IS YOURS!!

THANK YOU I ACCEPT THE CUP AND NOW, IF I MAY I WOULD LIKE TO FILL IT WITH...

NO DEAR LADY, WITH YOUR STOLEN PROPERTY I HAVE RECOVERED IT. YOU SEE I REALLY AM THE BATMAN!

THE BATMAN HE'S REALLY IS...!!!

OUR MONEY AND JEWELS!

BATMAN - IN PERSON HOW THRILLING

AT THAT MOMENT THE LOUD CLANGING OF A BELL IS HEARD THE FIRE ALARM!

WITH DRINK SIR?

FIRE ALARM - THE SHIP IS ON FIRE - GET TO THE LIFE BOATS!

IT'S THE PANIC-STRICKEN PEOPLE DASH OUT. THE BATMAN NOTICES A STRANGE THING... MISS PEGGS IS RUNNING LIKE A MUCH YOUNGER PERSON... AND WITHOUT A LIMP!!

THE CAPTAIN APPEARS AND SHOUTS OUT WORDS THAT ALMOST HYPNOTIZE THE PEOPLE TO ORDER..

IT WORKED! THERE GOES MISS PEGGS NICE LEGS FOR AN OLD WOMAN!

STOP! THERE'S NO FIRE! IT'S A FALSE ALARM! SOME CRAZY FOOL MUST HAVE SET THE ALARM OFF AS A JOKE!!

A FALSE ALARM... I WONDER... THE BATMAN... HE'S AFTER ME!! IT'S A TRAP!

BUT EVEN AS SHE DESCENDS THE STAIRS, A FIGURE HURLES AFTER HER!

ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER COMES THROUGH AGAIN!!

MY MOTHER TOLD ME NEVER TO FIGHT WITH A LADY. BUT THIS TIME I'M MAKING AN EXCEPTION!!

THE BATMAN TAKES CHARGE!

NOW I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU WHAT THE REAL CAT LOOKS LIKE!! I'VE HEARD TALES ABOUT THE CAT BEFORE IN THE UNDERWORLD!

I CAN HARDLY WAIT!

BLACK HAIR IS REVEALED UNDER THE GREY WIG!

FIRST OFF WITH THE WIG!

YOU... YOU....!!

THE MAKEUP WAX IS  
QUICKLY RUBBED OFF...

LET GO  
OF ME!

QUIET OR  
PAPA SPANK!

SWIFTLY THE SWADDLING FROCK IS REMOVED. AND THERE IN  
THE PLACE OF OLD MISS PEGGS: A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMEN!

WELL, WHAT'S THE  
MATTER? HAVEN'T YOU EVER  
SEEN A PRETTY GIRL BEFORE?

WELL CAT, IT SEEMS  
WE'VE GOT YOU AT  
LAST! NOW LETS TAKE  
A LOOK AT THAT  
BANDAGE!

WHAT'S THE  
USE I KNOW  
WHEN I'M  
LICKED! GO  
AHEAD!

HERE UNDER THE BANDAGE... THE  
MISSING TRAYER NECKLACE!!

WHEEW! NO WONDER  
YOU WANTED TO STEAL  
THEM! THEY'RE  
PERFECT! A HALF A  
MILLION DOLLARS!

HOW DID YOU KNOW SHE WAS THE  
CAT AND NOT DOCTOR WALLACE  
OR ROGER?

THE NOTE DROPPED  
BY DENNY, MRS TRAYER'S NEPHEW  
SAID HE HAD AN ACCOMPLICE. YOU  
REMEMBER YOU SAID 'MISS PEGGS'  
WAS A GUEST OF DENNY, NOT HIS  
AUNT. AND THEN...

YOU HAD THE  
KID TURN IN A  
FALSE ALARM TO  
TRAP ME. CLEVER!

BRIEFLY...

DENNY!

I'LL TAKE THAT  
BOTHMAN!

"AS LONG AS YOU  
WANT IT .. HERE!"

BOY, HE'S OUT  
COLDER THAN  
A DEAD  
MACKEREL!

BATMAN... I  
WAS SUPPOSED  
TO GIVE DENNY  
HALF OF THE  
JEWELS. WHY  
DON'T YOU COME IN,  
AS A PARTNER WITH ME?  
YOU AND I TOGETHER!

YOU AND I. KING AND  
QUEEN OF CRIME!...  
WE'D MAKE A GREAT  
TEAM! WITH YOU AS  
MY PARTNER WE...

SORRY, YOUR  
PROPOSITION  
TEMPTS ME

BUT WE WORK  
ON DIFFERENT SIDES  
OF THE LAW! LET'S GO!

WITH THE JEWELS GIVEN TO MRS  
TRAYERS, AND HER NEPHEW LOCKED  
IN HIS CABIN, THE BATMAN AND  
ROBIN ARE HOMEWARD BOUND...  
WITH THE CAT!

WELL, WE'RE HOME.  
THERE'S THE  
WHARF NOW!

WHY DIDN'T YOU  
LEAVE ME BEHIND  
ON THE YACHT  
INSTEAD OF  
TAKING ME TO THE  
POLICE YOURSELF?

I'VE GOT  
MY REASONS!

6 SUDENLY THE CAT LEAPS TO HER FEET AND...

WATCH HER... SHE'S  
JUMPED OVERBOARD!

FANCY  
THAT!

7: 15 ROBIN MAKES READY TO JUMP  
AFTER THE CAT. THE BATMAN  
CLUMSILY 'BUMPS' INTO HIM!

HEY!  
OOPS. SORRY  
ROBIN!

8: BY THE TIME THEY RECOVER,  
THE CAT HAS MADE GOOD HER  
ESCAPE!

TOO LATE SHE'S GONE! AND  
SAY... I'LL BET YOU BUMPED  
INTO ME ON PURPOSE! THAT'S  
WHY YOU TOOK HER ALONG WITH  
US SO SHE MIGHT TRY A BREAK!

WHY, ROBIN, MY BOY.  
WHAT EVER GAVE YOU  
SUCH AN IDEA!...  
HMM, NICE NIGHT,  
ISN'T IT?

"LOVELY GIRL! WHAT EYES!  
SAV. MUSTNT FORGET I'VE  
GOT A GIRL NAMED JULIE!...  
OH WELL" SHE STILL HAD  
LOVELY EYES! MAYBE I'LL  
BUMP INTO HER AGAIN SOMETIME..."

HMM...

9: SO MANY OF OUR READERS  
HAVE WRITTEN US SUCH NICE  
LETTERS THAT WE HAVE DECIDED  
TO SHOW OUR APPRECIATION...  
THEREFORE ON THE BACK COVER  
OF THIS MAGAZINE YOU WILL FIND A  
FULL-PAGE AUTOGRAPHED PICTURE, SUITABLE  
FOR FRAMING, OF BOTH BATMAN AND  
ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER....

THIS IS OUR WAY OF  
SAYING THANKS....

Bob Kane



BOB  
KANE

# THE 'BIG SIX' COMIC MAGAZINES STILL LEAD THE FIELD!



ON SALE ABOUT  
THE 23RD  
OF EVERY MONTH

Watch for these Headline  
Features Every Month!



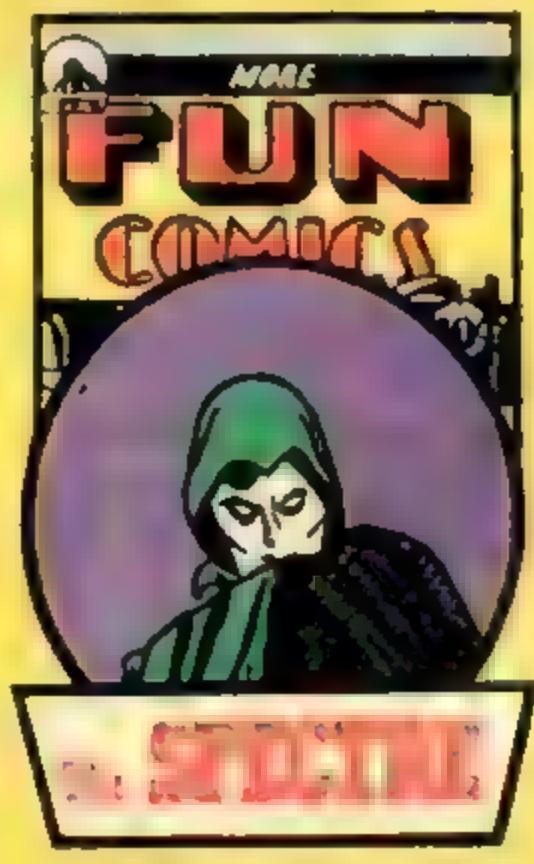
ON SALE ABOUT  
THE 7TH  
OF EVERY MONTH



ON SALE ABOUT  
THE 5TH  
OF EVERY MONTH



ON SALE ABOUT  
THE 20TH  
OF EVERY MONTH



ON SALE ABOUT  
THE 1ST  
OF EVERY MONTH

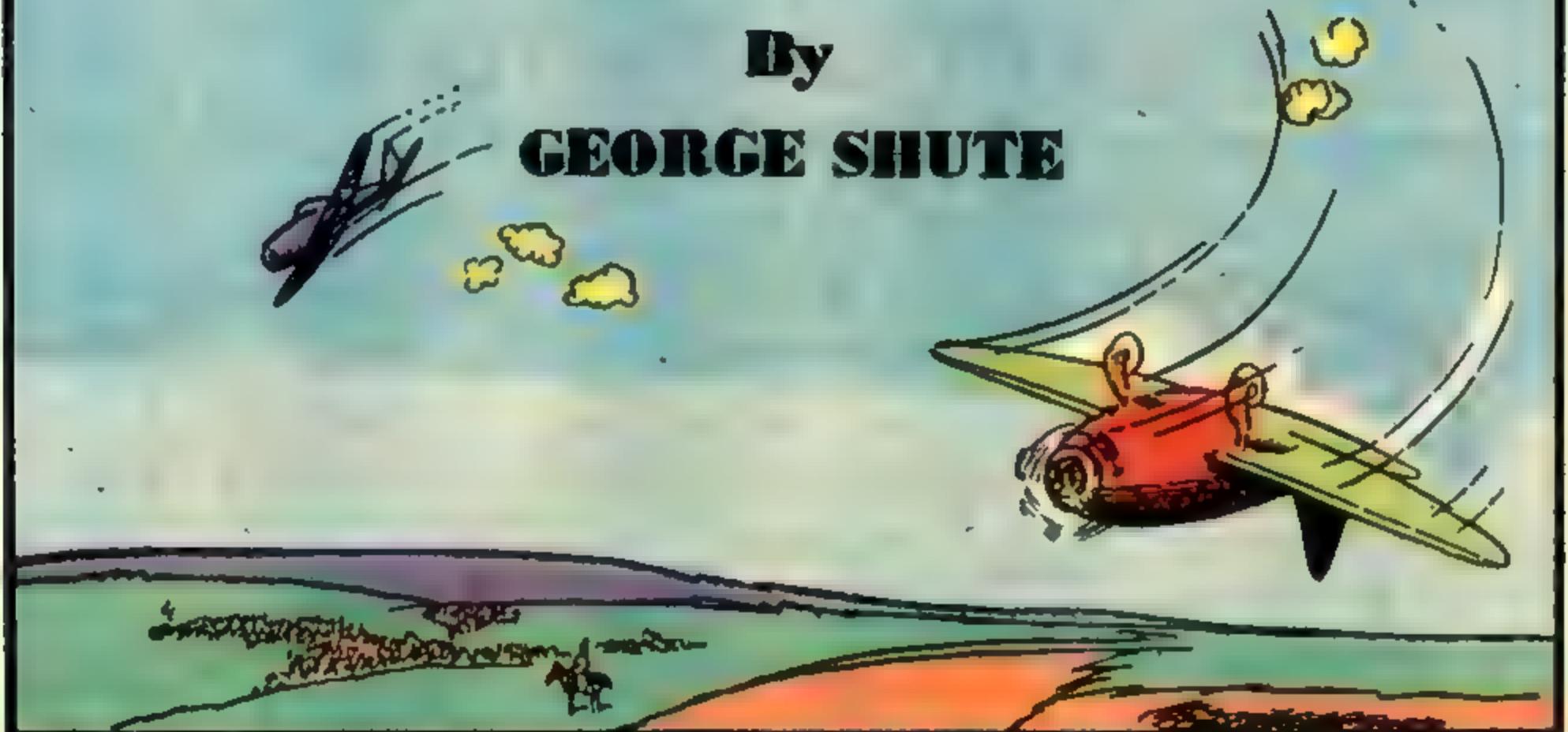


ON SALE ABOUT  
THE 15TH  
OF EVERY MONTH

# TWO ACES

By

GEORGE SHUTE



**V**ISIBILITY excellent; ceiling unlimited. Those were the things Lieutenant Bill Wayne of the United States Navy Air Corps had just concluded reporting. He hadn't said what he thought; that might have meant disciplining.

What he had thought was this: "The nerve of that inventor, Doctor Sync, getting a Navy flier to carry his precious plans from Pensacola to the Coast. After all, that spy talk is silly. A regular transport could have run them just as well."

Wayne's eyes strayed to the instrument board. Everything was in perfect order. His eyes sought the horizon, watched a solitary plane zoom through the skies. Mechanically, into Wayne's mind flashed the thought that the pilot of the strange plane was flying below required altitude level.

"Another amateur," he grumbled. "Those prairie pilots will never learn." Beneath him, the colorless stretch of Texas wasteland rolled on endlessly, dotted now and then with herds resembling giant ants in sluggish mood.

Suddenly, Wayne stiffened. The plane ahead was closing the distance between them with the speed of a meteor. "That's no amateur," Wayne muttered. "That guy's a real pilot." He didn't know why, but there came from the past a picture the years hadn't been able to wipe out. Twenty-two

years ago . . .

That time, he had been easing his Spad home, back to the disciplining he would get, despite being an ace, for losing his squadron. They had gone into a cloud bank and then disappeared from sight. Unable to find them, he started home.

Then, streaking like a comet, had come the most feared plane in the air: Von Berket's "FIRE-BIRD," with 28 planes to its credit. For almost an hour, Wayne and Von Berket had fought, using every trick of aerial combat. And then, when Wayne's hands were so tired he could hardly grip his machine gun, a miracle had happened. Flame belched from Von Berket's engine. Like a flash, Wayne was behind him, ready to send a hail of death into the enemy's back.

But something had stayed his hand. That something was the love of a sportsman, a gentleman and an officer, for one who had shown fair play.

It was Bill Wayne who had pulled Von Berket to safety from the German plane after it dropped on French soil.

And it was Bill Wayne who visited him in the field hospital and found a boy like himself. Both aces. Admiration had ripened into friendship, a pact almost, because Von Berket gave Bill his Iron Cross. And Wayne, who nev-

er wore his medals, gave the German his fraternity pin.

But that was years ago. Von Berket had been enmeshed in Nazi politics since, seemed to have dropped out of sight, while he, Bill Wayne, had been reduced to flying military plans for scared inventors.

Wayne started to yawn, but that yawn was never quite completed. He shook his head in disbelief. The other plane was above him, executing a tricky aerial maneuver, trying to get onto his tail and force him down!

Wayne waved him away excitedly. "What's the fool trying to do?" he sputtered. "Show off?" He yelled over the cockpit, then ducked. A stream of bullets initiated the left side of his fuselage.

Instantly, Wayne's nerves tightened. This was war again, a fight to the finish! The inventor had been right! Somebody was after those plans, and the somebody was above him! Well, let the dirty spies come!

Wayne went into a roll, straightened, pulled back on the stick. This guy was crazy, attacking a Navy plane. Wayne's engine roared as the ship nosed up. Wayne ticked his gun button. Splattity . . . splattity . . . splatty . . . his bullets chattered beneath the other plane's belly, sending it up for altitude.

Warily they fought. And the

longer they fought, the greater was Bill Wayne's admiration for his adversary. This guy, whoever he was, could handle a plane. And he sure had nerve to try forcing a Navy flier down.

War in peacetime! Wayne's heart was singing a symphony of lead as he matched trick for trick with his opponent. It was like two champions in the ring, both skilled in footwork, both adept with their hands, each possessing powerful punches. And below, a herd of cattle grazed contentedly.

Then it happened. The attacker went high, winged over in an Immelmann turn. Wayne almost screamed with joy. This was a fatal mistake on the enemy's part. He would have gotten away with it with almost any other flier in the Navy.

But not with Bill Wayne! Because it was just that trick—a trick Von Berket had perfected and that he had shown to Bill—

that had made Bill a greater ace. Wayne knew the defense and the offense for it.

His motor roared as he side-slipped, then climbed. In an instant, his inside loop carried him behind the other plane. He saw the pilot stiffen in his seat as the bullets hit.

A long plume of black smoke marked the plane's progress to the ground. The explosion wrote the end.

Two cowboys were staring at the burning wreckage as Bill Wayne three-pointed onto the bumpy land and ran over, gun in hand.

"Burned to death, mister, that feller did!" The cowboy's eyes were mournful. "We tried to help him. Too late. His shoes are over in that sagebrush. What happened? Who's he?"

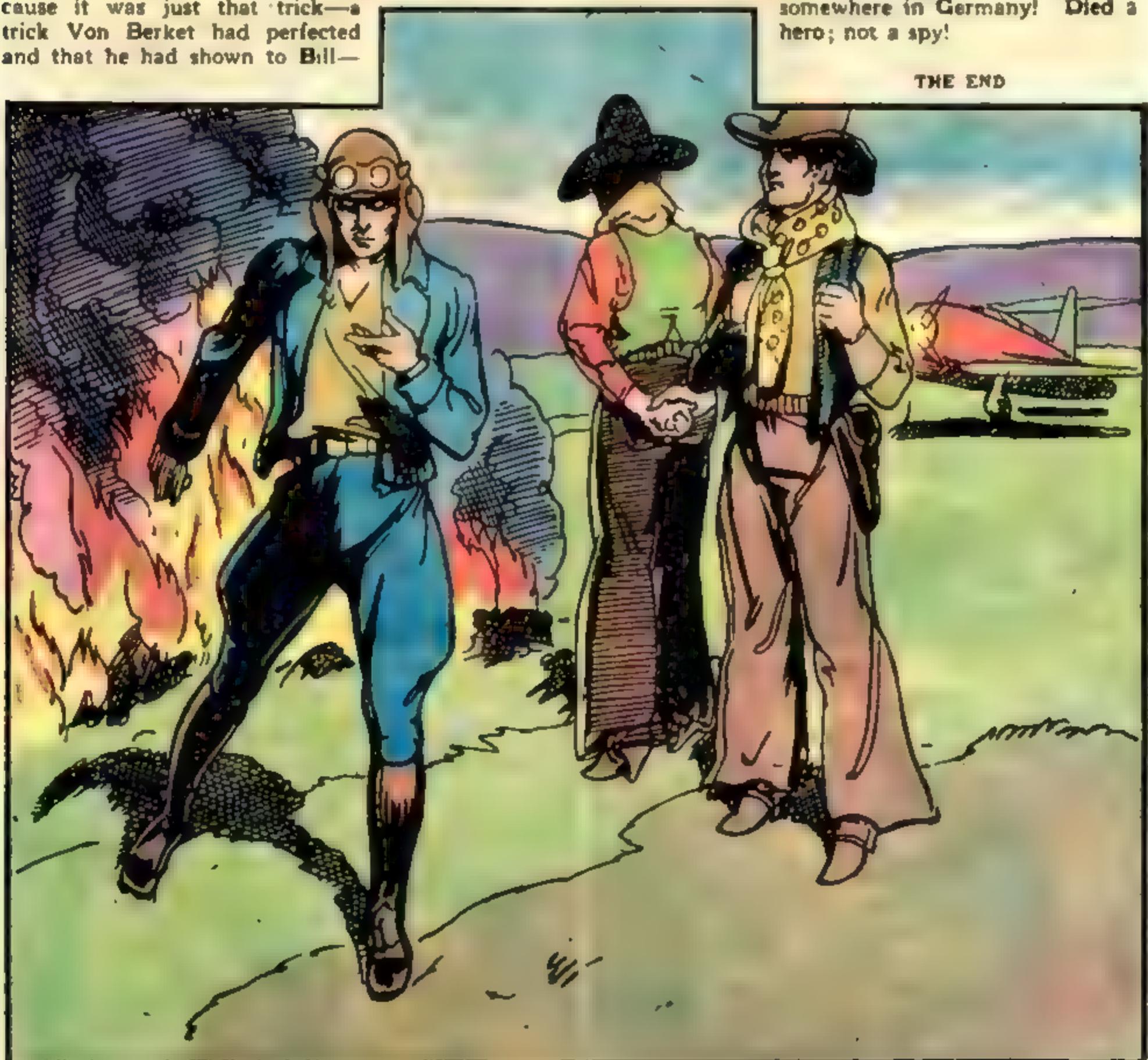
Wayne's eyes caught the glint of gold beneath a shred of canvas. He picked it up, looked at the Greek letters.

There was no doubt about it. The broken clasp was still there, just as it had been when he had handed it to Von Berket ages ago in a field hospital in France.

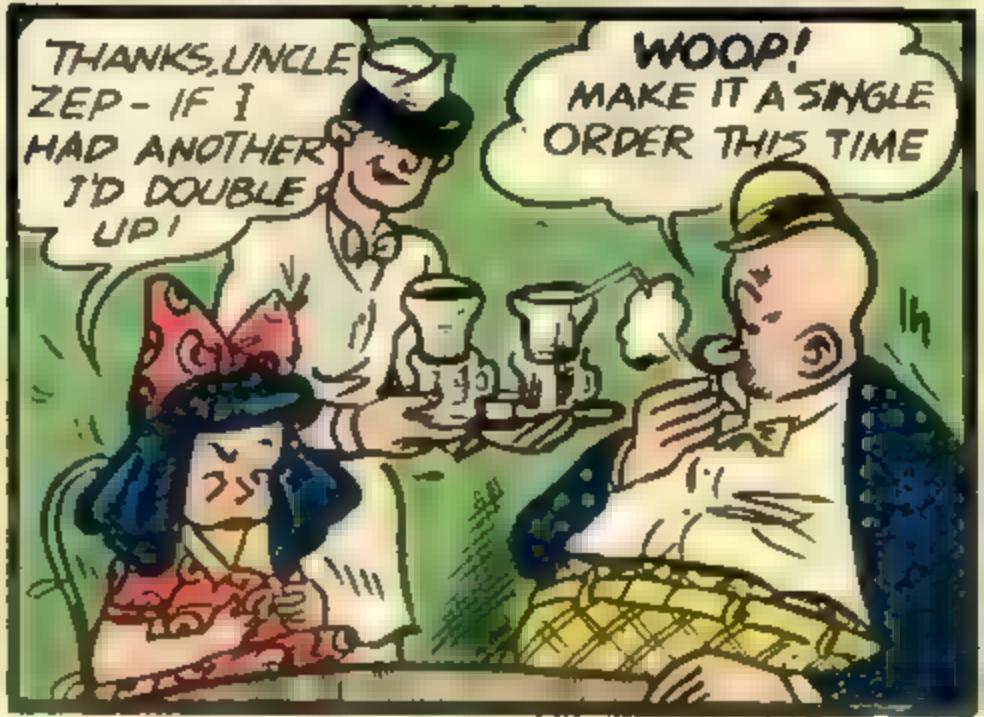
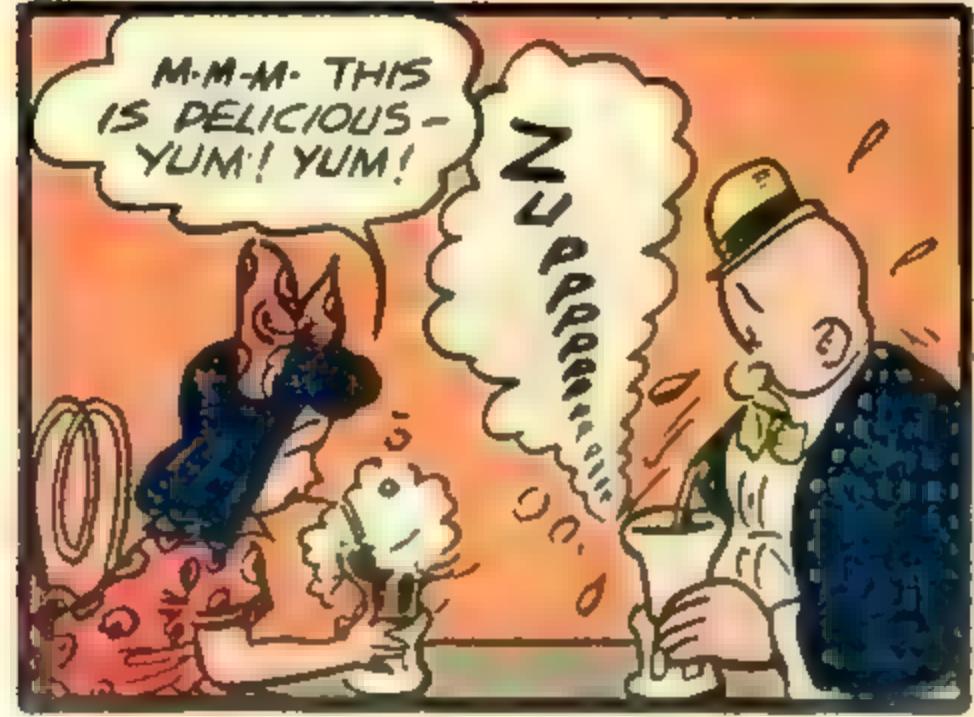
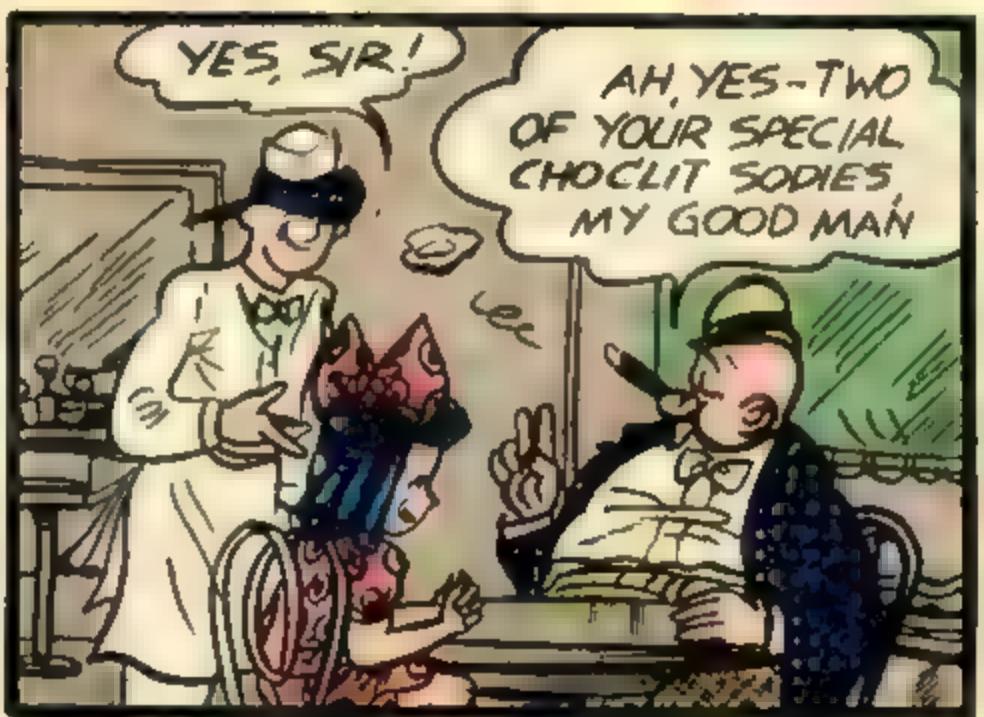
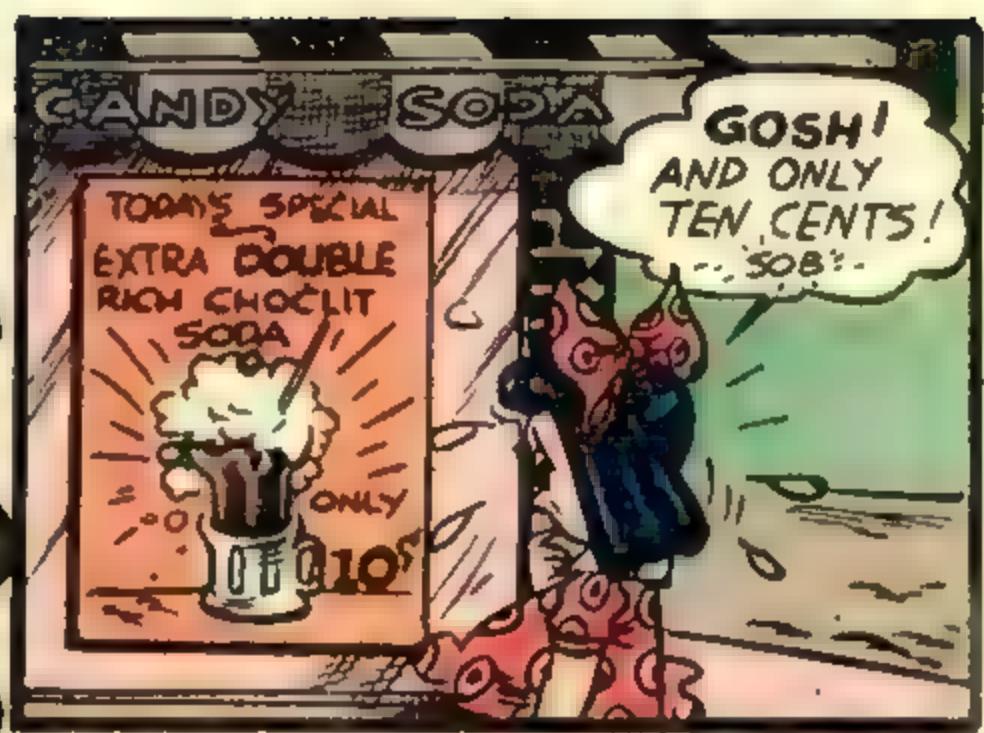
In his throat, the lump seemed to grow bigger as he spoke. "Him?" He really didn't want to talk. "Just a fellow who found out that politics make strange bedfellows." The cowboys stared curiously at him. "You see," Bill explained. "When a man fights for things he can't touch, he'll always lose!"

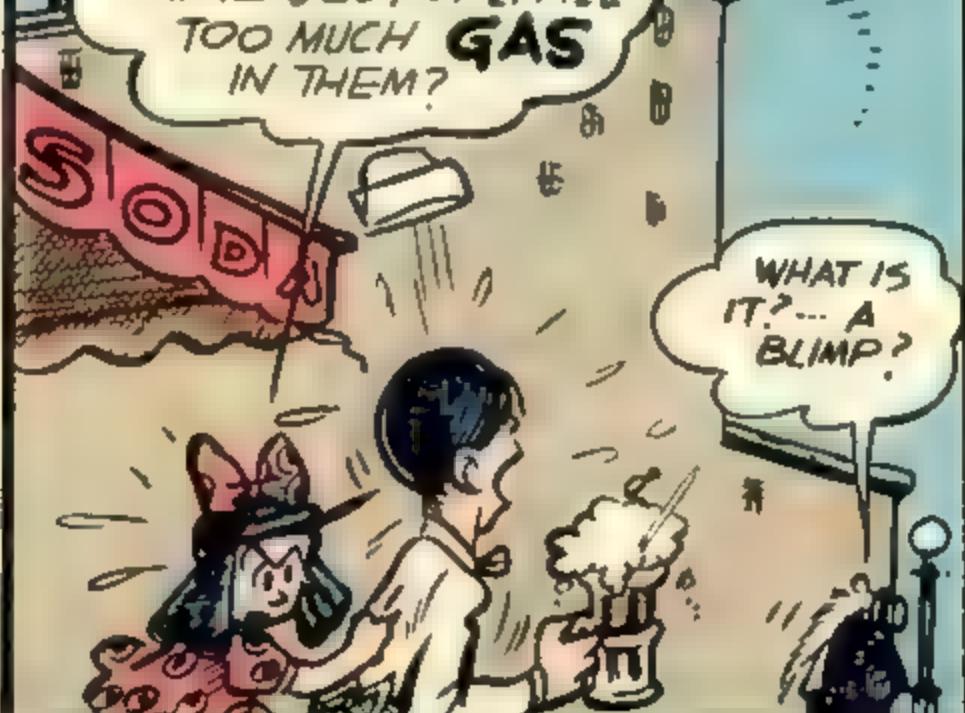
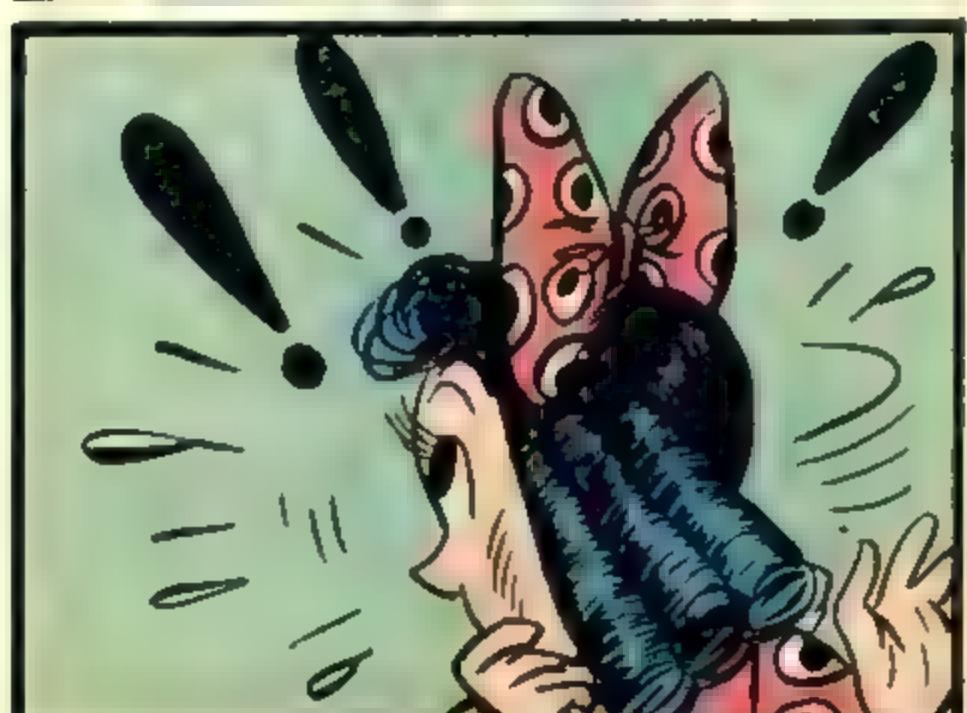
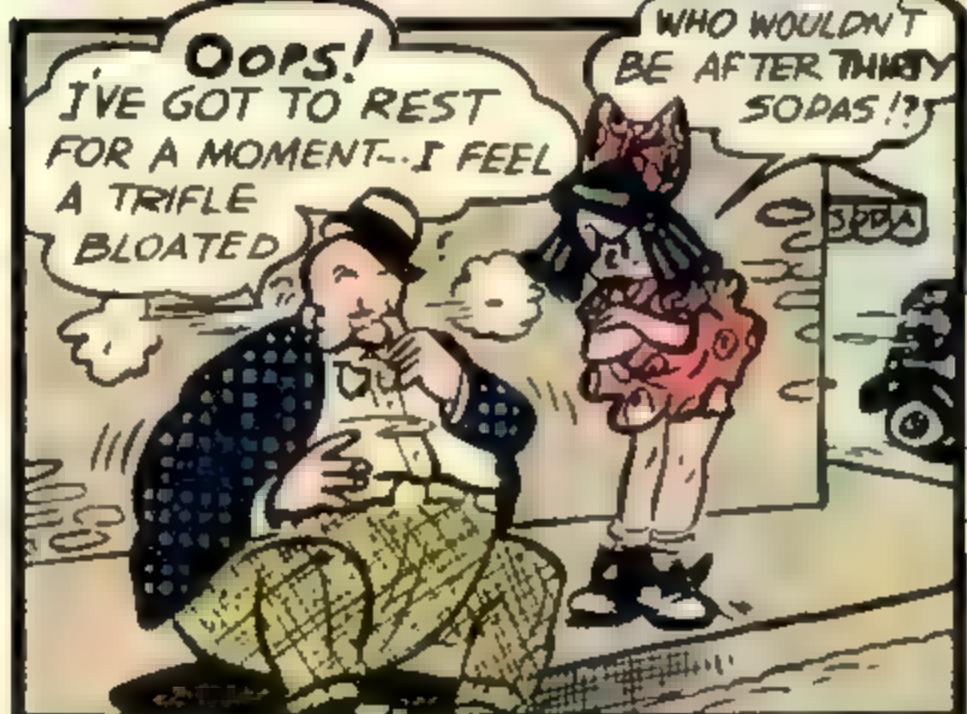
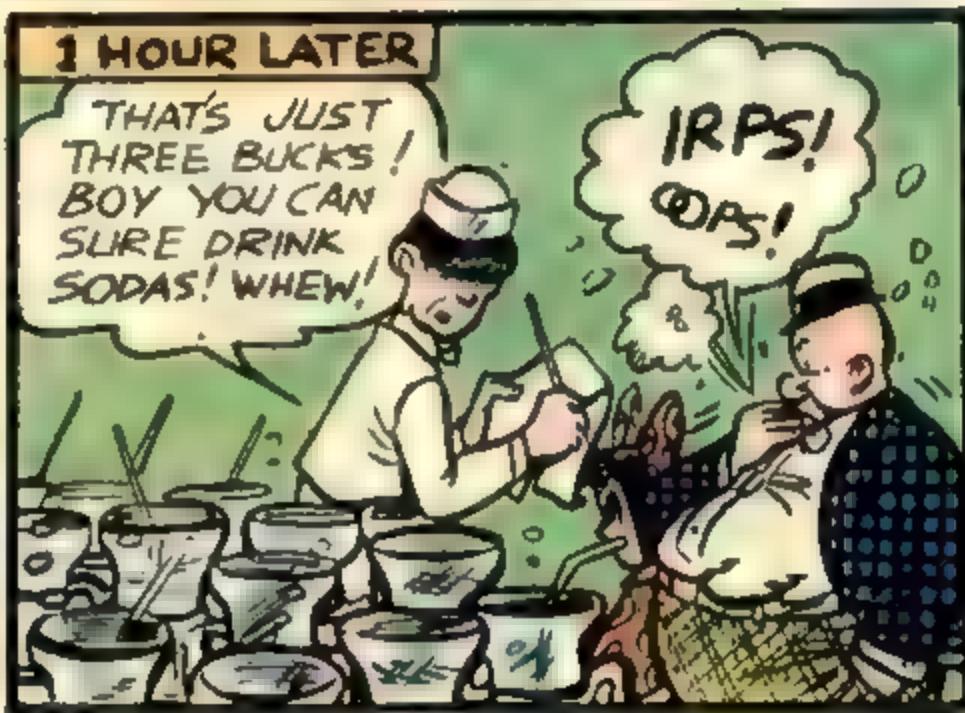
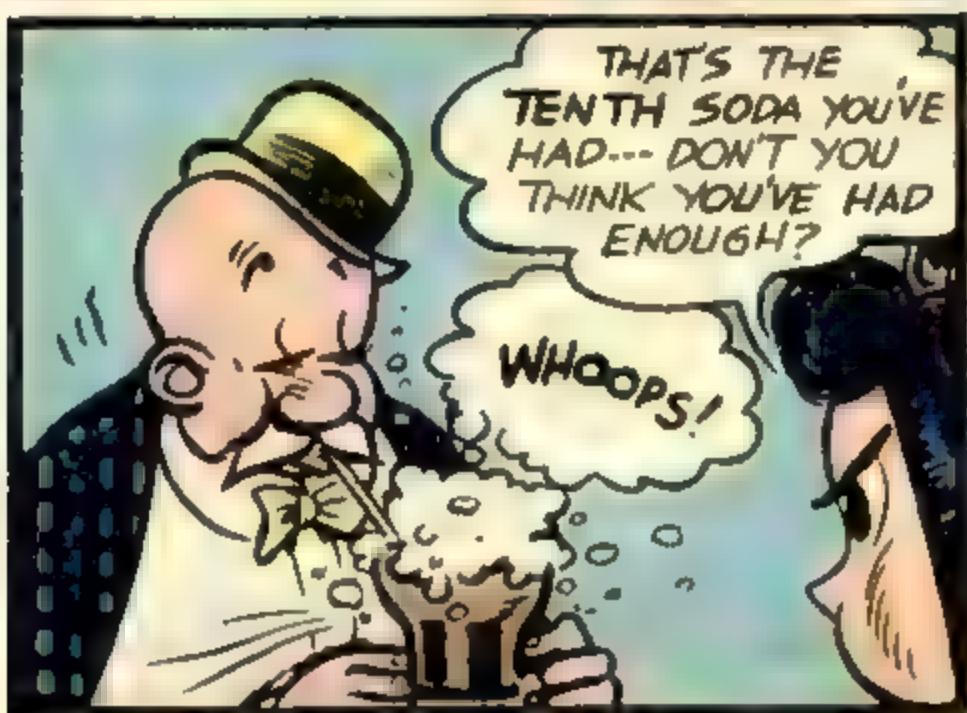
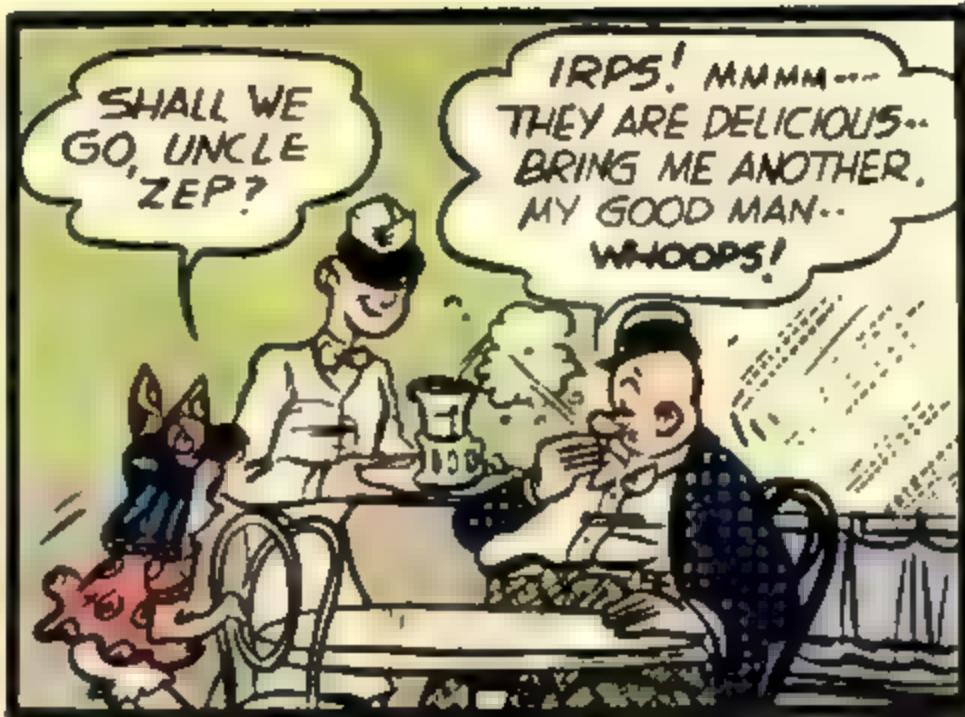
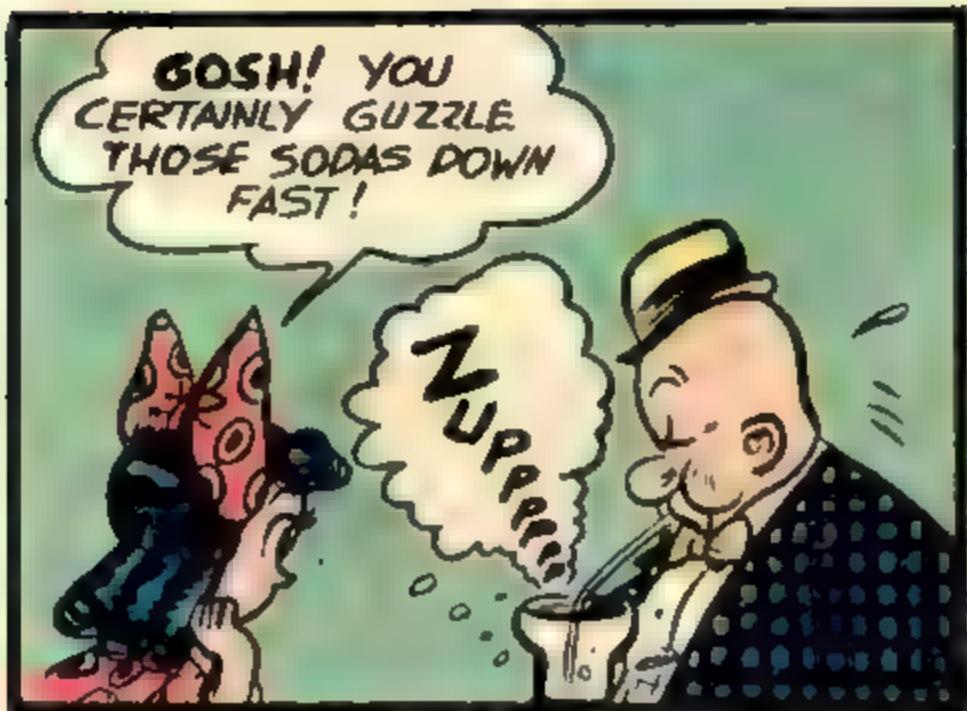
Slowly, he walked toward his plane. But he had already decided that when he made out his report, he wouldn't mention anything about Von Berket. Because to Bill, Von Berket had died somewhere in Germany! Died a hero; not a spy!

THE END

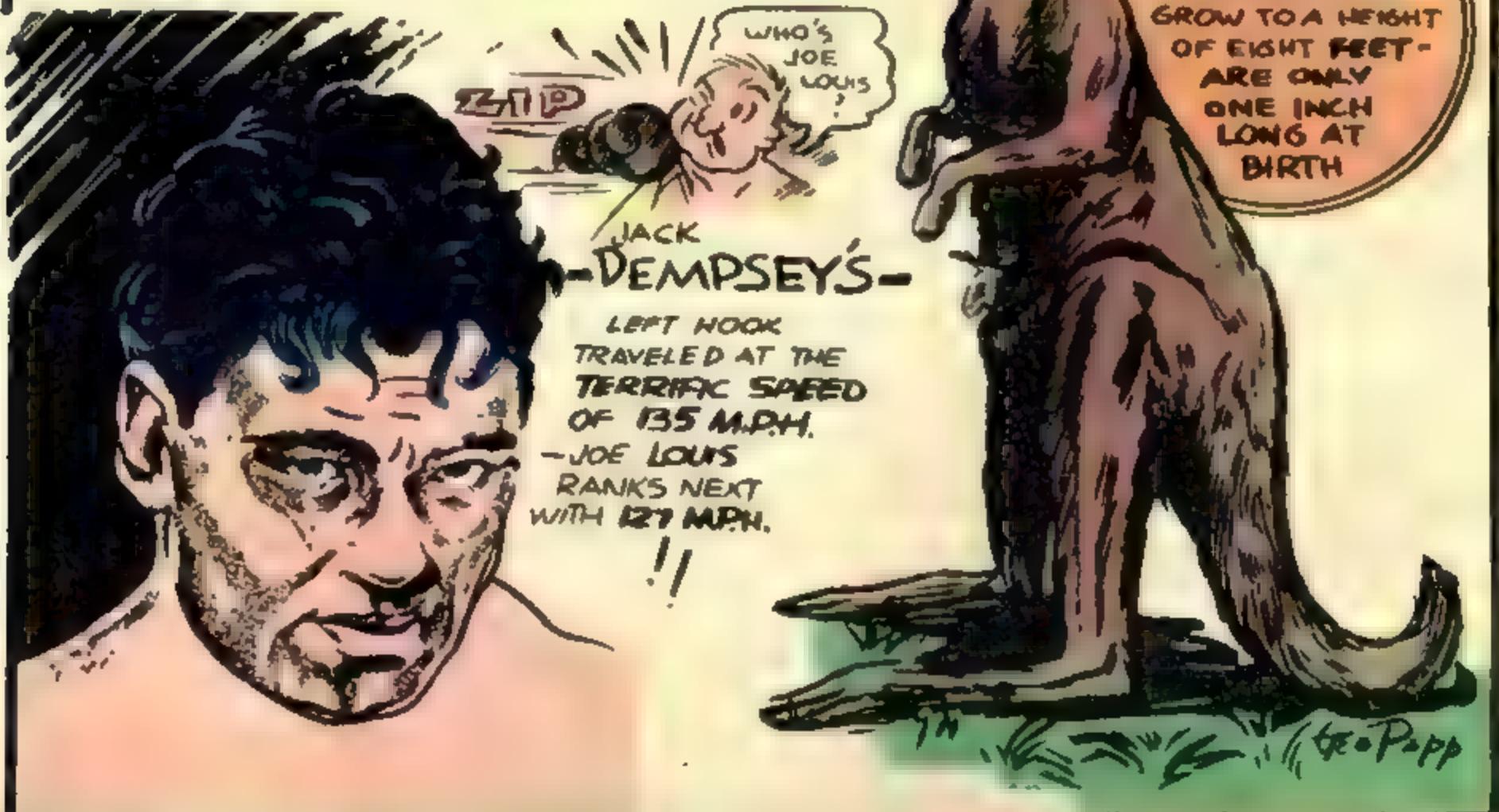


# TINER SNAP





# SUPERSTITIONS

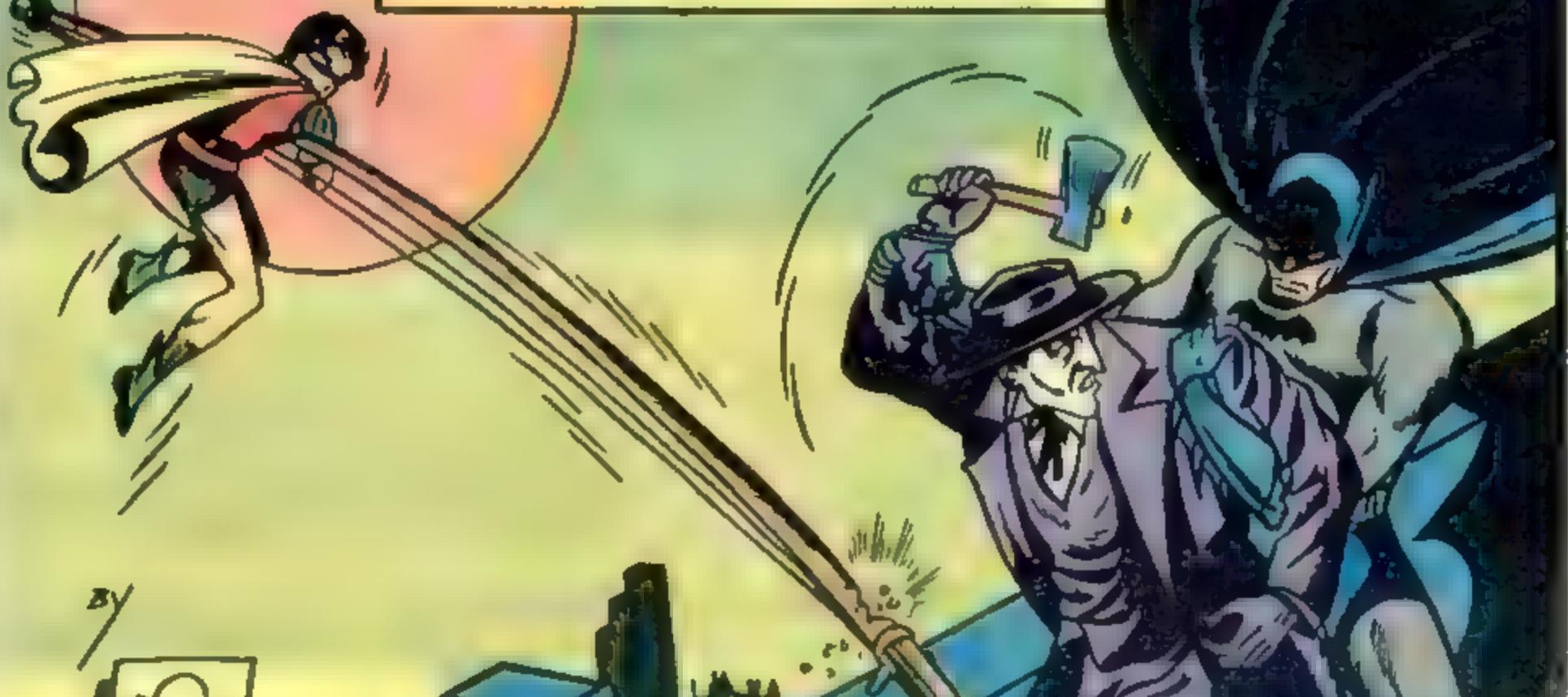


# BATMAN

WITH  
**Robin**  
—THE BOY WONDER—

## THE JOKER RETURNS —

"ONCE AGAIN THAT HARLEQUIN OF HATE - THE JOKER - BRINGS GRINNING DEATH TO A TERRIFIED PEOPLE ... A MOCKING DOOM FROM WHICH NO ONE CAN ESCAPE ... AND ONCE AGAIN TWO HEROIC FIGURES - BATMAN AND ROBIN - THE BOY WONDER - PIT THEIR AMAZING SKILL IN A SUPREME EFFORT TO HALT THIS PARADE OF CRIME..."



BY



LESS THAN TWO DAYS AGO THE BATMAN HAD SEEN THE JOKER THRUST INTO A CELL TO AWAIT TRIAL IN HIS CELL. THE WILY JOKER PLANS ESCAPE.

JAIL ME, WILL THEY A MAN OF MY INTELLECT? I'LL ESCAPE AND MAKE THEM PAY FOR THIS INSULT!

I CROSS THE SATURNINE FACE FLITS THE GHASTLY GRIN ... THE TERRIBLE SMILE OF THE JOKER!

AND THAT BATMAN AND THE BOY, IF EVER I MEET THEM AGAIN - BUT FIRST I MUST ESCAPE ... NOW!!



FROM THE BACK OF HIS MOUTH THE JOKER UNSCREWS TWO FALSE TEETH!

INSIDE EACH TOOTH IS A CHEMICAL, WHICH WHEN MIXED TOGETHER, FORMS A POWERFUL EXPLOSIVE... MY MEANS OF ESCAPE!

MOMENTS LATER A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION BLOWS A GAPPING HOLE IN THE CELL WALL!!

FREEDOM! AU REVOIR GENTLEMAN... TILL WE MEET AGAIN-HA HA HA

STARTLING NEWS STIRS BRUCE WAYNE AND YOUNG DICK GRAYSON!

FLASH! WE'VE JUST RECEIVED WORD THAT THE JOKER HAS JUST ESCAPED PRISON! AFTER MYSTERIOUSLY BLOWING UP HIS CELL, HE OVERPOWERED TWO GUARDS AND...

WELL I'LL BE...

THE JOKER FREE! I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT!

I CAN! HE'S A VERY UNUSUAL MAN! HE'S SHREWD SUBTLE AND ABOVE ALL RUTHLESS! MARK MY WORDS, THE JOKER WILL RETURN WITH A VENGEANCE!

AT THAT MOMENT A FIGURE GHOSTS THROUGH THE GLOOM THAT HANGS OVER THE DECAYING GRAVESTONES OF A DESERTED CEMETARY!

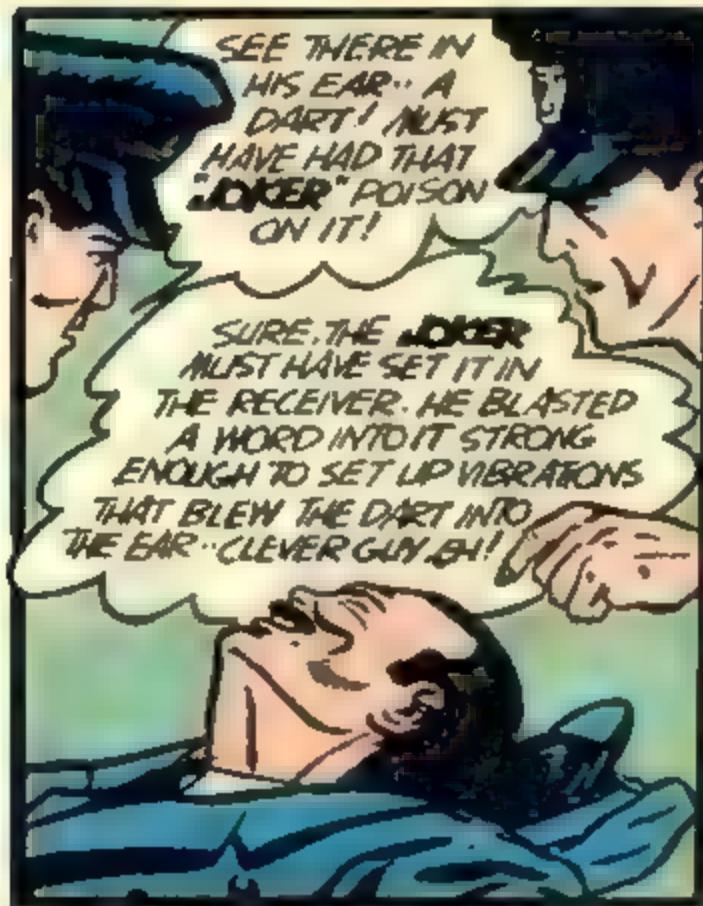
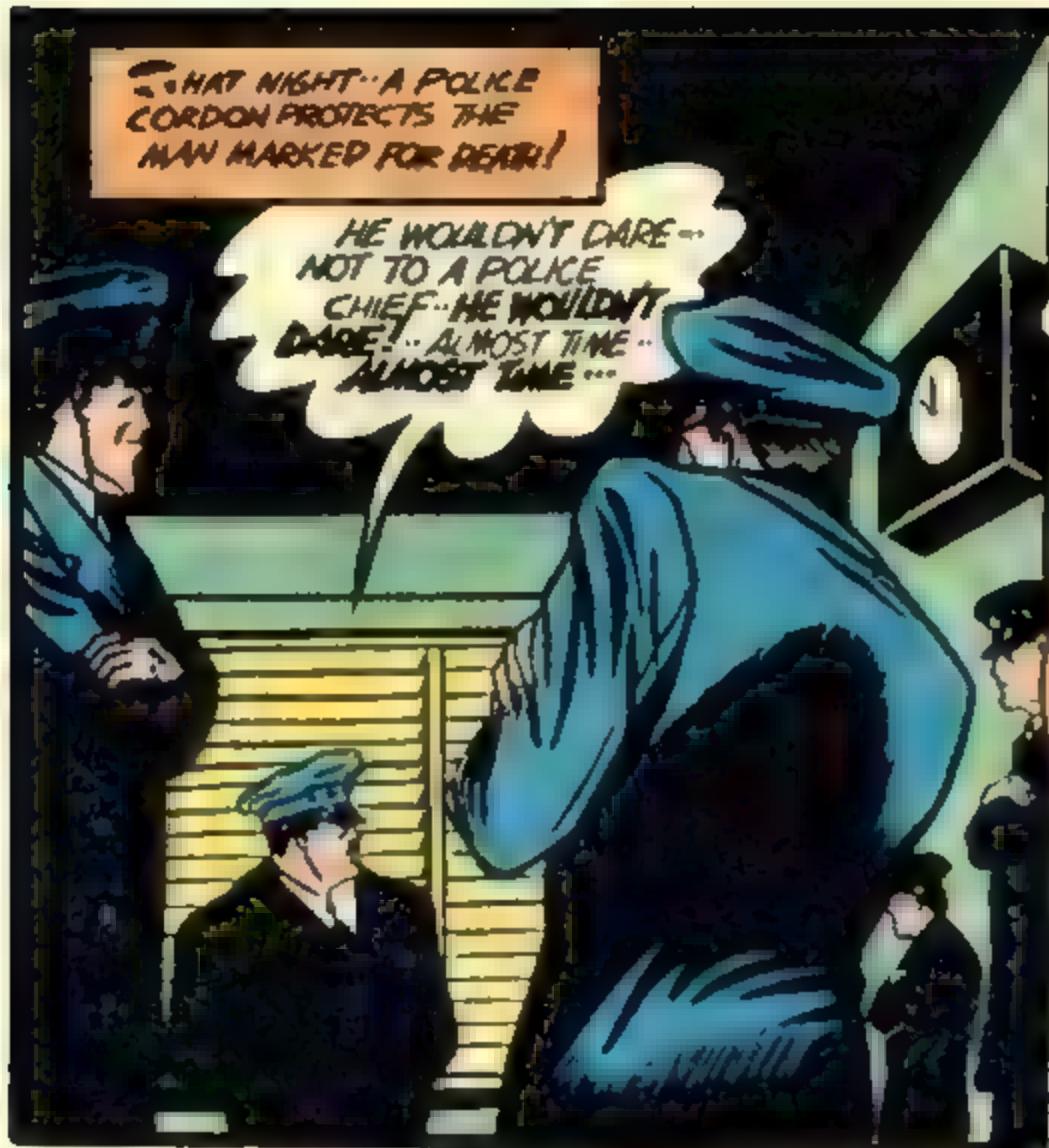
THE PHANTOM LIKE FORM PUSHES AGAINST A CURIOUS GRAVESTONE... THE GROUND SINKS AWAY REVEALING A YAWNING GAP AT HIS FEET

THE FIGURE DESCENDS INTO THE CRYPT... A LIGHT SWITCHES ON... AND REVEALS THE JOKER!!

ONCE AGAIN AS PEOPLE LISTEN AT RADIOS COMES THAT BREAK... A DEADLY VOICE A MESSAGE OF DOOM!!

HERE IN MY LABORATORY I WILL ONCE MORE LET ALL KNOW THAT THE JOKER IS STILL IN THE GAME AND IS STILL HIGH CARD!!

AHCK.. HEAR ME NOW! TO CHIEF OF POLICE CHALMERS I BRING DEATH-TONIGHT AT TEN O'CLOCK-THE JOKER HAS SPOKEN!



ONCE MORE THE MOURNFUL VOICE  
OF THE GRIM JESTER IS HEARD!

AHCK! TO-NIGHT AT EIGHT SHARP  
I WILL ENTER THE DRAKE MUSEUM  
AND STEAL THE CLEOPATRA  
NECKLACE... THE JOKER HAS  
SPOKEN!

...AND I'LL  
STOP YOU...  
THE BATMAN  
HAS SPOKEN!

J-NIGHT DETERMINED  
TO GUARD THE PRECIOUS  
NECKLACE!

ALMOST EIGHT O'CLOCK!  
GOSH! I'M GETTING  
JUNDY!

THE JOKER WOULDNT  
DARE SHOW  
UP!

YOU HOPE!



AS THE CLOCK STRIKES THE  
FATAL HOUR, THE LID OF A  
MUMMY CASE QUIETLY OPENS!

HERE THE MELANCHOLY JOKER! AND  
HIS VENOM GUN!

THE JOKER!  
...AAAGH!

WHY BE SO  
SURPRISED, YOU  
WERE EXPECTING ME!

CLEOPATRA'S NECKLACE...  
FROM HER LILY-WHITE  
NECK... WHA...?

I'D LIKE TO PUT  
MY HANDS AROUND  
YOUR LILY-WHITE  
NECK!



FROM THE  
SHADOWS...

I MIGHT  
ASK YOU  
THE SAME  
QUESTION!

BATMAN! HOW  
DID YOU GET  
IN HERE?

THE MIGHTY BATMAN IS UPON  
THE SURPRISED JOKER BEFORE  
HE CAN USE HIS VENOM GUN!

WHY DON'T YOU LAUGH  
NOW, MR. JOKER?



THE JOKER FIGHTING  
WITH THE STRENGTH OF A  
MADMAN UNLEASHES A  
SMASHING BLOW!

I WILL YET LAUGH  
MY FRIEND!

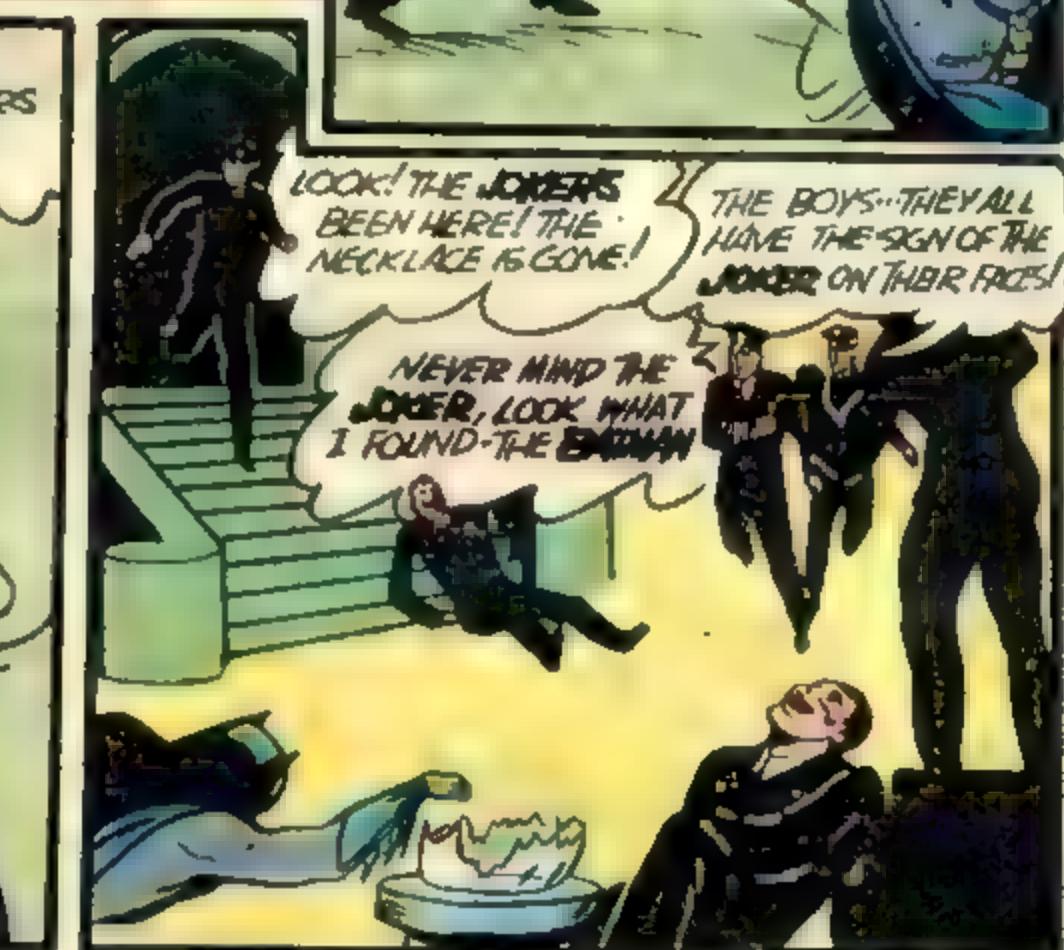




1:1 SHEER, DESPERATE TWIST  
OF THE BATMAN'S BODY AND  
THE MACE GIVES HIM A GLANCING  
BLOW ON THE SIDE OF THE HEAD



THE POLICE  
FROM DOWNSTAIRS  
THEY MUSN'T  
FIND ME!



1:1 WILL  
THE COWL BE  
TAKEN OFF?

1 OF THE BATMAN  
IS REVEALED AS  
BRUCE WAYNE  
HIS CAREER AS  
A NEMESIS OF  
CRIME IS  
FINISHED!

GOS THIS THE  
END OF THE  
MIGHTY  
BATMAN?

"WITH STARTLING ABRUPTNESS  
THE INERT FIGURE SPRINGS OFF  
THE FLOOR!"

SORRY BOYS BUT  
I'M NOT QUITE  
READY FOR JAIL!

"THE POLICE SEE THE MANTLED  
FIGURE LEAP THROUGH THE WINDOW  
TO APPARENTLY DROP TO THE  
GROUND BELOW!"

STOP HIM! HE'S GOING TO  
TRY A DROP TO THE GROUND!

"BUT WHAT THE POLICE DO NOT SEE IS  
THE BATMAN'S STRONG HANDS GRASPING  
THE EDGE OF THE OVERHANGING ROOF!!  
...A SWING OUT..."

"...A POWERFUL SWOOSH...  
A TWIST UPWARD..."

"...AND THE BATMAN ROLLS UP  
OVER THE UP OF THE ROOF!"

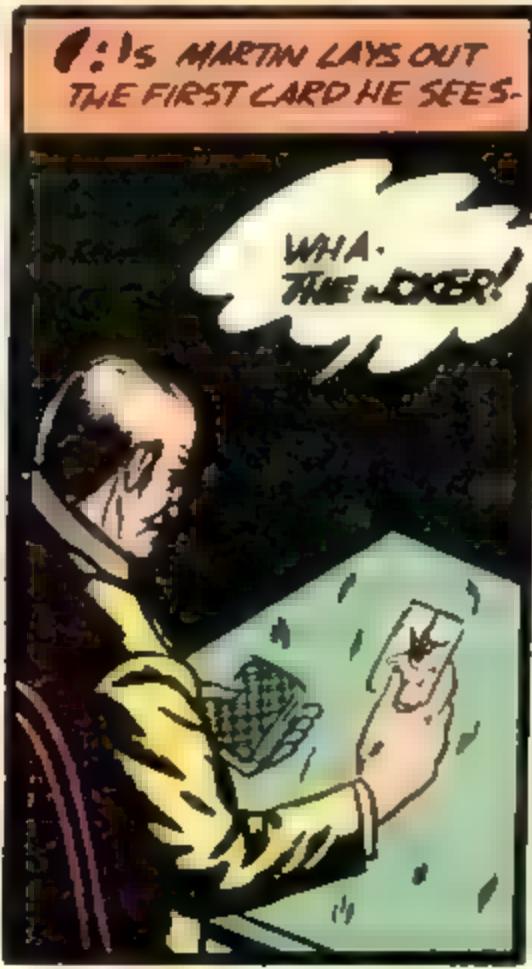
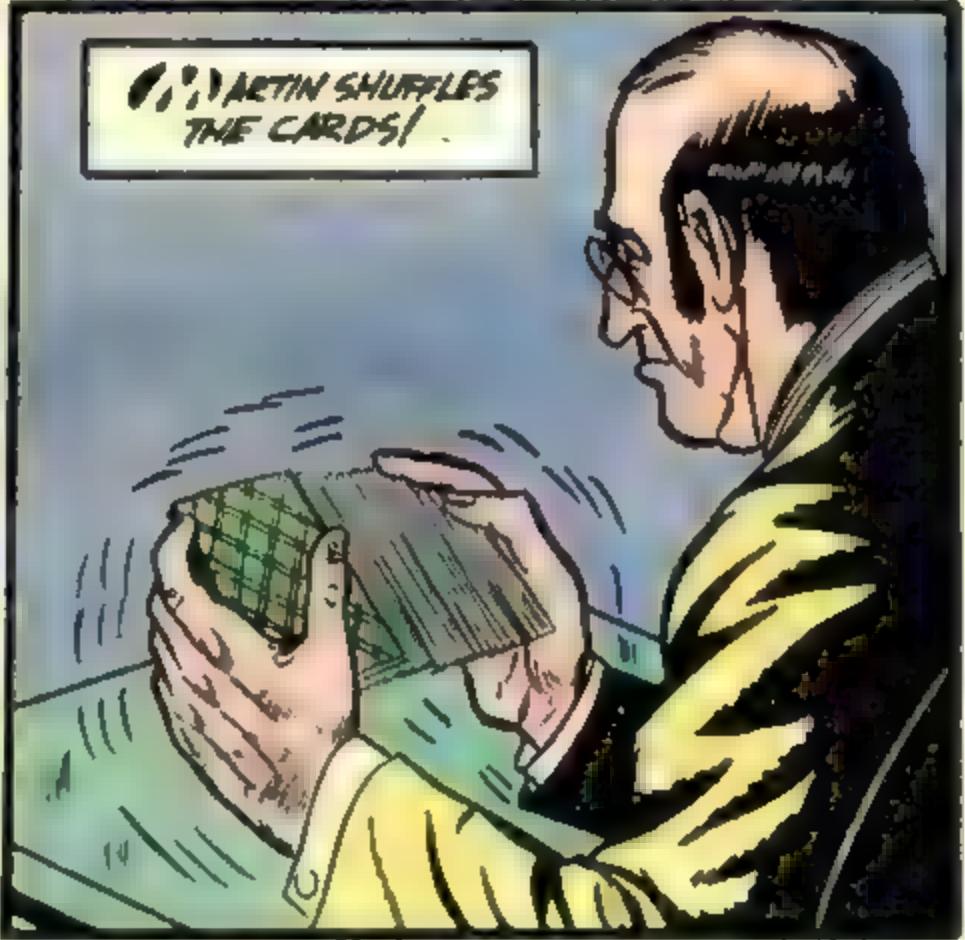
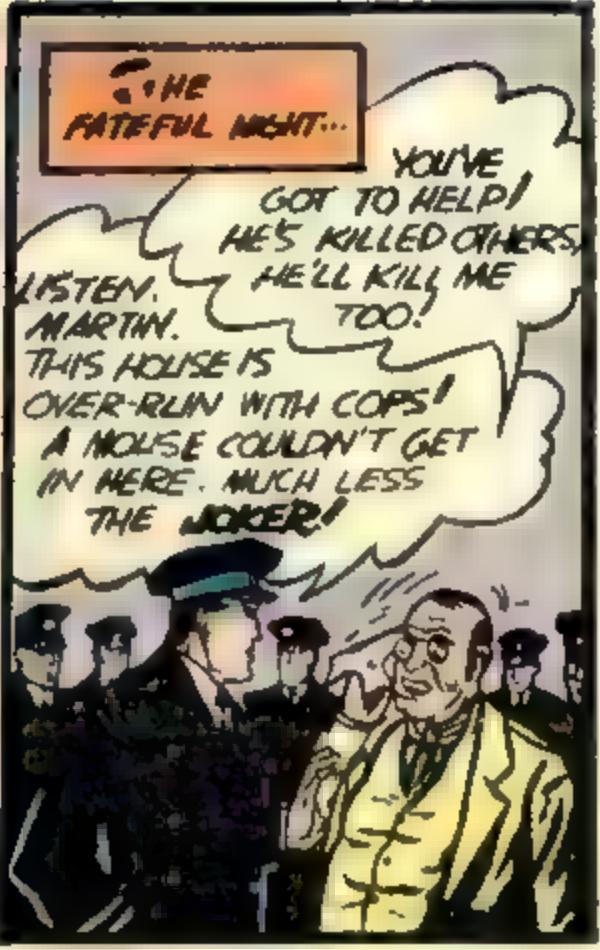
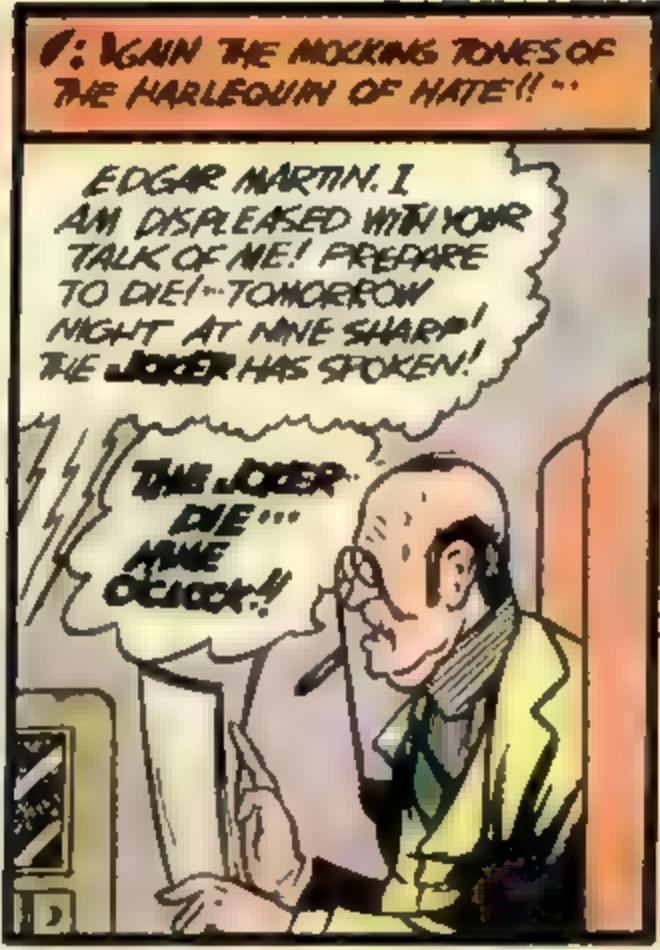
NICE TRICK IF I DO IT.  
AND I DID!

GONE!...NOT A SIGN  
OF HIM! THE BATMAN!  
WATTAMAN!!

"FAILURE OF THE POLICE TO  
CAPTURE THE JOKER MOVES A  
REFORMER EDGAR MARTIN TO  
PUBLIC SPEECHES!"

IF THE POLICE CAN'T  
DO IT, WE MUST! I TELL  
YOU THIS FIENDISH  
CRIMINAL MUST BE  
CAUGHT!

HE'S RIGHT. THE JOKER  
SURE IS MAKING THE  
POLICE LOOK SILLY!



1. FRENZIED SHRIEK!

AAAAAGH!!



2. MARTIN HAS PLAYED CARDS WITH DEATH!

THE JOKER GOT  
HIM BUT  
HOW?

THE SHARP EDGES ON  
THESE CARDS MUST HAVE  
HAD HIS POISON ON  
THEM! MARTIN CUT HIMSELF  
ON THEM! THE JOKER  
PLANTED THE CARDS HERE  
FIGURING THAT WOULD HAPPEN



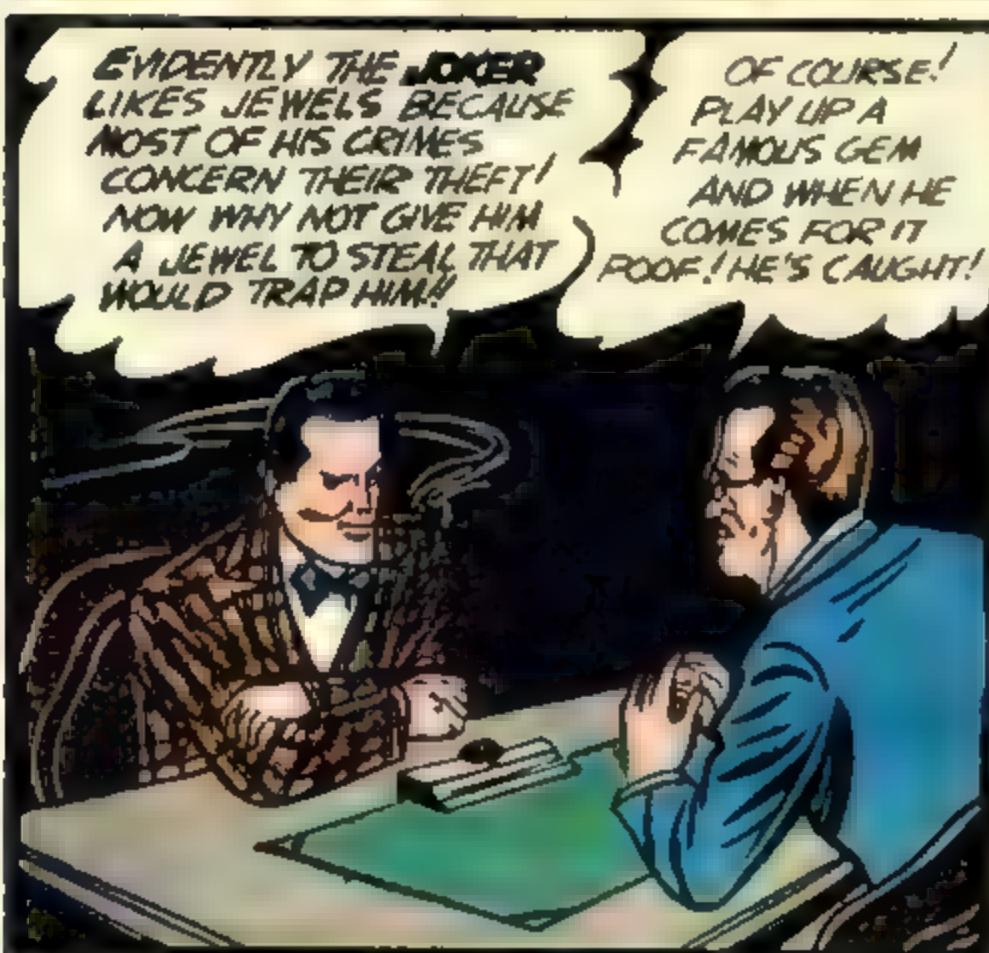
3. ONE NEXT DAY BRUCE WAYNE  
VISITS HIS FRIEND, POLICE  
COMMISSIONER GORDEN!

I TELL YOU BRUCE, IF  
WE DON'T CATCH THE JOKER  
THAT WOULD BE BAD  
FOR ME! THEY'LL BE CALLING IN  
THE BATMAN TO TAKE  
OVER MY JOB!  
BUT I THINK  
I HAVE AN  
IDEA HOW TO  
GET THE JOKER!



EVIDENTLY THE JOKER  
LIKES JEWELS BECAUSE  
MOST OF HIS CRIMES  
CONCERN THEIR THEFT!  
NOW WHY NOT GIVE HIM  
A JEWEL TO STEAL THAT  
WOULD TRAP HIM!!

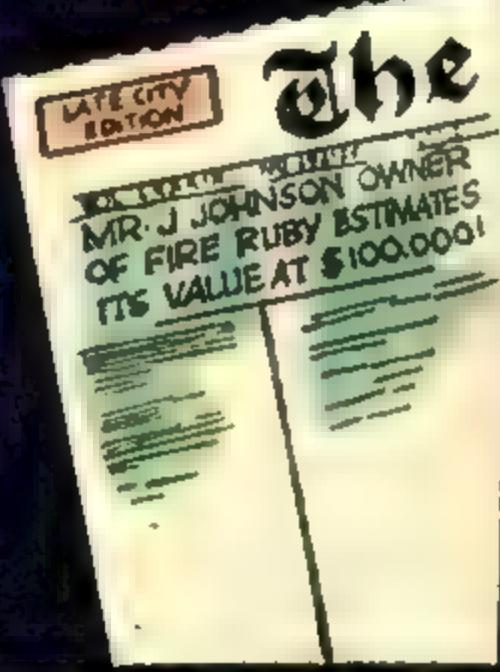
OF COURSE!  
PLAY UP A  
FAMOUS GEM  
AND WHEN HE  
COMES FOR IT  
POOF! HE'S CAUGHT!



I'LL GET THE NEWSPAPERS TO  
PLAY UP THE FAMOUS FIRE RUBY! ITS  
OWNER WILL COOPERATE WITH US! AFTER  
WE GET THROUGH PUBLICIZING THE  
RUBY, THE JOKER WON'T BE  
ABLE TO STAY AWAY!



4. THE FOLLOWING DAYS SEE  
MANY REFERENCES TO THE  
FIRE RUBY IN THE NEWSPAPER!

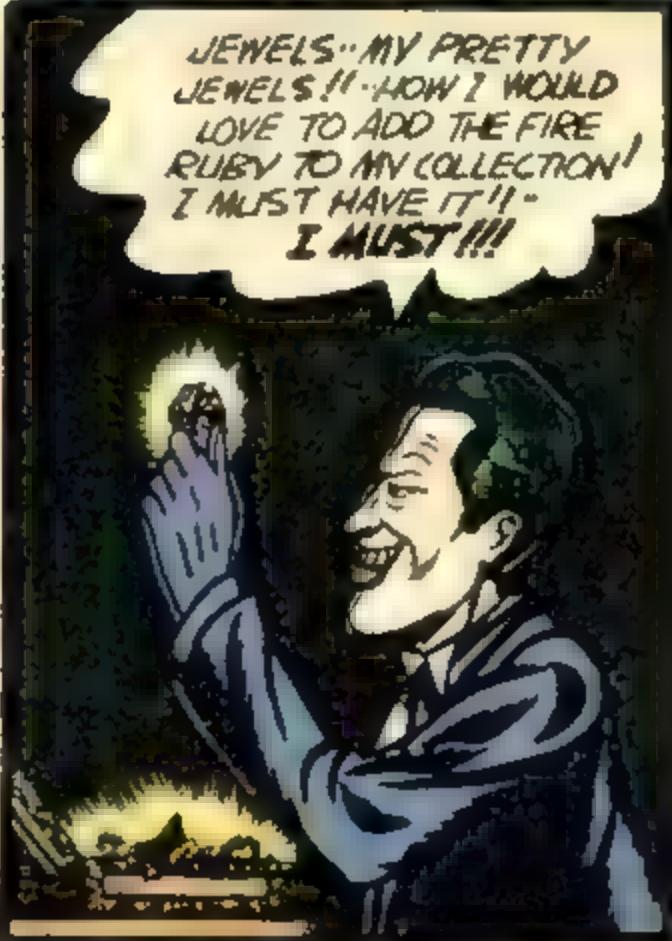


5. THE JOKER SCANS THE NEWS  
WITH INTEREST!

THE FIRE RUBY AGAIN!  
SO MUCH PUBLICITY.  
COULD IT BE A TRAP?...HOW  
I WOULD LIKE TO OWN THE GEM!



JEWELS...MY PRETTY  
JEWELS!! HOW I WOULD  
LOVE TO ADD THE FIRE  
RUBY TO MY COLLECTION!  
I MUST HAVE IT!!!  
I MUST!!!

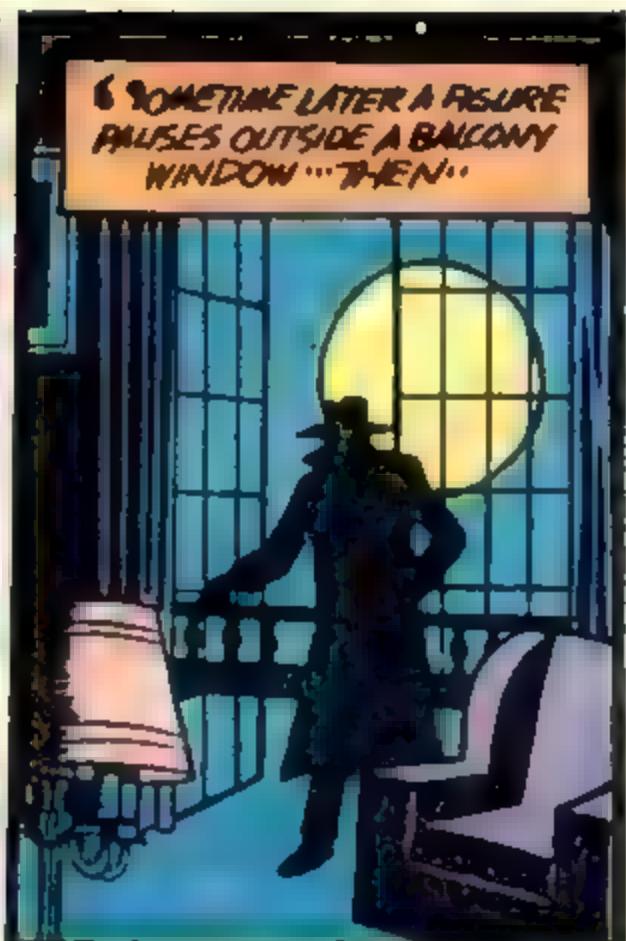


“THE JOKER MURKES  
AT THE BAIT!!

TOMORROW NIGHT AT  
EXACTLY NINE O'CLOCK  
I WILL STEAL THE  
FIRE RUBY!... THE  
JOKER HAS SPOKEN!

“NEXT NIGHT.. THE  
JOKER WALKS AGAIN!!

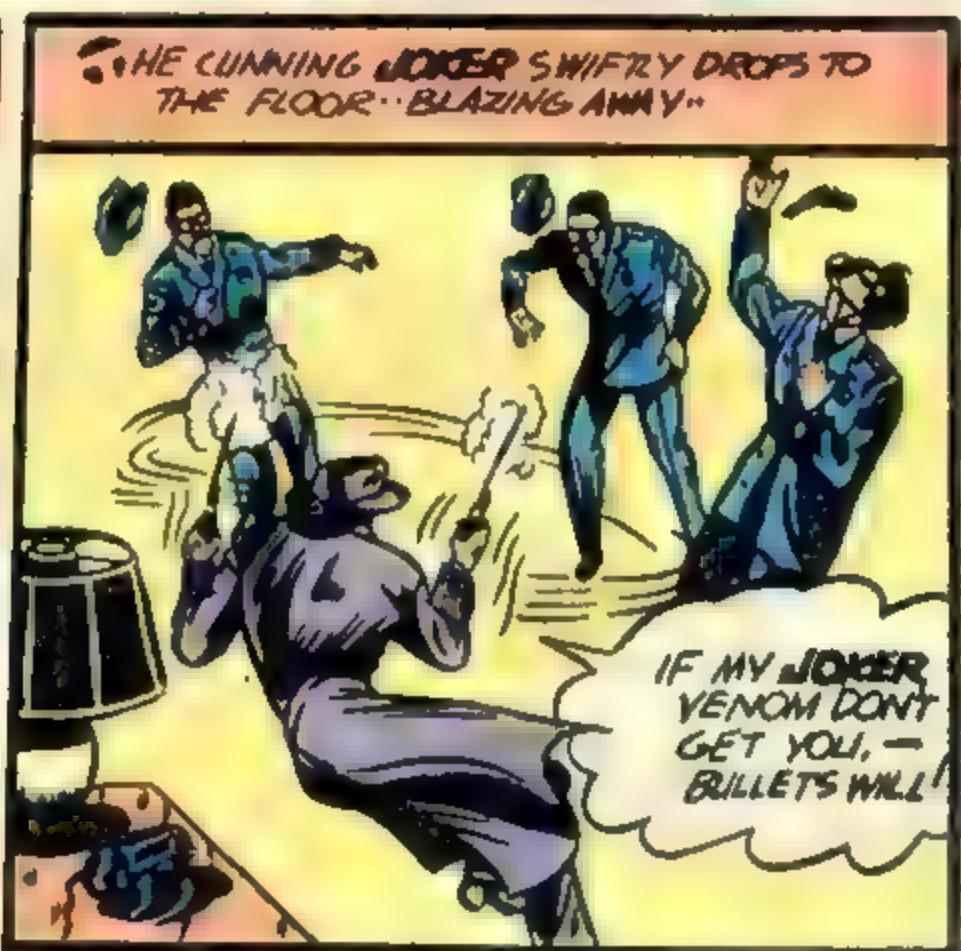
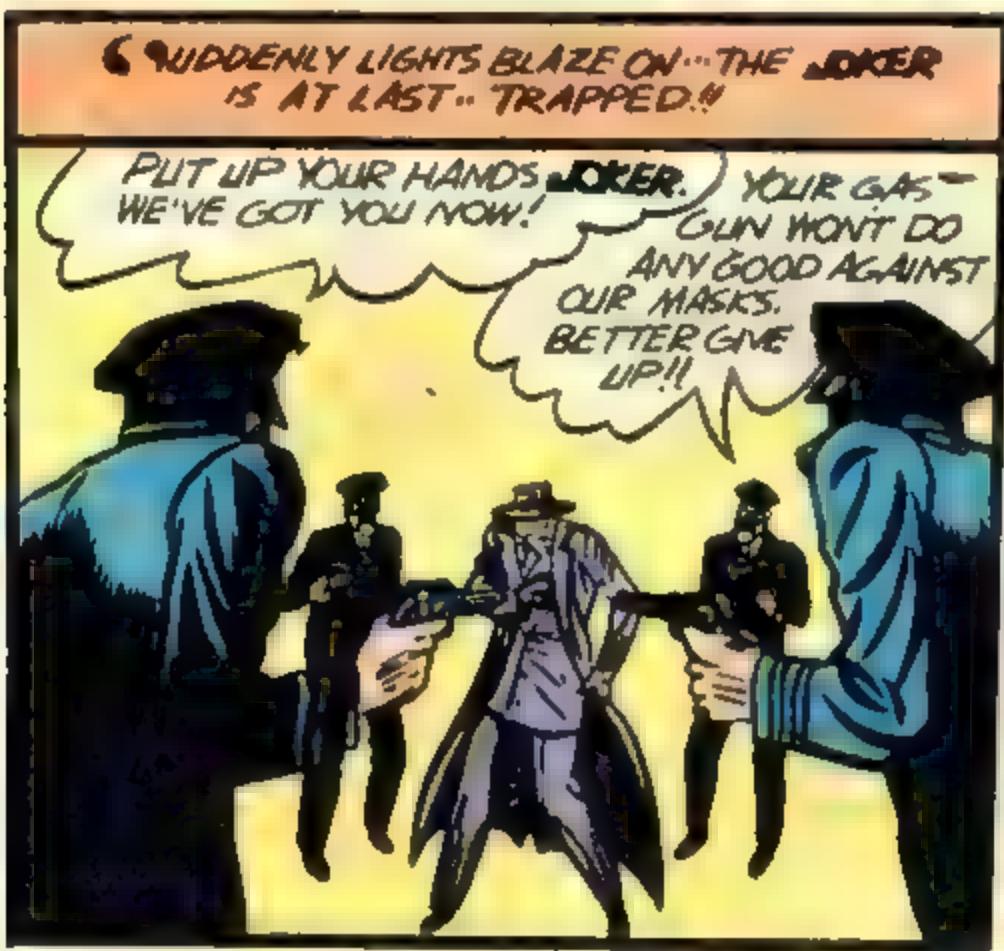
“SOMETIME LATER A FIGURE  
PAUSES OUTSIDE A BALCONY  
WINDOW... THEN...



“SUDDENLY LIGHTS BLAZE ON... THE JOKER  
IS AT LAST.. TRAPPED!!

PUT UP YOUR HANDS, JOKER. YOUR GAS-  
GUN WON'T DO  
ANY GOOD AGAINST  
OUR MASKS.  
BETTER GIVE  
UP!!

“THE CUNNING JOKER SWIFLY DROPS TO  
THE FLOOR.. BLAZING AWAY..”

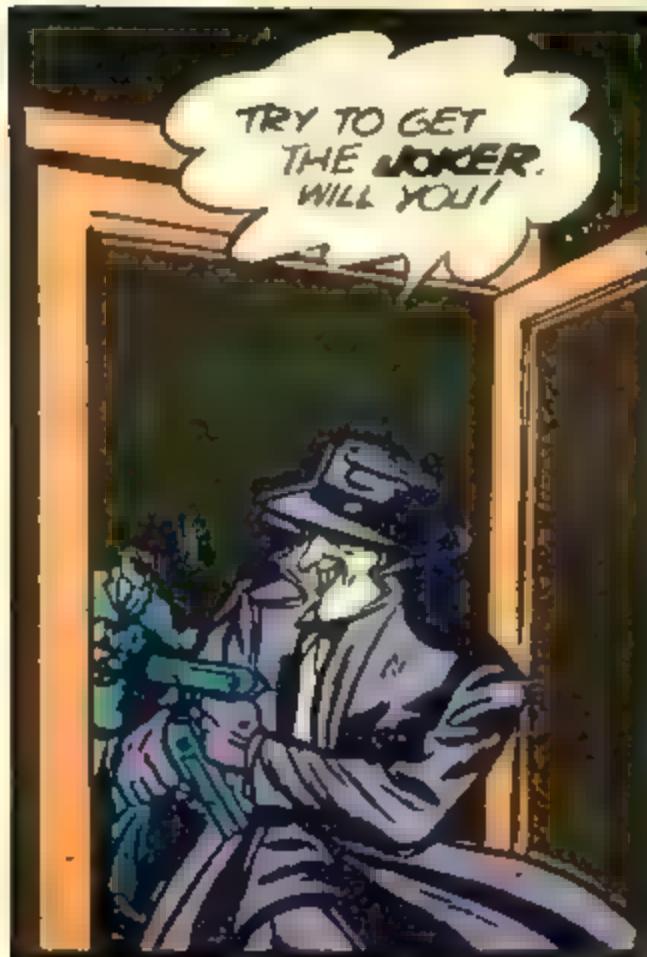


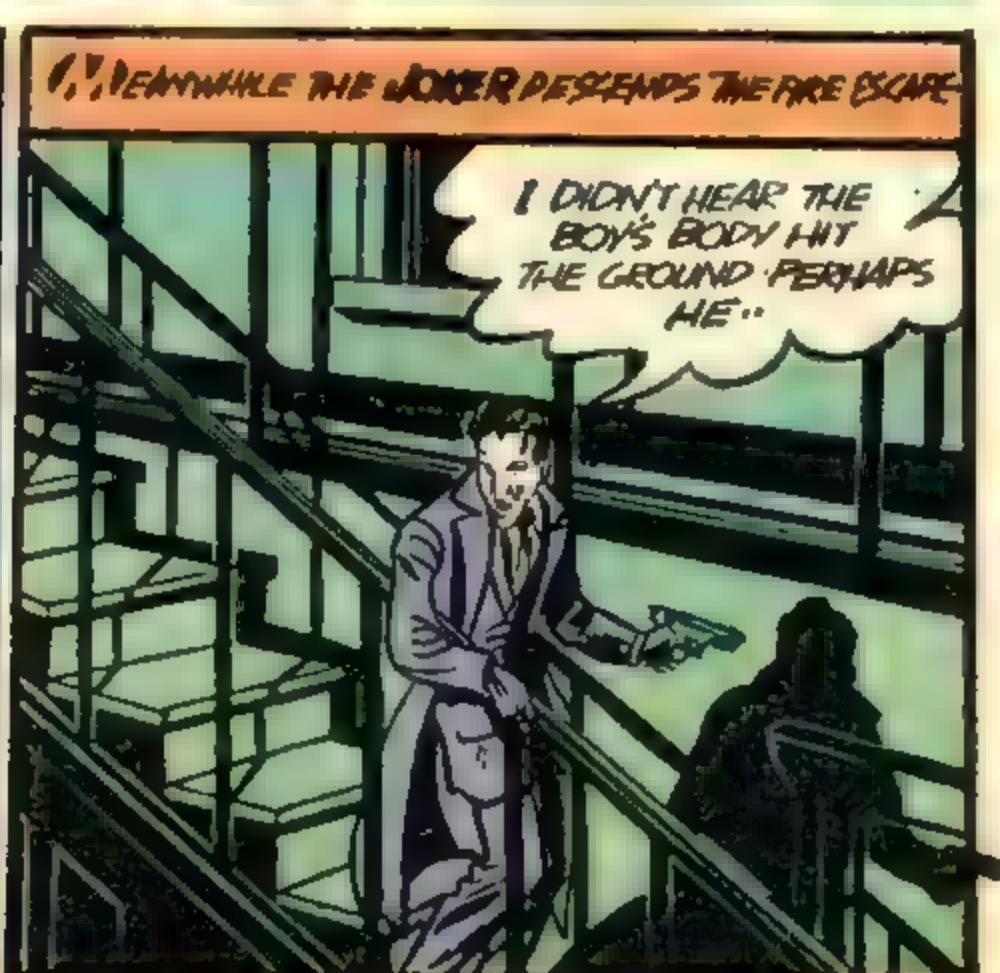
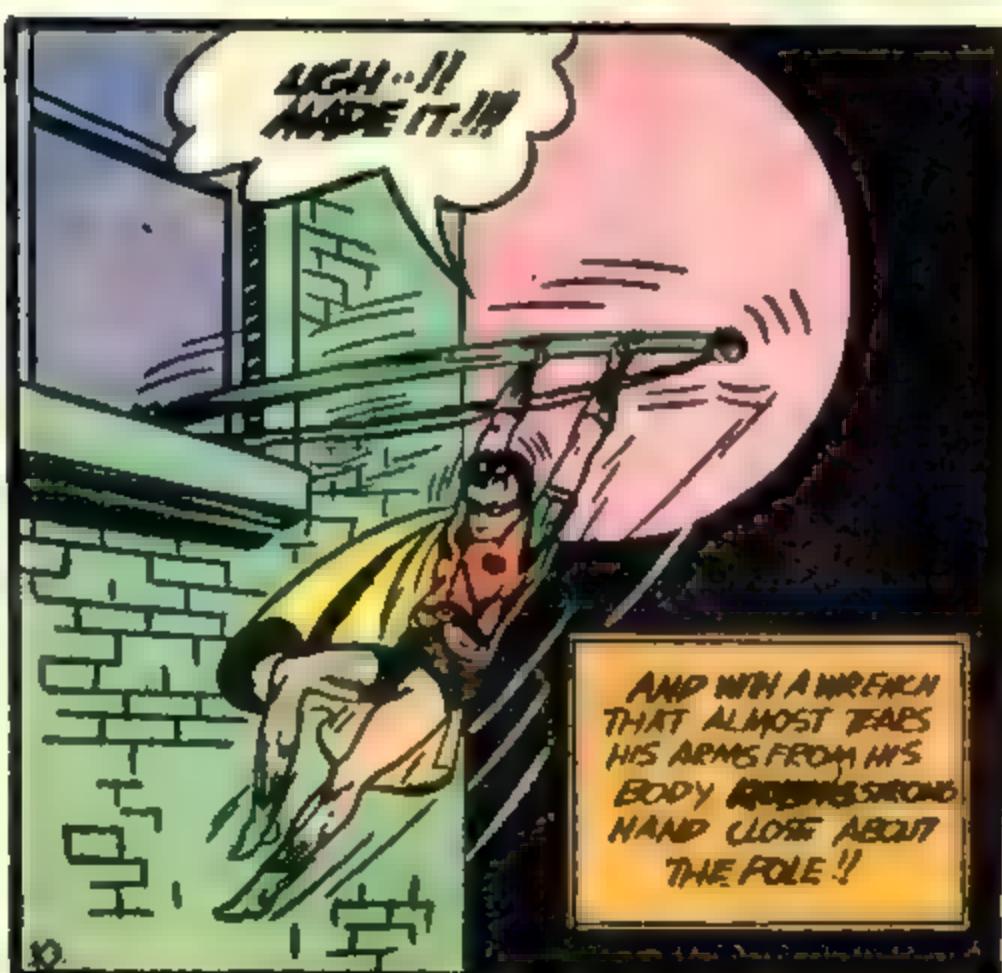
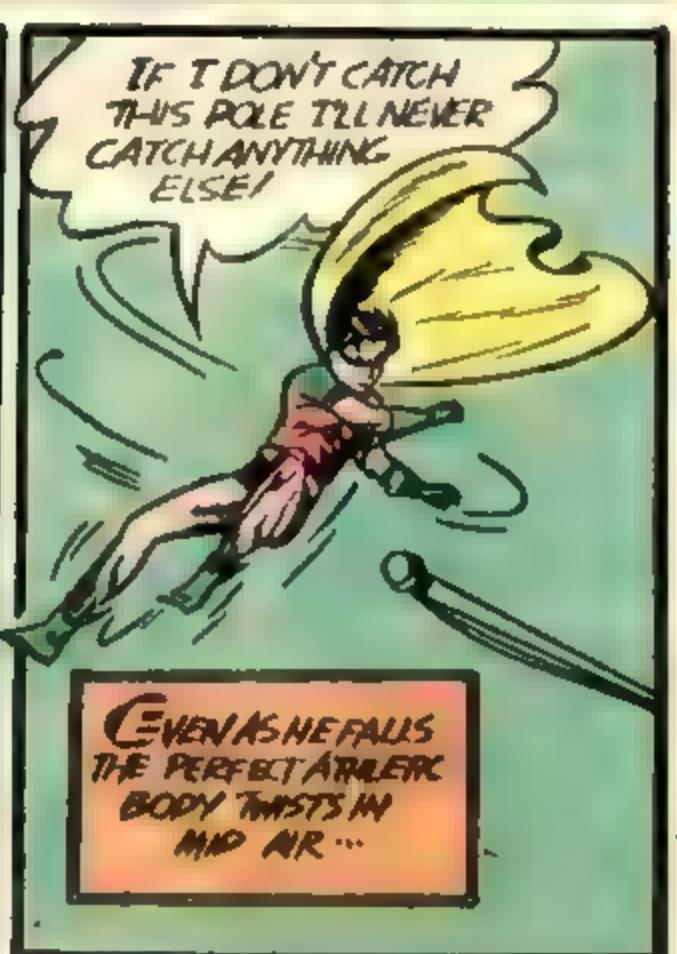
TRY TO GET  
THE JOKER.  
WILL YOU!

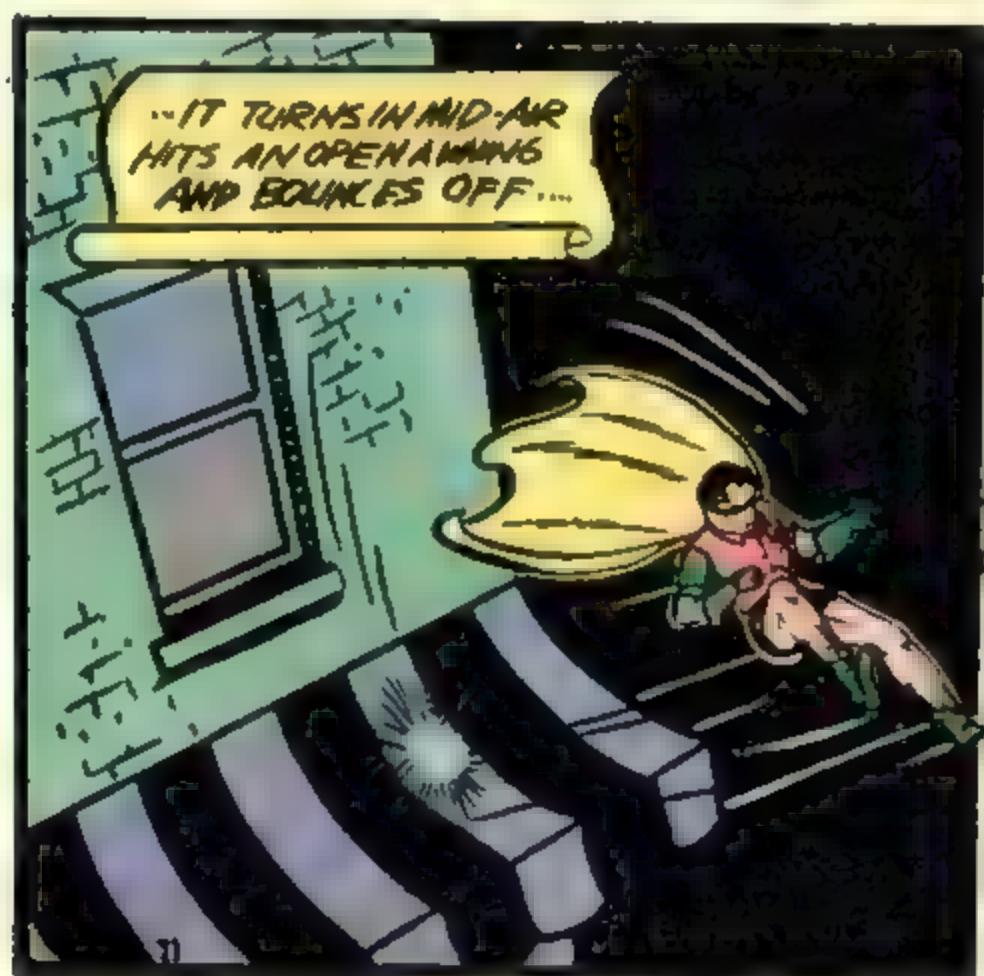
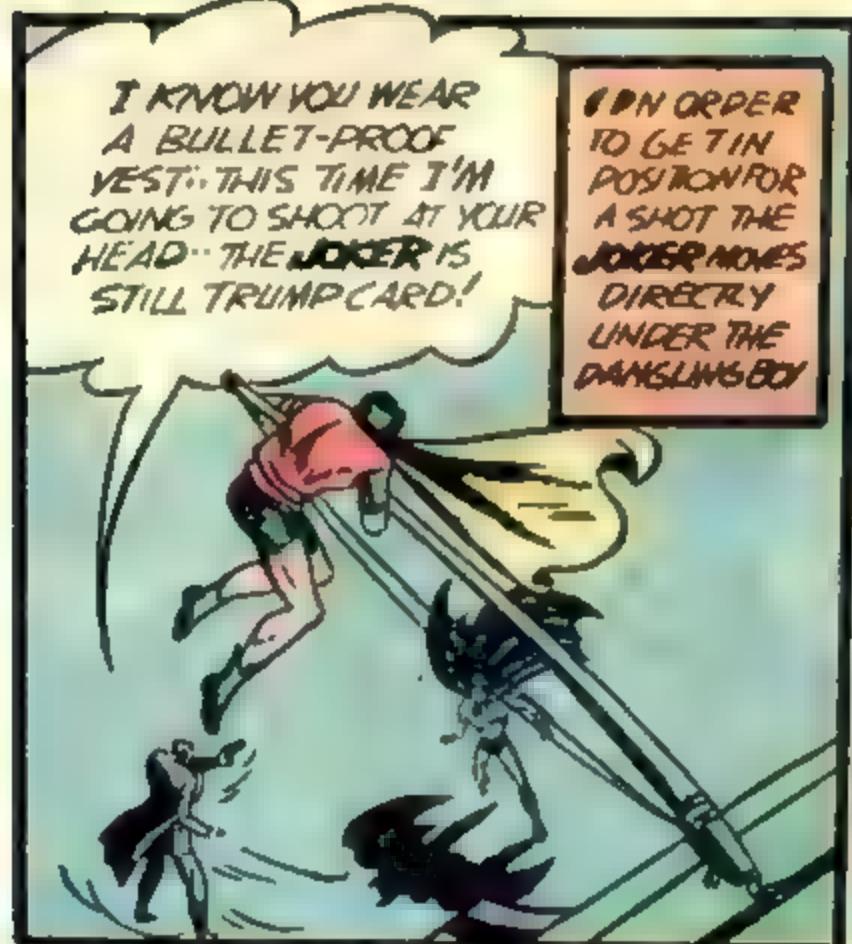
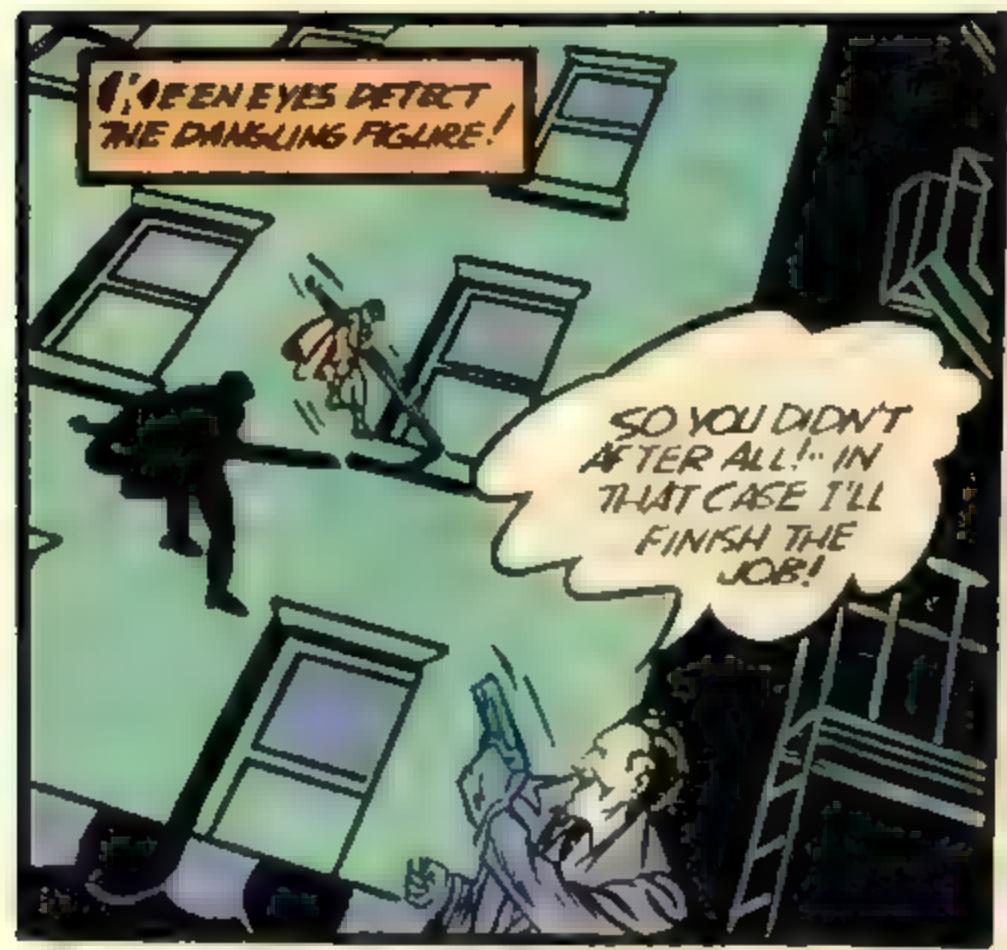
“THE JOKER  
MAKES FOR  
THE ROOF

“BUT ON THE  
ROOF.. ROBIN,  
THE BOY WONDER!

AT  
LAST! THE  
JOKER! HE'S  
GOT TO BE  
STOPPED!!







THE BATMAN LEAPS TO THE ATTACK!

MR JOKER WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH YOU, YOU'LL LOOK LIKE THE DELUCE!



THE JOKER GETS UP... ANOTHER BATTERING BLOW!

LOOKS LIKE YOUR HOUSE OF CARDS IS TUMBLING!



NOT SO FAST WITH THE CUTLERY, FRIEND!



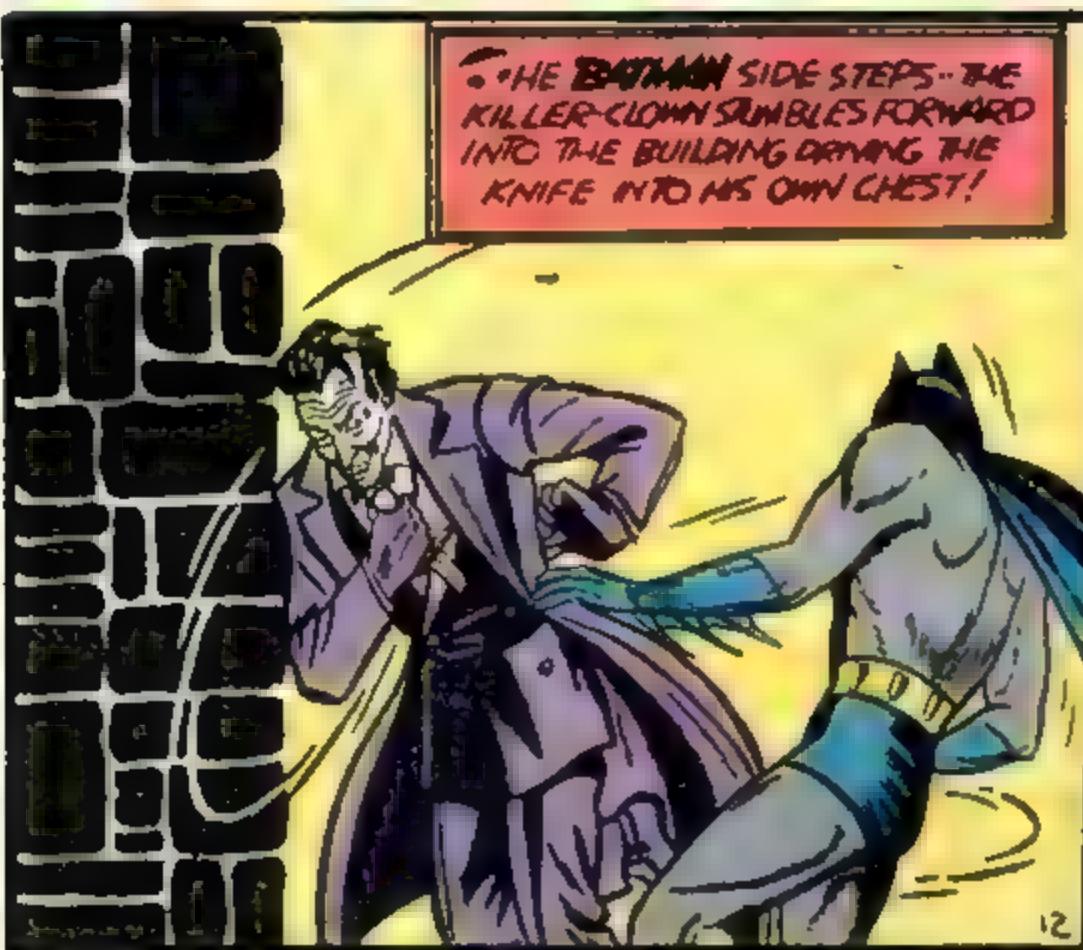
I'LL KILL YOU YET!

DOWN-DOWN COMES THE KNIFE... CLOSER CLOSER...

MIND IF I TRY TO STOP YOU?

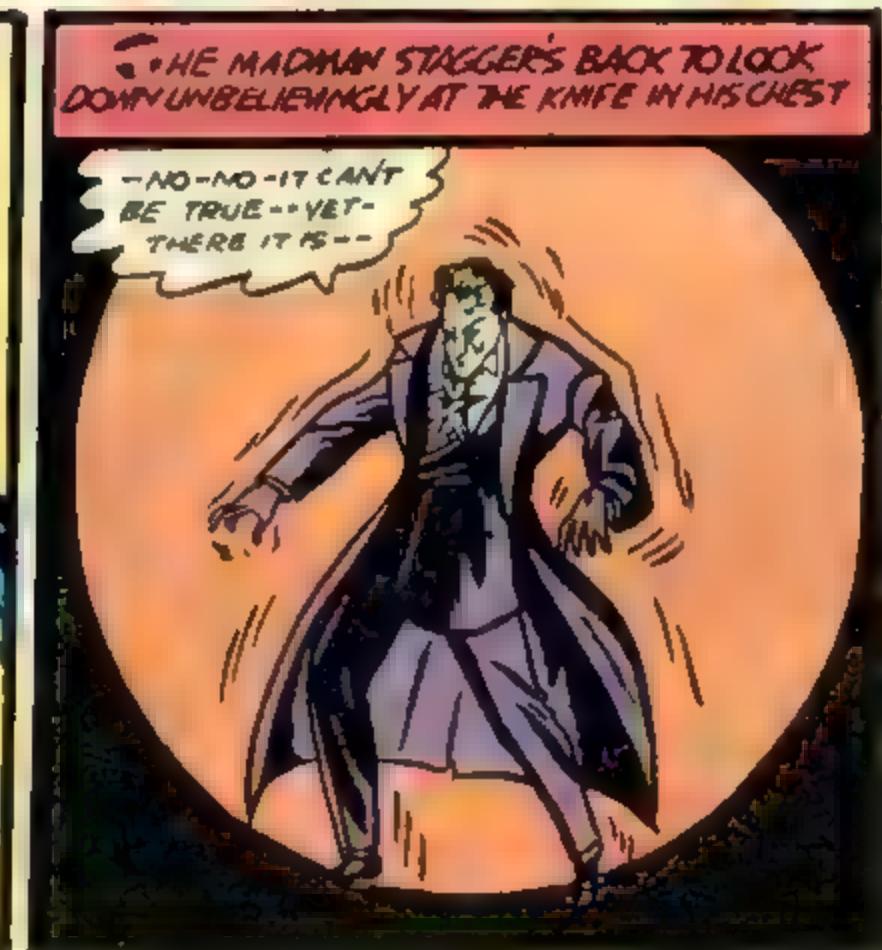


THE BATMAN SIDE STEPS... THE KILLER-CLOWN SUMBLES FORWARD INTO THE BUILDING DRIVING THE KNIFE INTO HIS OWN CHEST!



THE MADMAN STAGGER'S BACK TO LOOK DOWN UNBELIEVINGLY AT THE KNIFE IN HIS CHEST

-NO-NO-IT CAN'T BE TRUE--YET-- THERE IT IS--



"DEAL AFTER DEAL OF WILD HYSTERICAL LAUGHTER COMES FROM HIS Gaping MOUTH"

HA! HA! HA!

THE JOKER IS GOING TO DIE  
HA! HA! THE LAUGH IS ON  
THE JOKER! HA! HA! HA!  
CLOWN LAUGH! HA! HA! HA!  
HA-HA-HA-HA

"THE JOKER HAS PLAYED HIS LAST HAND AND LOST!"

JOKER, THIS TIME YOU COULDN'T WIN... THE CARDS WERE STACKED AGAINST YOU!



WHY IT'S THE JOKER IT SEEKS THE BATMAN HAS SAVED US A LOT OF TROUBLE!... WE'D BETTER CALL THE AMBULANCE!

"BUT IN THE AMBULANCE A STARTLING FACT IS BROUGHT TO LIGHT!!"

WHAT'S THE MATTER, DOC. YOU LOOK AS IF YOU HAD SEEN A GHOST!

I MIGHT HAVE... I JUST EXAMINED THIS MAN - HE'SN'T DEAD! - HE'S STILL ALIVE - AND HE'S GOING TO LIVE!



### GOLDEN RULES FOR "ROBIN'S REGULARS"

ROBIN'S CODE:

READINESS  
OBEDIENCE  
BROTHERHOOD  
INDUSTRIOUSNESS  
NATIONALISM

THANK YOU VERY MUCH FOR HELPING AN OLD MAN ACROSS THE STREET - I'D LIKE TO REPAY YOU FOR IT!

OH NO, SIR, I COULDN'T TAKE ANYTHING! YOU SEE I'M A MEMBER OF THE "ROBIN'S REGULARS" OUR FIRST MOTTO IS... ALWAYS BE HELPFUL TO THOSE WHO NEED HELP!

WHY NOT BECOME ONE OF ROBIN'S REGULARS? NO BUTTON OR BADGE IS NEEDED - THE WORLD WILL RECOGNIZE YOUR GOLDEN ACTS WITHOUT THEM! BE A "ROBIN REGULAR" BY BEING REGULAR!

# The BATMAN

appears in a complete episode every month in  
**DETECTIVE COMICS!**



# NOW ON SALE!

# Charlie Barnet Uses Home Record!



Charlie Barnet in his private hotel suite, sitting at a desk by Judy Ellington and Larry Taylor, Vocalists in his band.

You, Too,  
Can Make  
Your Own  
Records If  
You Sing  
or Play an  
Instrument



Judy Ellington heard in Charlie Barnet's Band making a Home Record for her personal album.

## MAKE YOUR OWN RECORDS AT HOME

Before spending money for an audition, make a "home record" of your voice or musical instrument and mail it to a reliable agency . . . you might be one of the lucky ones to find fame and success through this easy method of bringing your talents before the proper authorities.



Larry Taylor, Vocalist in Charlie Barnet's Band, listening to a playback of a recording he just made with Home Records.

Now a new invention permits you to make a professional-like recording of your own singing, talking or instrument playing. Any one can quickly and easily make phonograph records and play them back at once. Record your voice or your friend's voices. If you play an instrument, you can make a record and you and your friends can hear it as often as you like. You can also record orchestras or favorite radio programs right off the air and replay them whenever you wish.



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You'll get a real thrill out of HOME RECORDING. Surprise your friends by letting them hear your voice or playing right from a record. Record a snappy talking feature. Record jokes and become the life of the party. Great to help train your voice and to cultivate speech. Nothing to practice . . . you start recording at once . . . no other mechanical or electrical devices needed . . . everything necessary included. Nothing else to buy. Just sing, speak or play and HOME RECORDO unit, which operates on any electric or old type phonograph, will do the recording on special blank records we furnish. You can immediately play the records back as often as you wish. Make your home movie a talking picture with HOME RECORDO. Simply make the record while filming and play back while showing the picture.



Charlie Barnet with his arranger, Bill May, after check new arrangements on Home Records.

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START RECORDING AT ONCE!

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**BLANK RECORDS ONLY**

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New York, N.Y.

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